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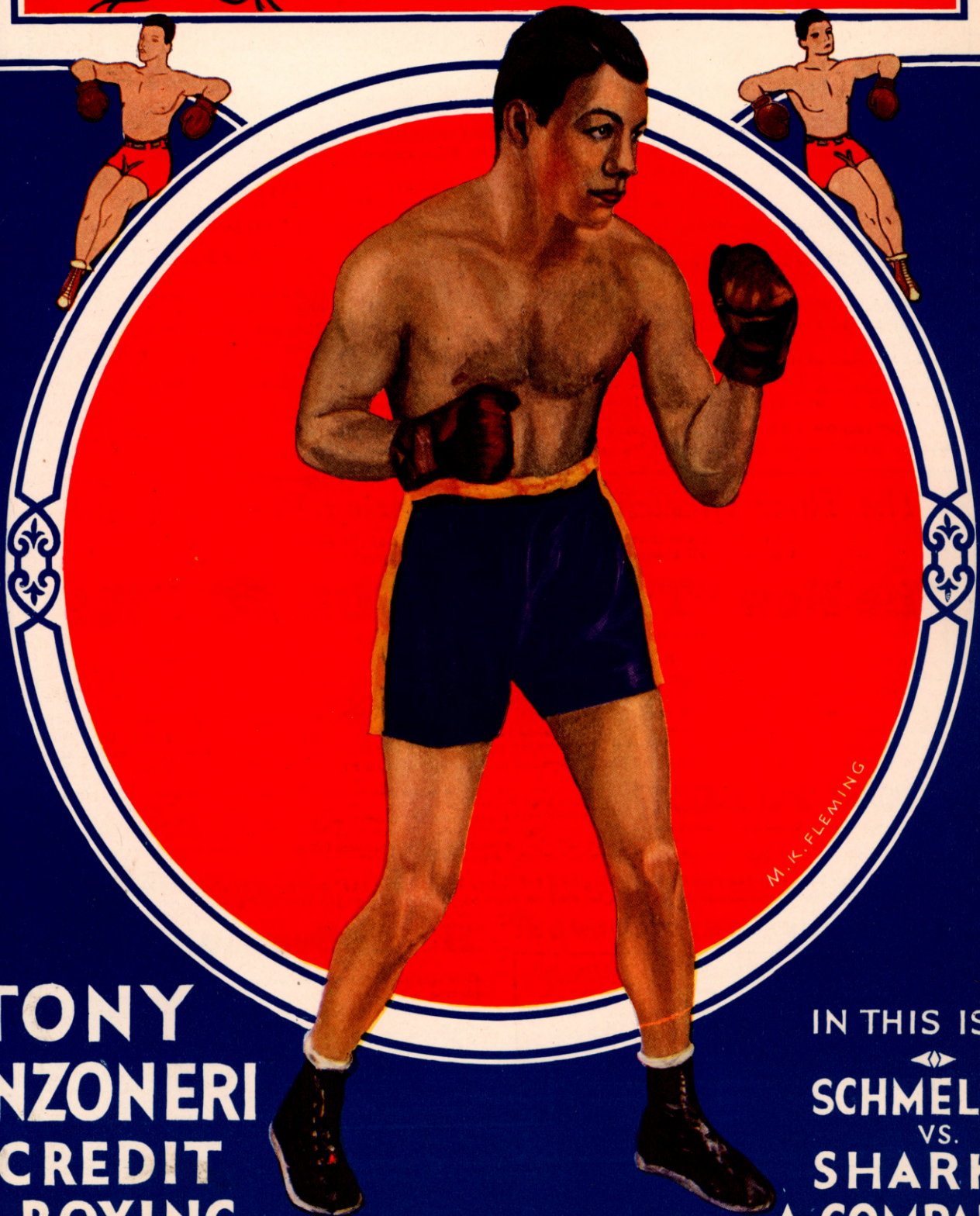

TONY CANZONERI A CREDIT TO BOXING

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SCHMELING VS. SHARKEY A COMPARIS

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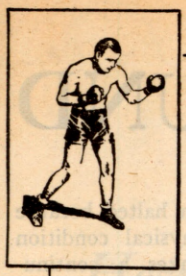

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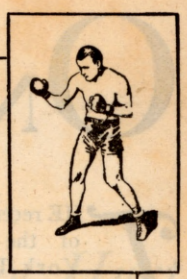

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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The Annual Heavyweight Championship Souvenir Number, a magazine crammed full of stirring pictures pertaining to great championship contests of the past, in addition to a pictorial review of the life of Max Schmeling and Jack Sharkey, will feature the July RING.

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And—the start of a series of wrestling stories by Jack Curley on famous stars of the past. His first story is on "Frank Gotch", the "Dark Horse of Wrestling".

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On Dangerous Ground

By Max Fleischer

THE recent edict of the New York Boxing Commission, through the efforts of William Muldoon, declaring that the fight between Bat Battalino and Billy Petrolle, recently fought in Madison Square Garden, must go down in the records of the commission as "having been stopped by the referee" instead of as a knockout, has raised considerable interesting discussion. Ever since the Marquis of Queensberry Rules went into effect, it has been a custom in boxing circles to declare a man "knocked out", technically or otherwise, if:

1—He had been counted out by the referee after being floored.

2—If he had been counted out while hanging on to the ropes or while sitting on the ropes in a helpless condition.

3—If his seconds had tossed in the sponge—something no longer permissible in New York but still permitted in other states.

4—If he deliberately went down without being hit.

5—If, after going to his corner, he refused or found it impossible to answer the call of the next round.

6—If a fighter had been so badly whipped that the referee was forced to intervene and stop proceedings to save the beaten lad from a possible fatality.

7—If a boxer received a bad cut that made it dangerous for him to continue.

Now comes the edict of the New York boxing body which in one sweep, decides that such rulings have been wrong and that the only way a man can be knocked out, is by having the referee count the fatal ten over him.

In case you think that Battalino was knocked out by Petrolle, even though you saw the fight and noticed the helpless condition of Bat as he stood, arms at his side, unable to protect himself—then you are sadly mistaken.

If you are among those who wager on fights and you settled on a knockout, the New York Commission has decided to help you by placing in your hands ammunition to fight such a claim.

* * *

NO, dear readers, Battalino wasn't stopped—at least so the venerable William Muldoon, for whom I have the greatest respect, announces. He says Bat was simply stopped by the referee and that the commission must so record it, though 100 percent of those who saw the contest and probably ninety percent of those who are ardent fight enthusiasts who didn't see it, will refuse to accept the New York version and agree that Petrolle won that great bout by a knockout.

That is as it should be and will be, new rules of the commission, notwithstanding. It always has been and will continue to be the understanding of the fight fan and fight critic, that when one of the contestants fails to finish a fight by not going the route, fouls excepted, he is knocked out, and so the record books from 1891 to the present day, have such fights listed.

The new rule of the commission declares that not only will that board refuse to recognize a knockout unless the losing boxer has received the full count, but that there is no such thing as a technical knockout. In the case of the technical knockout, I fully agree, but not in the first instance.

I have campaigned against the technical knockout for many years. I have declared editorially that if a bout is stopped for any reason other than by an injury that prevents a fighter from continuing, then such contest must be recorded as a knockout and I still maintain, regardless of the New York ruling, that such procedure is the only proper one.

As for the "technical knockout" which signifies that a fight has been halted because of a physical condition that makes a continuation dangerous, the only fair procedure in such case is to declare that the bout was halted because of an injury. Often a fighter has had a big advantage on points over his opponent only to be cut toward the end of the contest either through the bumping of heads, or through a loosened lace, and then finds himself listed as a knockout victim. That is grossly unfair and should be eliminated.

Under the new ruling of the New York Commission, there is bound to be a fatality. The rule is obnoxious, unfair, contrary to the best interests of boxing and would require a complete recapitulation of boxing records for the last twenty years. In addition, how about the many stirring tales of knockouts that have filled boxing history? Must those be altered to suit the whim of the New York Commission?

* * *

NO Rastus, it's all wrong. Battalino was knocked out by Billy Petrolle.

Jess Willard was knocked out by Jack Dempsey when he failed to answer the call of the bell for the fourth round.

Jim Jeffries was knocked out by Jack Johnson when Sam Berger hurled the towel into the ring.

Tommy Loughran was knocked out by Jack Sharkey when, blinded, helpless, he walked into the arms of Lou Magnolia and asked the referee to lead him to his seat.

And Max Schmeling retained the world's heavyweight championship when he knocked out Young Stribling in the final round of their Cleveland battle with only fourteen more seconds to go. And that, despite the fact that George Blake, the referee, stopped the contest when the Georgia Peach was just as helpless as was Battalino in the Petrolle tilt.

In short, the verdict of Mr. Muldoon and his colleagues will not in the least affect the opinion of thousands of spectators who saw Battalino vanquished by Petrolle or those who saw Willard slaughtered by Dempsey.

The ruling of the New York Commission that a knockout does not take place unless there is a count of ten over the fallen gladiator is the first official ruling on that point since the dawn of boxing. The London rules, Queensberry rules, and the Commission rules have all been silent on that point.

Under bare knuckle rules, there was no counting unless a contestant was slow in getting to the centre at the call of time, he having eight seconds to obey the call of time. A knockdown always ended a round, there being no count over the victim of the knockdown, his seconds merely picking him up and dragging him to his corner.

Under Queensberry rules, a boxer knocked down, had ten second in which to get on his feet, and if he failed to do so, "it shall be in the power of the referee to give his award to the other man."

Not a syllable as to whether it was a knockout or "stopped by the referee." But many contests were awarded on knockouts when one of the contestants failed to respond to the call of time.

The new rule is a bad one and invites danger. To gain the benefits that come from knocking out an opponent, there will be more terrific slugging when one contestant is on the verge of collapse, and when an opponent sees that there is danger of having the bout stopped, he will do his utmost to knock his man unconscious. Hence fatality and brutality will be the only gain from the new edict.

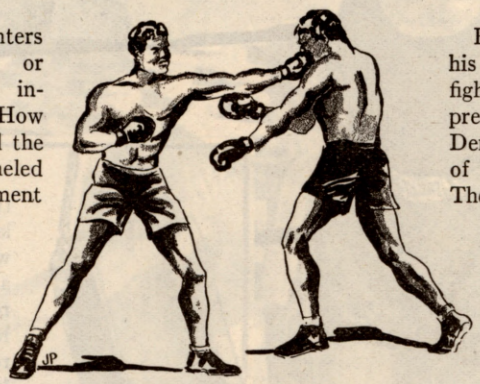
Tell-Tales

How Fighters Betray That They Have Been Hurt

By JIMMY JOHNSTON

(Promoter of Madison Square Garden of New York)

A STORY of what fighters do when in distress or when excited, makes interesting reading. How often have you watched the antics of a boxer who has been pummeled from pillar to post, or gazed in amazement at one standing up and taking his punishment with a smile in the face of a heavy bombardment from his adversary? How often have you seen a battler take on the Jack Dempsey scowl when in distress? Interesting pictures these!



Some fighters are smart enough to conceal their true condition while others, either through a worried look or through some other facial expression, reveal their distress and bring on the finishing touches by their opponent. Luis Firpo was a most difficult subject to study in the ring because his facial expression never changed. He sidled through the hemp staring straight at his man and, winning or losing, hurt or breezing, going down or standing up, with the exception of heavy breathing, there was little change noted.

At times under a barrage, he held his right fist high a bit to protect his face, but that was all. He always carried that vacant stare that made it most difficult for an opponent to guage his true condition. That is why, had Dead Pan Louie had the proper training, with his iron fists as an additional asset, he would have rated among the great fighters of the heavyweight division.

Jim Jeffries, when hurt, always crouched more than usual and that was a sign that the punch of his opponent was telling. Tommy Burns would rush into a clinch and talk with his opponent when he was in distress. Likewise Jack Johnson, who would clinch and humor his rival. And in that same class was Benny Leonard who had the knack of hiding his distress to such extent that his opponent didn't know that Benny was badly hurt.

Jack Dempsey always moved in close, and came forward with a crouch, when hurt. When he crouched without hitting, that was a sign of distress. Gene Tunney, unlike other great heavyweights, invariably when hurt, would complain to the referee about rough tactics of his opponent. He did this in two of his fights with Greb, the fight with Risko and one of his bouts with Dempsey.

* * *

CACE HUDKINS and Bat Battalino, like Battling Nelson of old, showed their distress by addressing their opponent with the remark:

"Come on and fight."

And with that, they would walk in and wade away, at the same time taking additional punishment. When Petrolle is hurt, he manoeuvers about until he recovers, then cuts loose with all he has.

Georges Carpentier would brush his hair and retreat. He did this often in his fight with Gibbons and with Tunney. Mike Gibbons rubbed his nose with the tip of his glove. When Mike did that often, it was a sure sign that he was hurt.

Benny Leonard would brush his hair, circle his adversary and pull up at his trunks. Good fighters are most dangerous when hard pressed or hurt, and Carpentier, Leonard, Dempsey and Gibbons were great examples of action personified on such occasions. They would fire away lightning-like blows in an effort to fool their adversary.

Jack Sharkey glares at his rival and fights wildly when hurt. He loses complete control of himself.

In the fight at Boyle's Thirty Acres between Carpentier and Dempsey, it will be remembered that Dempsey received his hardest punch in that bout, a blow that stunned him and almost put him on the floor, just after Carpentier had adjusted his pompadour after receiving a crashing left to the body. Georges had been stung into action.

Schmeling's distress signal is holding and waltzing. He did that in his fight with Risko.

Some fighters throw their head back and get clipped on the chin as a result of that action. Jimmy Maloney of Boston would toss his head back like a singer when reaching a high note. That's why he was knocked out so often.

Harry Wills had a plan whereby he frightned his opponents with "dirty looks." He also would wave his arms above his head menacingly.

Jess Willard, when in distress, would put out his hands and with his powerful arms he would hold off his rival. That worked well until he clashed with Dempsey who, through his weaving style, was able to avoid Jess' paws and reach the chin with regularity.

Jim Corbett was a master feinter. He feinted with his arms and kept up that line of defense until he fully recovered.

Tommy Loughran was another who followed that style. Tommy, when badly hurt, would indicate his distress by change of tactics. He would hold if he could, and also throw his guard up. Like Corbett, he is a master at feinting with the arms when hard pressed. On the other hand, Jack Britton, one of the cleverest fighters of modern times, feinted with his body when the danger point was reached.

Harry Greb, a stylist all his own, when a telling blow was landed on him, would rub his glove on the right thigh, then tear in and maul away with both hands. He did that often in his fight with Tom Gibbons. Tom, on the other hand, dropped both his hands to his sides and moved either to the right or to the left. While doing that, he shot his deadening left to the liver. That was his most damaging weapon.

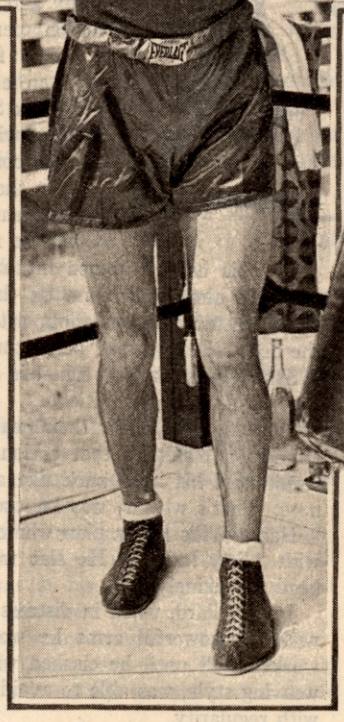
Mickey Walker squints through his arms crossed in front of his face, and as his opponent comes in, he cuts loose with a body attack. Stribling ducks under a left lead and comes up in back of his opponent when in trouble and then delivers a choice wrestler's twist. Having been an acrobat, he uses the tactics prevalent in that profession to get out of danger and when he executes such stunts, one always knows that he is hurt.

The faults of fighting men vary and everyone knows that every fighting man has plenty of faults, but the worst fault one can have is that of betraying distress. The man who can hide that, is the fellow who is most likely to reach the grade.

SCHMELING *VS.*

THAT magic moment when two finely trained heavyweights spring from their corners in response to the opening bell in a world's championship match, is the culmination of weeks of careful preparation. Those long labors may go for naught in case of a quick knockout, yet every fighter welcomes the moment that marks the beginning of the actual test and the end of the preparatory grind.

Those who sit with staring eyes in the spectators' seats, know that each of the gladiators has left nothing undone to fit himself for the fray. Yet few have peeped behind the scenes at the training camp to see what actually goes on during those weeks of preparation.



Schmeling in training quarters ready to take on sparring partners, is always cheerful

Naturally, every boxer follows the same general routine. Yet, just as one man plays a bridge hand differently than another, every boxer varies to a certain extent from another in his methods of training. The aim, of course, is to achieve the maximum in speed, skill and endurance. Each man has his own ideas as to the best methods.

With the possible exception of Tunney and Dempsey, no two figures in a world championship match have been in greater contrast, in respect to training procedure, than Max Schmeling and Jack Sharkey, now getting ready to fight it out for the supreme honor of fistiana.

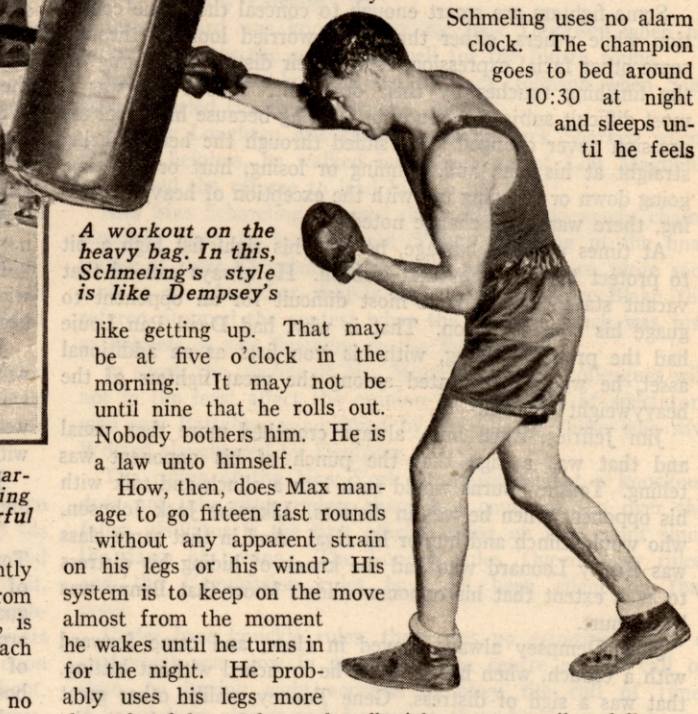
Sharkey follows rather closely the time-honored regimen, but Schmeling has introduced some novel ideas into his training.

After stopping Young Stribling in the fifteenth round at Cleveland last July, Schmeling leaped from the ring and ran at full tilt to his dressing room under the stand, apparently as fresh as when he started. Watching him a veteran fight follower remarked:

"I don't know much about that fellow, but it's dollars to doughnuts he reeled off many a mile of road work. Why, he wasn't even breathing hard. Road work, and plenty of it, is the only thing that can give a fighter wind like that."

NOW, the strange part of it is that Schmeling did not once hit the road in preparation for the Stribling fight; never does, for that matter. Road work, in case you don't happen to know, consists of walking briskly or running, or both, to strengthen the legs and improve the wind. It is a standard part of almost every fighter's training.

Fighters invariably do their road work in the morning, usually fairly early, so that they may have five or six hours for relaxation before the afternoon's boxing workout. Most boxers are awakened at a set hour and are pounding along the road, in heavy clothing to help induce a heavy perspiration, at an hour when the rest of the hangers-on at a camp are still in the hay.



A workout on the heavy bag. In this, Schmeling's style is like Dempsey's

Schmeling uses no alarm clock. The champion goes to bed around 10:30 at night and sleeps until he feels like getting up. That may be at five o'clock in the morning. It may not be until nine that he rolls out. Nobody bothers him. He is a law unto himself.

How, then, does Max manage to go fifteen fast rounds without any apparent strain on his legs or his wind? His system is to keep on the move almost from the moment he wakes until he turns in for the night. He probably uses his legs more than the fighter who reels off eight or ten miles daily on the road.

Whereas the average boxer will lay around reading or sit around playing cards for many hours, the German is constantly on the move, bustling about the camp, taking long walks or playing golf. The real substitute for road work in his case is golf. It is by no means unusual for Schmeling to play 36 holes in the morning, and another 36 in the afternoon after his boxing drill.

Seventy-two holes of golf in one day is a pretty good assignment. If you doubt that, just try it, on a hilly course. And if you play with the champion, you'll have to hit up a fast clip, with many a sprint down the fairway after a long drive.

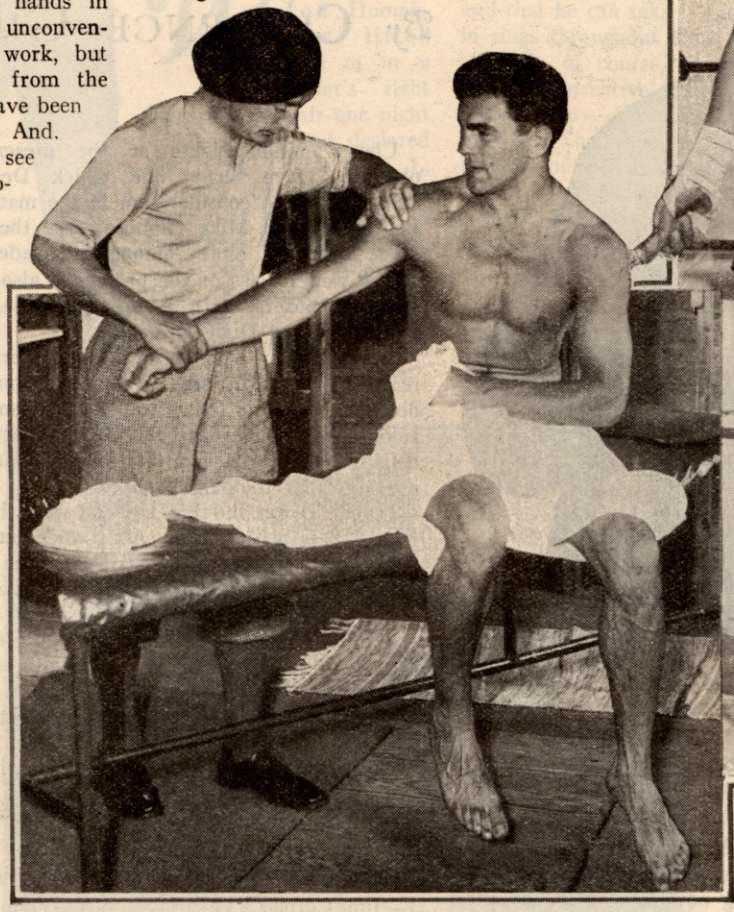
Max picked up the game in America and immediately took such a liking to it that he now uses it as a substitute for roadwork.

SHARKEY

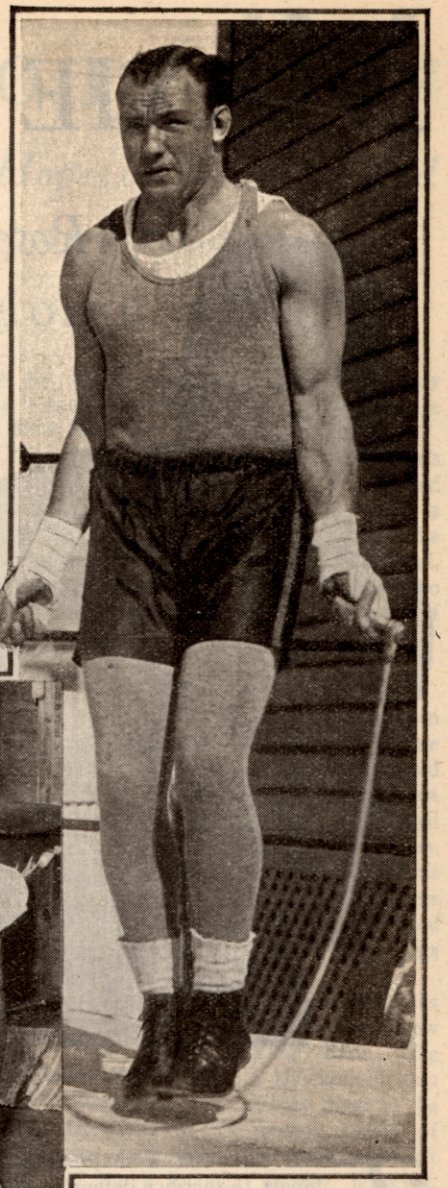
A Contrast in Training—Herr Max's Radical System Compared to the Orthodox Methods of the Challenger

By WILBUR WOOD

OLD-TIMERS no doubt will throw up their hands in horror at Schmeling's unconventional idea of road work, but you can't get away from the fact that the results have been all anyone could ask. And, in case you happen to see a picture of Max, skipping along the road with Max Machon, his trainer, in the usual road work style, don't imagine I have been filling you up with a lot of bunk. The champion is an agreeable fellow and when the photographers ask him to go through the stereotyped road work stuff for pictures, he will oblige. But it doesn't mean anything.



A rubdown after a workout. Max Machon, the champion's trainer is always with him



Sharkey skipping the rope. He says rope skipping is a great conditioner

Schmeling is even more radical as regards food than in his complete disregard for the alleged necessity of road work. Most fighters put themselves on a strict diet while training, limiting themselves to two meals a day and eschewing many of the dishes which regularly appear in their diet while not getting ready for a fight.

The champion makes it a point to eat exactly the same foods while training as at any other time. It is his idea that by so doing he does not disturb his system.

What will seem even more startling to the follower of the orthodox system is that he usually eats six or seven times a day. But he does not partake of even one heavy meal. Some fighters, limited to a scanty breakfast, put away a tremendous evening meal.

Schmeling eats whenever he feels like it. After a light breakfast, remarkable chiefly because he eats plain bread instead of toast, he will go out for a round of golf and perhaps twice on his way around will eat a sandwich and drink a glass of milk. The chances are he will have a bite of lunch with the rest of the camp. After boxing he will make himself a sandwich and have another glass of milk. And so on, until bedtime.

He is a great consumer of milk. Tea and coffee are utter strangers to him. It might be imagined that a son of the Fatherland would indulge in a glass of beer occasionally. Not Herr Max! He never drinks beer, in training or out.

He has his own chef, the same one he has had since he became a big-shot in the fight game, who prepares everything just as Max likes it. Fruit and vegetables he goes for in a big way. Meat does not play much of a part in his diet.

* * *

ANOTHER respect in which the champion differs from most prominent heavyweights is in his leniency toward his sparring mates. He sees no percentage for him in smacking around some poor fellow merely to entertain the crowd.

In fact, Max usually is far from impressive in his sparring bouts. That threw many observers off the track when he was getting ready to box Stribling. In his boxing drills the champion works out little theories of his own and cares little what his sparring partners may do to him. In fact, they have instructions not to pull their punches. The only thing that is barred is the sort of bobbing and weaving that may result in the champion being butted and badly cut.

Usually Schmeling will use as many as twenty sparring partners in a month. The idea is to have men of different styles constantly coming in, so that Max does not become too familiar with any one style.

Schmeling is in no sense temperamental. He very seldom is upset or annoyed, though really things are run so smoothly at his camp that there is little chance (*Continued on page* 46)

MAXIE LEADS 'EM ALL

Rosenbloom Ranked Best in Defensive Skill Among Present Day Fighters

By CLARENCE GILLESPIE

Maxie Rosenbloom

THE fact that a majority of modern boxers are taught to sacrifice defensive skill and bend all efforts towards heavy hitting is responsible for the paucity of Griffos, Dixons, Attells, and Driscolls in the ring at the present time. Without doubt the appearance of a really clever boxer in the ring nowadays is the occasion for open-mouthed wonder on the part of the spectators. But the wonderment is mixed with apathy, as the modern ring patron has been educated not to become enthusiastic unless there is a knockout or a series of knockdowns. Furthermore a boxer who shows marked defensive skill is quite apt to be subjected to boisterous vocal disapproval.

As a result of this unfortunate condition, scientific boxing is in the background, and the unskilled boxers but heavy punchers are in the limelight.

Loughran and Schaaf are practically alone in the matter of defensive skill so far as the heavyweight class is concerned. In the past were Jim Corbett, who never was hit with effect when in his prime, except by Fitzsimmons, who by strategy got a shot at the champion's solar plexus. Corbett was not hit with effect by Peter Jackson in 61 rounds, and he had Jeffries beaten to a frazzle when his vitality left him in the 23rd round.

Jack Johnson was a very foxy ring general, and when putting forth his best efforts he was unbeatable.

Of the latest crop of heavies, Tunney was about the best in the matter of defensive skill.

The outstanding figures in the light-heavyweight class are Maxie Rosenbloom, and the late Harry Greb. Rosenbloom is practically unhittable, and Greb, whose premature death brought his career to an end, was not only hard to hit, but kept up an annoying fusillade of short arm blows.

Clever middleweights at the present time are almost obsolete, Dave Shade and Chick Devlin being the only ones entitled to consideration in the matter of defensive skill. Les Darcy and Mike Gibbons were the top notchers of the class, with Jeff Smith among the leaders.

The welter class of the present is also devoid of clever and scientific boxers, with none approaching Jack Britton, Ted Kid Lewis and Dixie Kid.

Young Griffo, who posed as a featherweight for years, was really a lightweight, and without question the most remarkable defensive boxer in the history of pugilism. It is a fact that he frequently, for a wager, stood on a pocket handkerchief, and defied any boxer, big or little, to hit him, the Australian not moving from the handkerchief.

George Dixon and Jim Driscoll were the best of the featherweight class, with Jordan, Attell and Dundee in close pursuit.

La Barba and Newsboy Brown are the only modern bantams entitled to credit for science; with Dixon, Barry and Campi far in advance.

Jimmy Wilde in his prime was the greatest flyweight in the history of the ring, with Pancho Villa and Frankie Genaro in good standing.

Midget Wolgast is the only flyweight of the present time with any defensive skill.

All told, those who like skill mixed with pugilism, will have to be content with the thumpers.

The leaders in defensive skill in the various classes, follow:

Heavyweight Class

1—Jim Corbett.
2—Jack Johnson.
3—Gene Tunney.
4—Tom Loughran.
5—Ernie Schaaf.

Lightweight Class

1—Young Griffo.
2—Freddie Welsh.
3—Willie Ritchie.
4—Benny Leonard.
5—Joe Gans.

Light-Heavyweight Class

1—Maxie Rosenbloom.
2—Harry Greb.
3—Jimmy Slattery.
4—Frank Moody.
5—Frank Schoell.

Featherweight Class

1—Jim Driscoll.
2—George Dixon.
3—Ben Jordan.
4—Abe Attell.
5—Johnny Dundee.

Middleweight Class

1—Les Darcy.
2—Mike Gibbons.
3—Dave Shade.
4—Young Ahearn.
5—Jeff Smith.

Bantam Class

1—George Dixon.
2—Jimmy Barry.
3—Eddie Campi.
4—Fidel La Barba.
5—Newsboy Brown.

Welterweight Class

1—Jack Britton.
2—Dixie Kid.
3—Mike Glover.
4—Ted Kid Lewis.
5—Young Corbett, III.

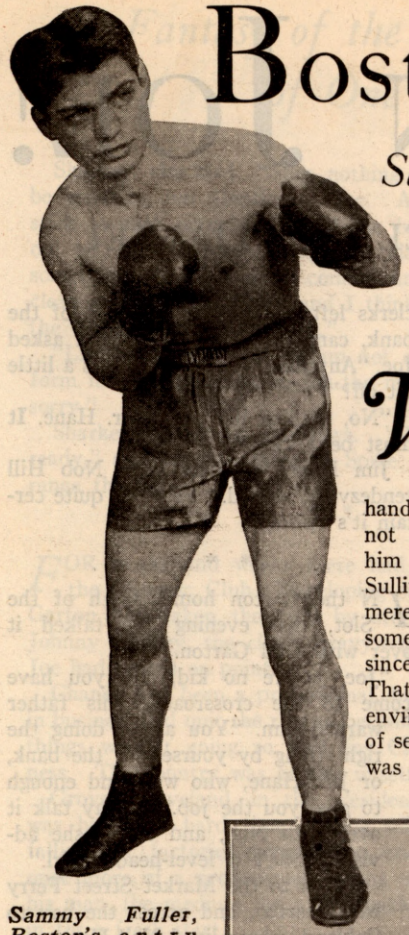
Flyweight Class

1—Jimmy Wilde.
2—Pancho Villa.
3—Frankie Genaro.
4—Midget Wolgast.
5—Johnny Buff.

Boston's Strong Boy

Sammy Fuller Carries the Hopes of New England in Lightweight Championship Campaign

By John Moran, Jr.



Sammy Fuller, Boston's entry for lightweight honors

WHEN good old Joe Humphreys lifted Sammy Fuller's right hand into the air one night not long ago and declared him "the Little John L. Sullivan of Boston," he merely let New York in on something Boston had long since been fully aware of. That Broadway and its environs had the privilege of seeing Sammy at his best was due entirely to the persistent clamoring of Dan Carroll, mentor of the newest Beantown sensation.

Sammy Fuller will in all probability force Tony Canzoneri into the ring in a battle for the title. Already the twain have met, in one of those Boston things where weights don't count and hence no title hinges. Sammy gave Tony a shellacing, so much so in fact, that all who saw it were united in their opinion that any time the pair meet at weight, Sammy will gather in the title.

Starting 'em young. Here's Sammy Fuller, Jr., a chip of the "old block"

Sabino Ferullo (for that is Fuller's name), is a product of Boston's North End—that section of the City where once sprang all the leading Irishmen of the City. John F. Fitzgerald, a great figure in the world of Boston politics, came out of the North End to fight his way to the top of the pack. And just so does Sabino Ferullo, yclept Sammy Fuller, anticipate reaching the topmost rung in the pugilistic ladder.

Fuller is a peculiarly constructed little piece of fighting machinery. He has the legs of a flyweight with the chest, shoulders and arms of a heavyweight. That he can hit, is amply attested to by his string of knockouts. That he can box, is also witnessed by the decisions which have come his way and that he can take it has been demonstrated more than once in rings throughout New England.

While, of course, the lightweight championship is Fuller's goal, the incentive to win is in reality a nineteen months old baby—a boy—Sammy's pride and joy, who at this writing is very ill. That this little mite of humanity might have all the benefits of an education and home in healthful surroundings, Sammy forsook the North End, moved his little family into a more airy place and went seriously about the business of boxing.

* * *

UNDER the guiding influence of his newest manager—Dan Carroll—life in general and boxing in particular became something else again for Sabino Ferullo. Carroll acquired Fuller's contract in October of last year. Prior to that Sammy had boxed and beaten Canzoneri among others. Included among the others, was none other than Bruce Flowers whom the Boston Atom eliminated via the knockout route in six rounds.

His first start, under Carroll's direction, was at Rochester, New York, against Mickey Blair. He scored there with a knockout in two rounds and won a lasting place in the affections of the boxing public of that community. The victory wasn't of much financial benefit, however, for Sammy's end has not as yet been met by the management.

Soon after the Carroll-Fuller combination was formed, the Massachusetts Boxing Commission made legal bouts of twelve rounds and the first at this distance, had Fuller contesting with Andy Callahan. Natural rivals, this was to have been the decisive affair.

Almost immediately after the opening bell, Fuller let go a right cross, on the way in, which landed kerplunk on Callahan's forehead. Then and there Sammy broke the right duke and went through the balance of the bout with that member about as much use to him as nothing at all. Even then the bout was close.

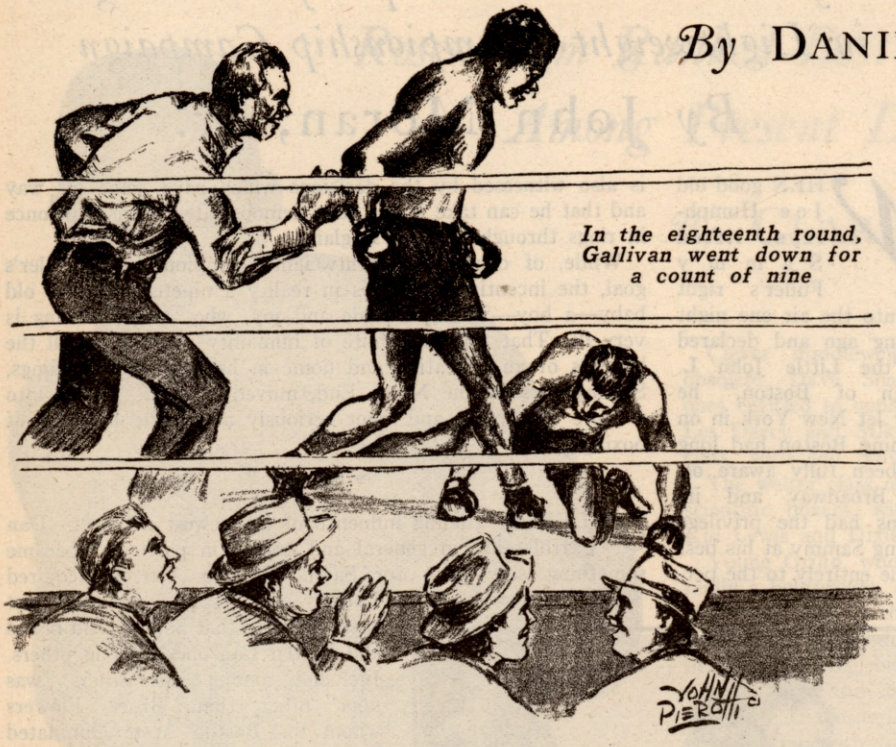
The broken hand forced Sammy to indulge in a long layoff. During the idle months he chafed at the continued inactivity and finally toward the end of January, the hand healed sufficiently to permit his indulging in some real training. And on February 9 of this year, he took a chance in real competition.

* * *

TED "KID" DREW was Fuller's first opponent of this year. They clashed in Portland, Me., before the largest house ever attracted to a bout in that City. Fuller demonstrated he was fit when he stopped Drew (*Continued on page* 43)

GENTLEMAN JOE!

By DANIEL M. DANIEL



In the eighteenth round, Gallivan went down for a count of nine

THE writer says, "This story of Joe Garton is a fantasy. The reader may see in it resemblances to the career of Jim Corbett. He may discern in the story counterparts of Joe Choynski and John L. Sullivan. He may see the threads of that rich romance that was woven into ring history in the days when Corbett went from a San Francisco bank to the heavyweight championship. But with all the resemblances, it still is a fantasy. However, the writer wants to dedicate the story to James J. Corbett, to whom boxing owes a debt it never can repay."

* * *

"I SAY, young man, let's have a little attention!" A red faced man with sideburns stood before the paying teller's window at the Mission Bank in San Francisco, and fingered a check somewhat feverishly.

The youngster in the cage flushed and came out of his revery. "Sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Harper, but I guess I was castle building or something," Joe Garton laughed.

Jason Harper joined in the laughter, "You're not fooling me one bit, Joe," he said. "It looks like a combination of both."

"Both what?" asked Joe.

"Well, a girl and the ring," Harper explained. "You sat there for fully five minutes, oblivious of me and the bank and anything so gross as money and business. Now, Joe, if it's anything serious, look me up at the house to night. I'll be in until bedtime."

"Thanks, Mr. Harper. It's nothing to worry over, and yet I may want to look in on you."

Jason Harper left, and soon there came that stream of business which always hits a bank in the half hour before closing time.

On the pavement outdoors a warm May sun beat down. Overhead a blue sky made a gorgeous canopy for a rare Spring day. Nature ran riot from the Golden Gate to Monterey and the Santa Cruz Mountains. Even drab Telegraph Hill had a romantic aspect and Nob Hill lost something of its austerity that bright afternoon in 1886.

At closing, Garton sat in the cage, thinking. The other clerks left. Jim Hane, president of the bank, came by after a spell and asked Joe, "Anything wrong? Accounts a little bit off?"

"No, nothing like that, Mr. Hane. It must be Spring."

Jim Hane, hurrying to a Nob Hill rendezvous, smiled. "Yes, I'm quite certain it's Spring."

* * *

IN the Garton home, south of the Slot, that evening Joe talked it over with Dad Garton.

"Joe, you're no kid, and you have come to the crossroads," his father warned him. "You aren't doing the right thing by yourself or the bank, or Jim Hane, who was kind enough to give you the job. I'd say talk it over with Nell, and do as she advises. She's a level-headed girl."

Down to the Market Street Ferry went Garton, and across the bay to Oakland, where lived Nell Hazen.

"What am I to do, Nell?" Joe asked. "I can't keep my mind on the bank—and for two reasons. Of course, there's you. And then there is the ring. It's in my blood, Nell. I want to fight. I've got to fight. I know I have it in me. Perhaps I'll even go so far as the championship.

"The bank offers little. The fight game offers unlimited opportunities. Harry Sharkey, over at the Olympic Club, says I have the stuff. Modest as I am," Joe laughed, "I kind of think I can make it. What's the verdict?"

"Knew this was coming," Nell said, quietly. "You should have your fling in the ring. And you should go into your boxing career without encumbrances. I am quite willing to release you from our engagement. There is no sense in your fighting it off any longer. You are a fighter, you know. If your urge is to go into the professional ring, why that's where you belong. But I cannot go with you. It's a journey you will have to make alone."

Joe pleaded with her. In vain he tried to make Nell understand that if he undertook a professional boxing career he would need her more than ever.

"Love and Spring-time and the long evenings under the stars are not for the man who plans fighting for a living," she insisted. "Make your choice—and much as I love you, and hate to lose you, Joe—fight!"

* * *

THEY parted with a quarrel. Two weeks went by, and then Joe heard that Jim Hane was visiting the Hazen home. In a huff, Garton went into Hane's office and resigned his position. Hane smiled tantalizingly.

"You see, Joe, you can't think of fighting and all that sort of thing and keep your accounts straight. You might hand out a fifty for a five, and then have to work two weeks to repay the loss. And girls don't like fighters. Goodbye, and good luck."

Garton rushed over to the Olympic Club and sought out Harry Sharkey, the trainer.

"Tell the boys I'll take the match," he said to Harry. "I'll take it on the basis proposed—to a finish, for a thousand a side. And, Harry—I'm through with the banking business. From now on I'm Slug Garton."

A Fantasy of the Ring Which Weaves Romance Into the Rise of One Champion and the Fall of Another

Sharkey chuckled. "Slug nothing, Joe. You never could be anything but Gentleman Joe. And if you're wise, you'll stick to that name and your fine habits. Boxing is working out of the plug-ugly, slug-ugly class into something new, something better. I see it coming, and coming fast. We need clean youth, clean habits, and I think you are the man to lift the game by the bootstraps."

"Lift hell!" said Joe, "I am not coming into boxing to reform it. I am coming in for the money—and to make a girl sorry."

Sharkey raised his eyebrows. "Well, Joe, she's sorry already," and off they went to Spike McHenry's saloon to arrange the fight.

* * *

FOR weeks and weeks there had been a keen rivalry at the Olympic Club. Developing suddenly, out of nowhere, Garton had taken the club by storm. Thrice he had met Johnny Chaney, the club's heavyweight champion, and thrice Joe had scored on points.

Chaney had been a professional, but with a fortunate break in business had quit the ring to become a gentleman boxer. Now things weren't going so well for Chaney in the grain business. The country was getting unsettled.

Grover Cleveland, in the president's chair in Washington, was having a hard time staving off panic. The dollar was falling low, factories were closing, and Chaney began to think once more of a professional boxing career. In Garton he saw his man, the medium for a comeback, and the chance to cash in for a fresh start.

While Garton was clever, Chaney felt certain that in a long fight the bank teller's cleverness would fade out.

At McHenry's, Garton and Sharkey parleyed for twenty rounds. But McHenry, acting for Chaney, was firm.

"To a finish, on a barge outside the Golden Gate—and take it or leave it," McHenry said. "Chaney is coming back anyway, and if it isn't you, we'll find somebody else for the match. I've got to know right now."

Sharkey appealed to Garton with his eyes. Garton set his lips grimly and nodded.

"In four weeks, on a barge outside the Gate—to a finish for a thousand dollars a side—and Dave Sneddens referee."

They signed the articles. That night San Francisco was in a hubbub. Joe Garton and Johnny Chaney had signed for a battle. There was a girl in it, some insisted. No, it was a matter of an insult, others said. That section of San Francisco south of the Slot seethed with excitement as it visioned its favorite son rising to fistic heights.

* * *

THE battle on a barge between Joe Garton and Johnny Chaney is one of the bright romances of the professional ring. In the blazing sun, beyond the Golden Gate, they struggled for forty-five rounds until the younger, more able Garton stopped his man with a right to the jaw.

In the first eighteen rounds Garton piled up points fast—three for one. But the Chaney crowd was confident that after the twenty-round stage had been passed the bank clerk would begin to show signs of the pace and the route. So it turned out.

Chaney, fighting a methodical battle at an even gait calculated to hold him for fifty rounds, if necessary, began to forge ahead in the twenty-second session. In the twenty-fifth he put Joe down with a left under the heart. In the thirty-first Chaney closed Garton's right eye.

But there was the spark of the true, the great fighter in Joe Garton, son of south of the Slot. How Nell would laugh! How the boys of the neighborhood would laugh! He never would be able to show his face at the Olympic Club again.

In the thirty-fifth round Chaney began to slow down and Garton, with his second wind, began to take the lead again. Joe came with a succession of rights and lefts and then, as he feinted, he caught Chaney with a right on the Adam's apple. The blow seemed to paralyze Johnny. He stood stock still while Garton landed six in succession, and then, Chaney took a count of nine.

Chaney was no quitter, either. The next eight rounds were terrific, a Berserk contest in which Youth had the inevitable edge. In the forty-fourth round Garton had his man down three times and in the next session the Battle of the Barge went into ring history.

Chaney passed out, and San Francisco shouted Garton's name from the house tops as a contender for the title held by Jim Gallivan, the New York Strong Boy.

* * *

TWO weeks later Joe Garton made that inevitable ferry trip across the bay to Oakland, and walked up the familiar lane to the Hazen home.

"Miss Nell and Mr. Hazen have gone to New York," said the maid.

"Well, then New York it is," chuckled Joe as he made his way back to San Francisco.

"Harry, we're going to the big town—over to New York to smoke out Jim Gallivan," Joe told Sharkey at the club an hour later.

"Yes, I see a piece in the paper about Miss Hazen going East," said the knowing Sharkey. And the next day Garton and the trainer were on their way to New York.

Arrived in the Metropolis, Garton made a search for Nell, only to find that she had gone Southward with her father.

Garton was amazed. He had expected New York fight circles to be eager to see him. He had expected the Big City to be familiar with all the details of his fight with Chaney. Why, the Police Gazette had given three pages, with drawings, to the Battle on the Barge.

But in the haunts of the fistic lights around the Tenderloin, which centered about Broadway and Twenty-eighth Street, Garton created hardly a ripple.

He found one strong sympathizer in Jimmy Quigley, who kept the Silver Dollar Saloon on Broadway. Quigley had come to New York from San Francisco and was strong for Gentleman Joe. He knew Joe's dad, he knew all about the Chaney fight. And Quigley had a hunch that Garton could beat the New York Strong Boy.

"Another one of them California gas bags," sneered Billy Mabon, Gallivan's manager. "Yeh, I read about the fight on a scow. But who is this Chaney, and what did Garton ever do to fight Gallivan? Who would pay to watch the fight?"

Week after week went by, but New York remained cold to the lad from the Golden West. San Francisco begged Garton to come back and clean up on his local fame. But Joe felt that it was his destiny to become the champion, and he would not surrender for less.

He accepted a few lesser fights, and won them. Coney Island saw him whip Pat McGarr, the Irish Pride. Maspeth saw him whip Tony Mooney, the Boston contender. On a barge anchored in the Hudson, off Yonkers, he fought seventeen rounds until he stopped Bob Glade, conqueror of the English champion. New York began to sit up and take notice (*Continued on page* 45)

A Veteran Speaks

Charley Harvey Says Legalization of Boxing Is Greatest Stride Made in Sport

By JOHN KNIGHT

CHARLEY HARVEY, manager of Steve Hamas, latest heavyweight sensation, and Tom Heeney, is one of the many old-time managers still in harness who believes that modern boxing is far more showy than in the days of old. It is difficult to get an old-timer to declare himself in favor of the present day boys, but Harvey, who has seen champions come and go, is one of the few to stand by the present crop. He realizes that times have changed considerably.

In an argument that waxed high in the press room of Madison Square Garden recently, Harvey, whose Penn State idol, Hamas, had just knocked out Tommy Loughran, took to task those who declared that Hamas wouldn't have stood a chance against the members of the old school.

"There's where you're wrong," chirped in Mustache Charley. "I disagree with you. You fellows fail to take into consideration the fact that boxing, like all other vocations, has made remarkable progress in the past twenty years. Our fighters of to-day may not be as heavy hitters as the boys of our generation, but let me tell you, and I speak from experience, that what the boys of to-day lack in punching power or cleverness, they make up in the use of their noodle. Yes, they are faster thinkers than the stars of years ago. They use their brains and that enables them to show to advantage over the old-timers.

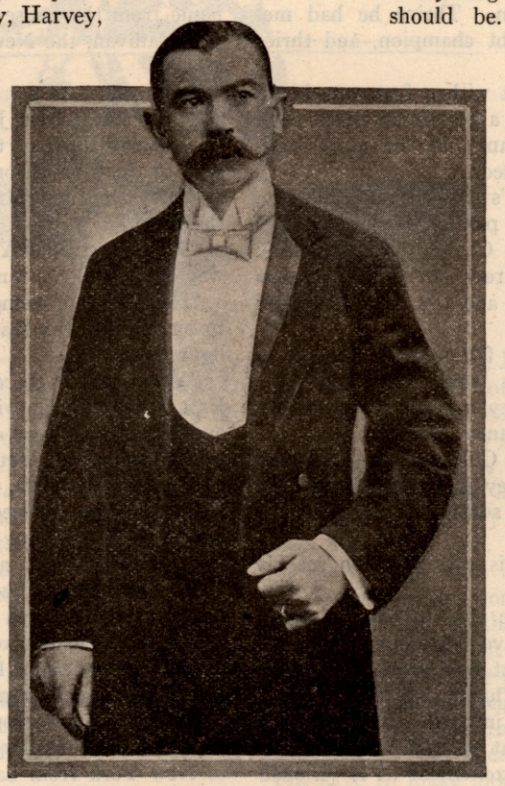
"How many fighters of the old school could compare to Loughran in brain work? Tommy would have stood many of the best of the old timers on their ears because he would have made them look like monkeys as they would come tearing in. That's why the boys of to-day do not carry with them the marks of their profession as did the boys of old. The present days lads are cleverer than most of the old school and when a boy is clever, he doesn't have to carry such a wallop as did the McGoverns of old, to get by.

"If he possesses both cleverness and punch, so much the better for him. But how many fighters does one find who are possessors of both?"

* * *

HARVEY never was a boxer, yet he has been a figure in pugilism, both in the amateur and professional field, for upwards of thirty years. Among the stars he imported from England when he was known as "Importer of Boxers," were Owen Moran and Jem Driscoll. Practically every British star who came to these shores in the days preceding the Frawley law, was under the wings of Harvey in his American campaign. Friends of Harvey are rooting hard for the success of Hamas because there is no more powerful handler of fighters in America than Charley.

The greatest stride in boxing, according to Harvey, is the legalization of the sport.



Charley Harvey

"When I realize that 29 states of our country have leagalized boxing, and then harp back to my youth, when we were forced to sneak away in the early hours of the morning to get to the scene of action under the cover of darkness, as a fight fan, I think we have much to be thankful for. No longer do we have to keep the time and location of a fight secret for fear of police interference. No longer must we sneak into darkened cellars or the back rooms of saloons to see our favorite pastime. That is all a thing of the past. Everything now is open and above-board—as it should be. The day of interference is gone.

"To me, that is the greatest progress boxing has made in my time.

"American boxing always has been progressive. That's why it has been successful. Ring styles, like fashions, frequently change. The heavyweight champion is on the highest pinnacle and his style generally serves as the model.

"Corbett started the vogue for fast boxing, Jeffries's crouch was widely copied. So was Dempsey's weave. There have been other distinct contributions and with each change Americans have been versatile and mostly improved their method.

"In the last twenty years and all other periods, British boxers have been generously received in this country whenever they showed ability. New York is the fairest sport town in the world. A Chinaman would be quickly appreciated here if he happened to be a contender in the ring. Driscoll, Owen Moran who knocked out Battling Nelson, Kid Lewis, Wilde, Berg, are among British boxers who were popular in this country. And one of the finest exhibitions of fairness and sportsmanship was given Brombardier Wells, who, after being knocked out by Al Palzer in the old Garden, received a tremendous ovation from the crowd while the winner got only a few ripples of applause.

"After winning the championship, Tunney was not popular because he was more of the boxer than fighter type. It was chiefly a matter of personality. Gene just didn't possess the magnetic qualities that appealed to the mob, like Dempsey, Corbett and Sullivan."

* * *

CHARLEY HARVEY was born in the realm of athletics and his career, which started in the early '80's, is a notable one and a credit to sport. For the first years of his career Charley Harvey was something of a runner.

He branched out from the Star Athletic Club in Long Island City, an amateur institution. Among those whom Harvey had occasion to match strides with in those days was Al Copland, the scribe. "Al was a great runner, a champ, but I wasn't much and that fellow could always beat me," recalls Harvey.

Harvey became secretary of the New York Boxing Commission under the Frawley Law. He is 57 years old.

Tales of Fighters

By Edward Merrill

IT was fight night at the St. Nicholas Rink. A gathering of old timers—fighters, managers, seconds, referees and scribes such as had not graced an indoor arena in New York in many moons had come to see Benny Leonard make his second "comeback attempt." Based on ability as gauged by ring records, there were among those present that night, $2,000,000 worth of box office attractions in that gathering—champions of the past representing almost every division.

There was Lew Tendler, who drew $400,000 with Benny Leonard a few years ago; Jack Britton, Leach Cross, Charley Goldman, Joe Lynch and his buddy, Jack Sharkey, the former West Side bantam; Jack Dorman, Kid McPartland, Patsy Haley, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Joe Walcott, Johnny Marto, Abe Attell, Harlem Tommy Murphy and Jack Denning among others, and naturally it was a great night for reminiscences.

It was like "Old Timers' Night," and the boys took advantage of the situation to recall many stirring events in the past history of New York pugilism. Tommy Murphy, shaking hands with Attell, remarked:

"Abe, you and I were born too soon. We should have been in the field now. We wouldn't have had to fight as we did and get a song for our efforts."

"I don't regret it, Tommy. I had my fill and enjoyed it well, even though I didn't make a fortune out of it," replied wily Abe.

It didn't take long before the boys got started and then, for almost an hour, while waiting for the "big shots" of the evening to get into the ring, there were stories aplenty about famous fights and fighters. Johnny Marto reminded Attell of the tough battle they went through for ten rounds in 1910, to which Abe replied:

"Yes, Johnny, but that didn't compare to my bouts with Harlem Tommy. I went through a tough campaign, but I'll never forget the great scraps Tommy and I had. Eh, Tom?"

And all Harlem Tommy would give for a reply was a wide grin.

* * *

SOMEONE spotted Dr. Cross in a heated discussion with Benny Leonard's brother and in a jiffy, Leachie was brought before the Board of Inquisition and put through the grill.

"Leach, what do you think you could have done against Leonard, you and Benny being in your prime?" asked a scribe.

"I don't know. I don't think I would have put a glove on Benny. It's tough to be forced to say it, but from my observation, I think Leonard stood out as the foremost lightweight of all time, with the possible exception of Joe Gans, of Baltimore.

"When one considers that I clashed with such phenoms as Packey McFarland, Matty Baldwin, Sammy Smith, Charley Griffin, Jack Goodman and Tommy Murphy among others, that's saying a lot for Benny. It's a great compliment, yet I honestly believe that Benny was superior to any of them. Those who saw me fight Baldwin and Driscoll, will recollect how difficult it was for me to get in a sound wallop, yet I was considered a terrific puncher and a mighty good fighter, even if I say so myself.

"Let me tell you the name of a fellow who, though you might think I'm kidding, would have given Benny a tough battle—Young Sammy Smith is the chap I have reference to. Yes, it was Young Sammy who gave me my toughest night's work and that goes, despite my terrific battles with Joe Rivers, Cy Smith, Battling Hurley, Fighting Dick Hyland, Frankie Madden and Young Otto.

* * *

"'YOUNG' Sammy was the brother of 'Old' Sammy Smith, a tough customer from Philadelphia. No lightweight of fifteen years ago was considered a thoroughbred unless he met and tried to beat 'Old' Sammy. He was a terror. He could hit and he could fight. Then one day he came back to New York with his young brother.

"'Young' Sammy Smith was the name he fought under. He owned a furniture shop in Philadelphia but he was induced by 'Old' Sammy to follow his footsteps into the ring.

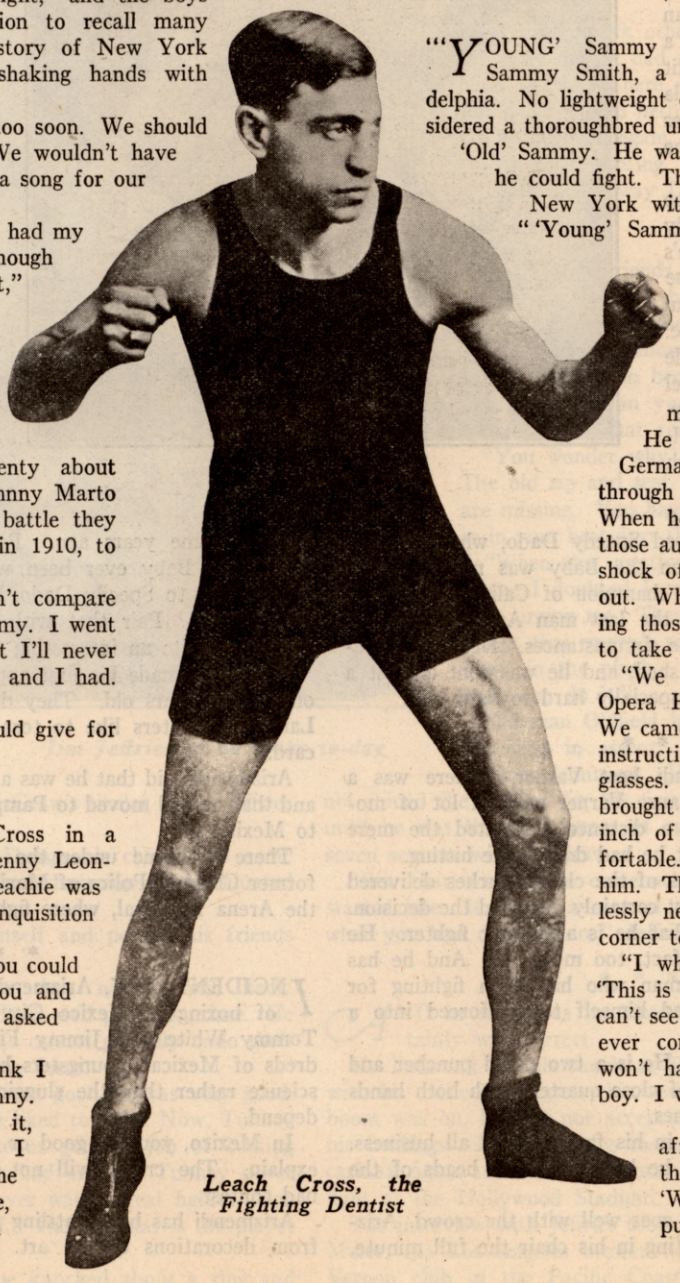
There was one thing remarkable about 'Young' Sammy. He was as nearsighted as an old German professor. He peered at you through tremendously thick glasses. When he came into the ring wearing those automobile headlights, I got the shock of my life. I couldn't make it out. What in the world was he wearing those goggles for? Was he going to take them off?

"We met in the old Amsterdam Opera House, Tom O'Rourke's club. We came to the center of the ring for instructions and still he wore those glasses. When he came up to me he brought his face and goggles within an inch of mine. It was most uncomfortable. Gee, my heart ached for him. The poor fellow was so hopelessly nearsighted. I ran back to my corner to await the bell.

"I whispered to my brother Sam: 'This is a crime. Why, that poor boy can't see me. How in the world did you ever come to make this match? I won't have the heart to sock a blind boy. I wish I was out of this.'

"And then the bell rang. I was afraid he'd still come out with those glasses on. But he didn't. 'Well, I'd knock him out with a punch and end his misery. I

(*Continued on page* 44)



Leach Cross, the Fighting Dentist

Mexican "*Baby Face*" Seeks Fistic Heights

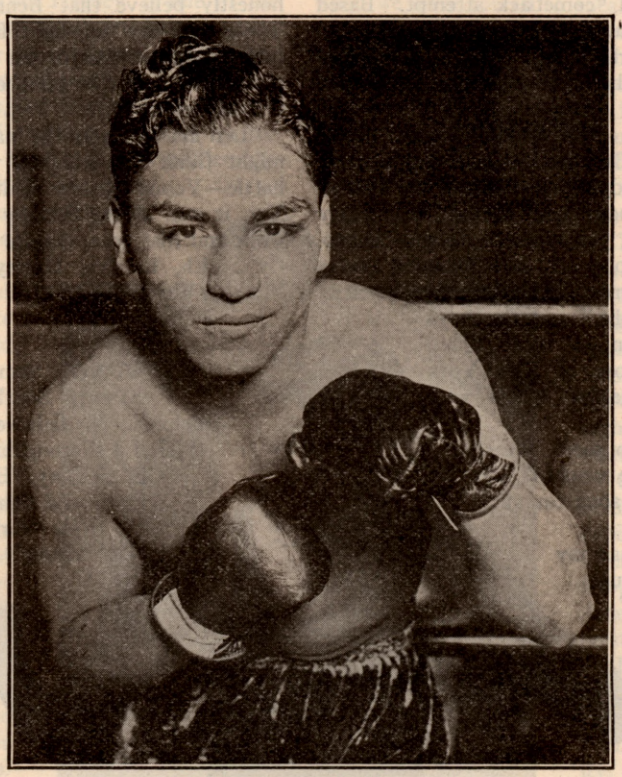
By DANIEL M. DANIEL

MEXICO has given to the ring Aurelio Herrerra and Joe Rivers. And now it looks as if it has sent another luminary into the roped square, perhaps a champion. Quien sabe?

While in Los Angeles recently the writer saw enough of Baby Arizmendi to warrant the belief that the Mexican featherweight already is a star. But we will have to wait until Alberto from Coahuila lands in New York and takes on tougher opposition than he has seen in Hollywood.

It would be quite futile to say that Arizmendi already looks like a champion. He's far from that. But he has the stuff and with careful, skillful handling may make the grade.

Arizmendi first gained wide prominence by beating Fidel La Barba in Mexico City. From what we can gather, Alberto gave Fidel a thorough lacing.



Baby Arizmendi

Then Arizmendi came to Los Angeles. First he whipped Speedy Dado, who had been rated quite a scrapper. Then the Baby was matched with Claude Varner, featherweight champion of California.

Now, Varner perhaps was the last man Arizmendi should have been asked to meet in the circumstances. Here the Mexican was trying to get established, and he was sent against a boxer whose style makes it especially hard to fight him.

* * *

THE writer saw Arizmendi beat Varner. There was a difference of opinion because Varner made a lot of motions and those who sat at a distance translated the mere gesture into an indication that he had done some hitting.

Arizmendi landed four fifths of the clean punches delivered during the ten rounds and most certainly deserved the decision.

The Mexican showed me that he is a counter fighter. He is a conserver of energy, in fact, too much so. And he has something to learn. For a man who had been fighting for ten years Arizmendi permitted himself to be forced into a corner too often.

But the kid has the stuff. He is a two fisted puncher and he is strong. He works out of close quarters with both hands flying and he whips his punches.

There is an Aztec stolidity in his face. He is all business. Never a smile, he works and he looks over the heads of the onlookers.

He has a little trick which goes well with the crowd. Arizmendi does not believe in resting in his chair the full minute. Ten seconds before the bell he is on his feet, ready to rush for his man.

For a lad of eighteen he is well put together. And he is strong. He worked the bigger Varner around handily.

* * *

ARIZMENDI has little English. He doesn't like to talk fights. He dislikes fighting, I was told. He is crazy about movies, and Anita Page is his favorite actress of the screen.

Was it true that he was only eighteen? Si, it was so. Only eighteen, and he has been fighting for ten years. Therein lies the greatest danger to Arizmendi's success. At an age when most of our fighters are just beginning to think of a ring career this Baby from Coahuila already is a veteran with 283 battles behind him.

There is danger that before he is twenty he will be burned out. That's what happened to Kid Pancho, sensational Mexican boxer whom I saw in San Antonio some years ago. Pancho was rushed when a kid.

Has the Baby ever been whipped? Yes, he lost a close return bout to Speedy Dado, but he never has been knocked off his feet. Pair that with a victory over La Barba and you have quite an interesting ring personality.

Arizmendi made his first appearance in a ring when he was only seven years old. They do those things down in Tamale Land. Promoters like to toss in a fleaweight to pep up the card.

Arizmendi said that he was a native of Torreon, in Coahuila, and that he had moved to Pampico. Six months ago he moved to Mexico City.

There he came under the guidance of Valente Quintana, former Chief of Police of Mexico City, who is the promoter at the Arena Nacional, where fights are held weekly.

* * *

INCIDENTALLY, Arizmendi said that the real developers of boxing in Mexico City were two American veterans, Tommy White and Jimmy Fitten. They have taught hundreds of Mexican youngsters how to box and have developed science rather than the slugging on which Mexicans used to depend.

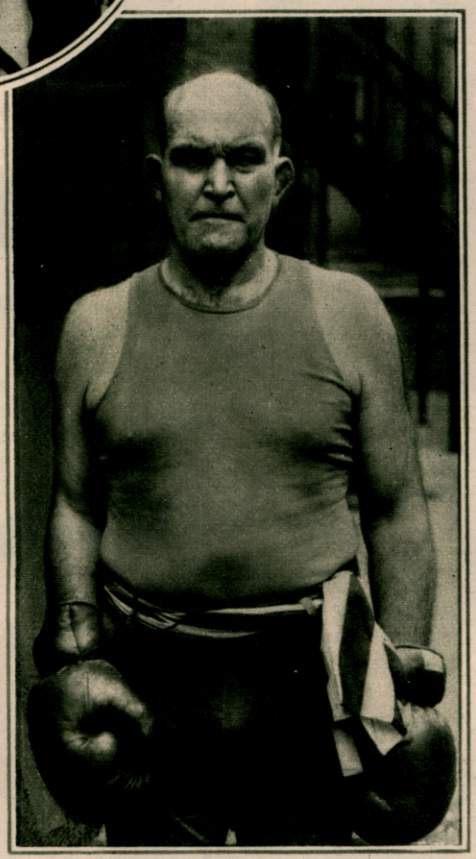
In Mexico, you are good or you quit, the Baby went on to explain. The crowd will not stand for a poor fighter or a bad contest.

Arizmendi has been battling for a decade and yet he is free from decorations of the art. He (*Continued on page* 43)

"They Never Come Back," Says Jeffries

By Daniel M. Daniel

Jess Willard in the Willard market in Hollywood



Jim Jeffries as he looks to-day

AFTER years of silence on comebacks—a silence born of chagrin over his own failure in that memorable battle with Jack Johnson at Reno in 1910, Jim Jeffries spoke up the other day.

Knowing how he felt about the collapse of his hopes against the Negro, men had been loath to quiz Jeffries about that and other attempted comebacks.

But as he sat with a group that included John J. McGraw, manager of the Giants; Will Rogers, the humorist; Tod Sloan, one of the greatest jockeys of all time; Barney Oldfield, one time automobile racing champion; Mike Donlin, former batting king of the Giants, and Chief Meyers, who was a catcher for three of McGraw's titular clubs, Jeffries loosened up.

"What do you think of Jack Dempsey's chances to come back?" the writer asked the onetime champion of the squared circle.

"Dempsey should not fool himself and permit his friends to lie to him," Jeffries ejaculated.

"It cannot be done, because they never come back. Dempsey is thirty-six years old. He is well past his prime. He has had years of soft living and he cannot possibly undo their effect on his system and his boxing form.

"I believe that when Dempsey was good he was very good. He was a great fighter because he liked to fight. Now, Tunney was different. He couldn't make as good a job of coming back as Dempsey, who would be bad enough. Tunney never liked to fight. As a result, he never was a great fighter. You find a similar situation in baseball. The real star is the player who loves the game.

"I loved to fight. I liked to be knocked about a ring and I loved to knock others about—and out. From my early days I had no ambitions other than to be a fighter. There is nothing in the world I would have liked better. If I could go back and do it all over again, there is nothing I would choose over fighting. But I would not try to come back the way I did against Johnson.

* * *

"MY friends lied to me. They kidded me into believing I could do it. No doubt they kidded themselves, too.

"You do not know the agony of the comeback. You lie in bed all foggy in the morning and something in you says, 'Get up and start training. Hit that road. Come on—work!'

"You wonder why you wished it on yourself. The old zip and zest are gone, the old reactions are missing. You have to force yourself, whereas in your best days things came naturally, easily.

"When the question of coming back was put to me I doubted I could do it. But my friends kept urging me. They made me believe a lot of things that weren't so. And I had to let them down in the pinch. Dempsey can't do it. Nobody can do it."

Old man Oldfield laughed. Tod Sloan nodded his head in assent. Tod had tried it himself. Meyers demurred. He pointed out that he had not joined the Giants, for his first major league engagement, until he was thirty-six years of age, and that he had lasted seven seasons with McGraw.

"But that was not a comeback. You just were getting started late. It wasn't a case of trying to do all over again what you had done before," Jeffries protested.

* * *

AND in so far as he himself was concerned, Jeff certainly was correct.

He lives out on his ranch at Burbank, near Los Angeles, with his cattle and regrets that several years ago, when a land boom was on, he had not accepted an offer of a million for his holdings. Now he helps make things go by running occasional fights and wrestling bouts, and refereeing an occasional fight at the Hollywood Stadium.

The interview with Jeffries took place in the home of Eddie Maier, the Los Angeles brewer who at one time owned the Vernon club of the Pacific Coast (*Continued on page* 44)

Stars of the Far West

Bobby Pacho, hard hitting Mexican lightweight

Chico Cisneros, classy juniorlightweight from Mexico

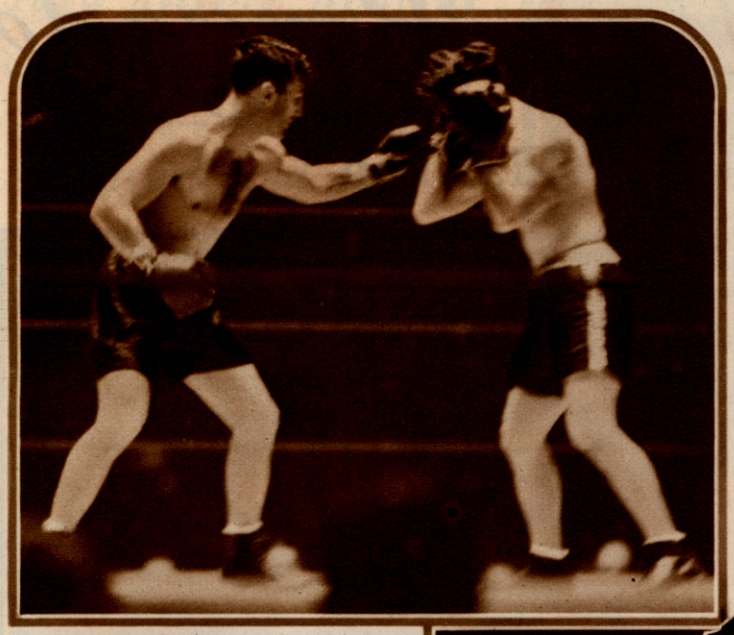
Jimmy Evans, San Francisco's welterweight star

(Below) Battling Dozier, Pacific Coast welterweight ace

Andy Di Vodi, still going good on the Pacific Coast

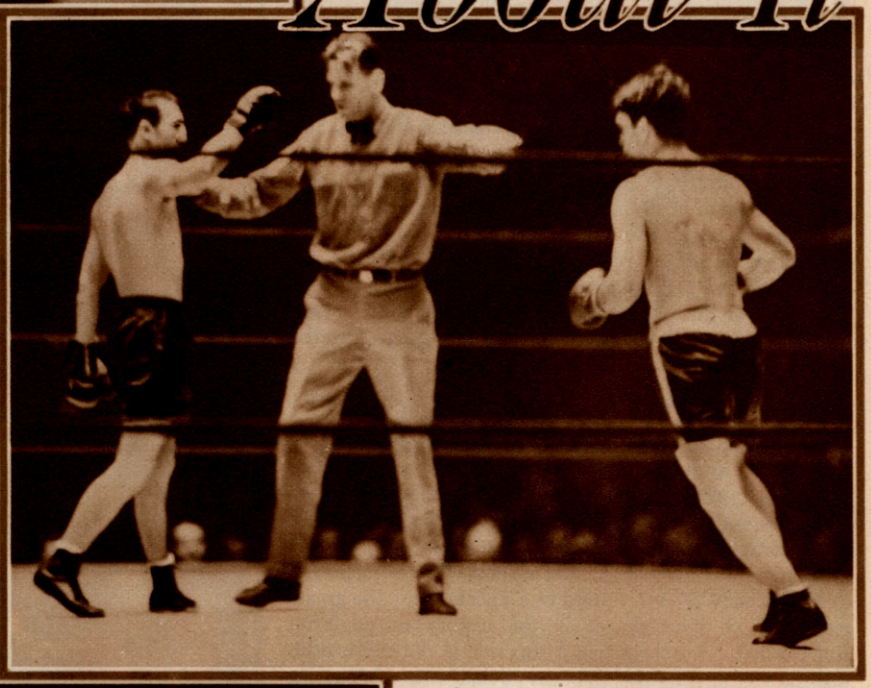
Chick Devlin, San Francisco middleweight, making good in New York

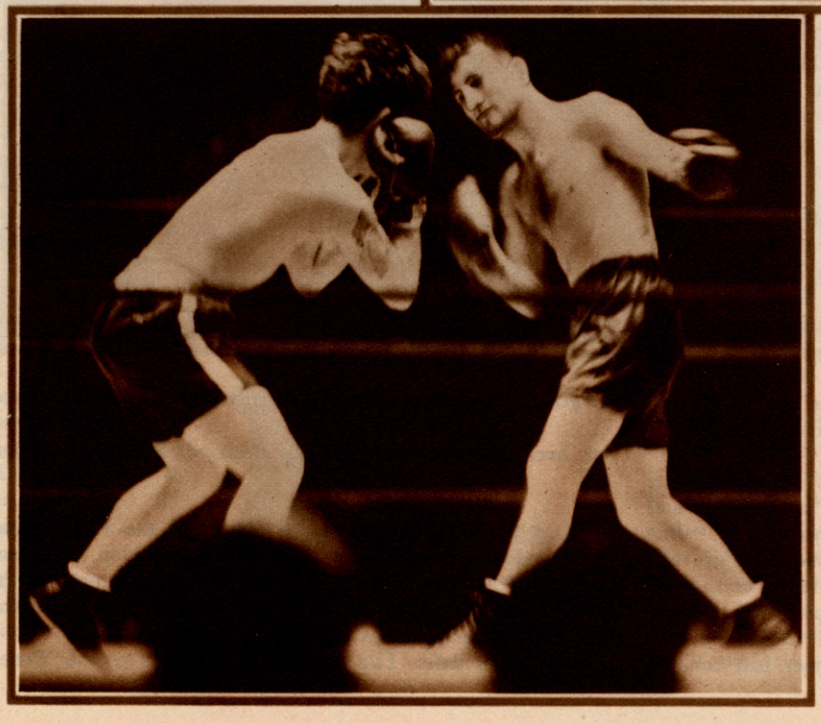
They're STILL Talking About It



Petrolle pecking away at Bat's broken nose. The injured organ was a target for Billy's left throughout the fight

TWO months have elapsed since the thrilling Battalino-Petrolle fight took place in the Madison Square Garden of New York, yet wherever fight fans congregate, that contest still holds the upper hand in the discussion of famous battles. And when the years have passed and both of the combatants in that hectic mill have passed from the picture, the story of their contest will be told and retold in "Famous Fights Recalled." And properly so, for no fight in recent years in which a championship was not at stake, had aroused such wide comment both before and after, as did the Petrolle-Battalino affair.





Gunboat Smith, the referee, saves Battalino with only a minute and a half of the final round remaining. Bat was out on his feet

Fight critics styled Battalino a second Bat Nelson after seeing him in action against Billy. His style, his aggressiveness, his boring-tactics and his disregard for punishment, place him in the class of Nelson and Ad Wolgast. Men of that type do not last long, but while they are at their height, they make plenty of trouble for their opponents. They force the fighting and take many punches to land one. They keep boring in to get an opening with the hope that one hefty wallop will turn the trip.

But Petrolle is a fighter of a different color. He is a master technician. He picks his spots. He is a merciless fighter who keeps wearing an opponent down until he has him helpless and then the throttle is opened wide and the finishing punches are delivered.

Bat's style didn't check Petrolle as it did Eddie Ran. Billy was a master with either hand

The Clouting Brigade

By Charles F. Mathison

COURAGE and ability to hit effectively are the two outstanding features that appeal to the patrons of boxing in this modern age. A boxer may be as clever and elusive as a fox, yet he will not receive one quarter of the applause that will go to a fighter who can win in a hurry with blows that batter his opponent into submission. A clever boxer may outpoint his opponent from here to the great Chinese wall, but if the latter gets in a few resounding thumps, he is treated more vociferously than is the fighter who has really learned the science of boxing.

Nevertheless there are two kinds of hitters in the ring these days. One contingent rushes to battle at the clang of the bell in the opening round and begins to swing with both hands and never stops until the round ends or his antagonist is on the floor. This brand of hitter does not last many years in the roped square, for the excellent reason that he wastes so much stamina in a few encounters, in addition to the damage done to him by his opponents.

Another branch of the hard hitting element is composed of men who do not scramble all about the ring in an effort to annihilate their adversaries, but who rely on strategy to get openings for their shots, and who deliver them with the utmost force and effectiveness. This class of hitters last longer than the tearing in contingent, and are not subjected to the beatings suffered by the more boisterous class.

* * *

OF this latter type, Robert Fitzsimmons was the supreme leader and never had an equal in the matter of strategic attack and avoidance of punishment. Two of his leading engagements show how he maneuvered to get openings for his favorite shots to body or jaw.

So great was his skill in that respect, that he managed to land a body blow resulting in a knockout of the greatest defensive heavyweight in the history of pugilism. Jim Corbett, who never had a superior in defensive skill, was the victim, who lost the heavyweight title of America to Fitzsimmons at a time when Gentleman Jim looked like a winner. As a matter of fact, Corbett had all the better of the bout right up to the instant that Fitz sent in the body blow that spelled defeat for the champion. In the sixth round, Fitz was on one knee taking the count while his mouth and nose bled from the jabs that Corbett had landed.

Fitz was not badly hurt and resumed fighting in the seventh round with much spirit. It was in the eighth that Fitz began swinging a right at Corbett's head, but without any hope of hitting the champion. Fitz's sole object was to get Corbett to raise his impregnable guard, so that he could reach him in the stomach with one of his heavy shots. Corbett was amused at the thought of anyone trying to hit him with a right swing to the head, but as Fitz continued to swing, Corbett gradually raised his guard.

In the fourteenth round Fitz applied his strategy and a crusher. The challenger swung a few rights at the head, and then feinted with the right, which never went over. But Corbett raised his guard, and Fitz, shifting suddenly, drove a solid left into Corbett's body, bringing him down for the full count, although the victim was not unconscious. Corbett naturally was wrathy to think he had been tricked by Fitz and tried to continue the fight after the timer had counted ten over him but the referee declared Fitz the winner.

Billy Petrolle, a demon clouter with dynamite in either hand

* * *

TOM SHARKEY was also a victim of the Fitzsimmons brand of strategy. The Sailor and Fitz met in San Francisco in 1896, and Sharkey was hit in the body exactly the same as Corbett. Yet the referee, Wyatt Earp, declared the blow foul and named Sharkey as the winner.

Four years later Fitz and Sharkey met in the Coney

Hard hitting fighters are divided into two classes—the wild swingers and those who rely on ring strategy to get openings

Island A. C., and Fitz, sensing that Sharkey would be expecting another body blow, planned a battle on different lines. In fact, he did so much feinting at Sharkey's midriff, that the Sailor dropped his guard. Fitz then made as if to shoot a left to the body and as the Sailor prepared to block the punch, Fitz shot a right to the Sailor's chin and knocked him completely out. This time it was the second round in which Sharkey went down and out. He had lasted eight rounds on the Coast.

Fitz was 37 when he met Jeffries at Coney Island in 1899, and while Fitz apparently was knocked out in the eleventh round, there was some question about that defeat.

When Fitz was 37, he knocked out big Gus Ruhlin in six rounds and when the Cornishman was 40, he went to California and for seven rounds gave Jeff the worst pounding Jim had ever received. Fitz's knuckles broke under the strain of punching the Boilermaker and the latter won again, this time on his merits. That Fitzsimmons was the most scientific and effective hitter in the history of the heavyweight class, is the claim of the writer, who reported most of Ruby Robert's fights.

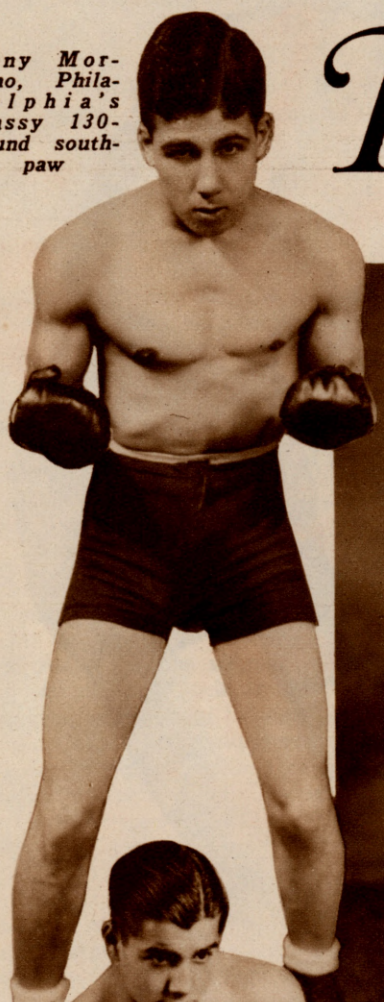
Jack Dempsey, when at his best, was a savage and effective hitter, but he had little boxing skill. His plan of battle was to rush to close quarters and batter his man with rights and lefts until his opponent collapsed. His seven knockdowns in the first round of the gigantic, but unwieldly Willard, was a striking example of the methods and vigor of the Manassa man. However, he was lacking in strategy, and when he faced good defensive boxers like Tom Gibbons, and Gene Tunney, he was unable to make much of an impression. Dempsey, if he had Tunney's boxing skill, would have ranked No. 1 among modern heavyweight pugilists.

(*Continued on page* 43)

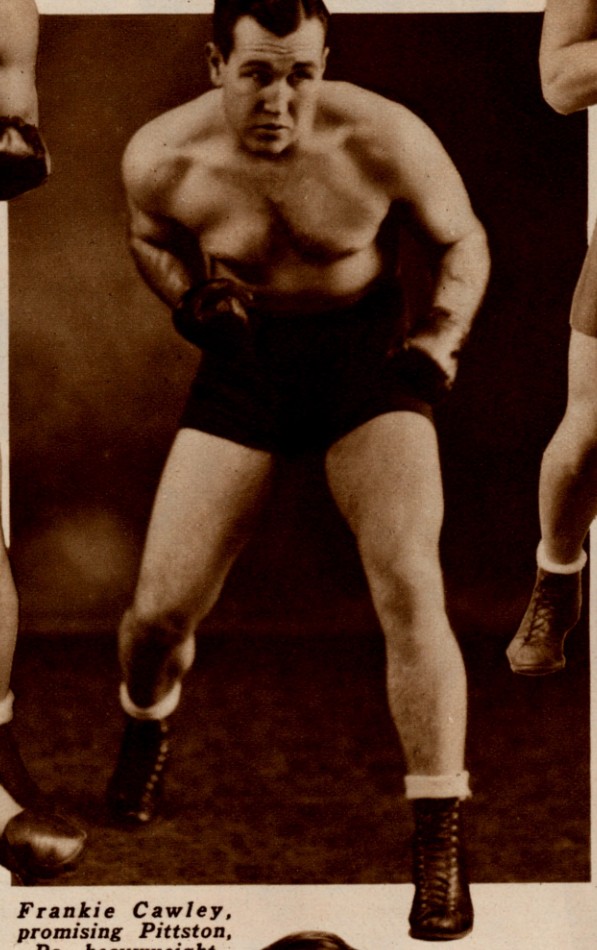
Harry Ebbets, (right), who carries two crashing fists among the light heavies

Jimmy McLarnin, (above) who ranks supreme among the tough 'uns of the present welter crop, carries T. N. T. in his mitts

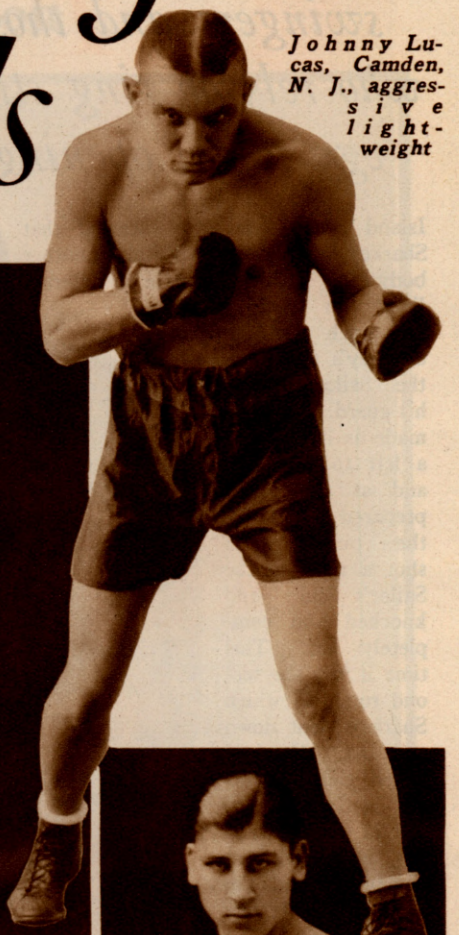
Easterners with Good Records



Tony Morgano, Philadelphia's classy 130-pound southpaw



Frankie Cawley, promising Pittston, Pa., heavyweight

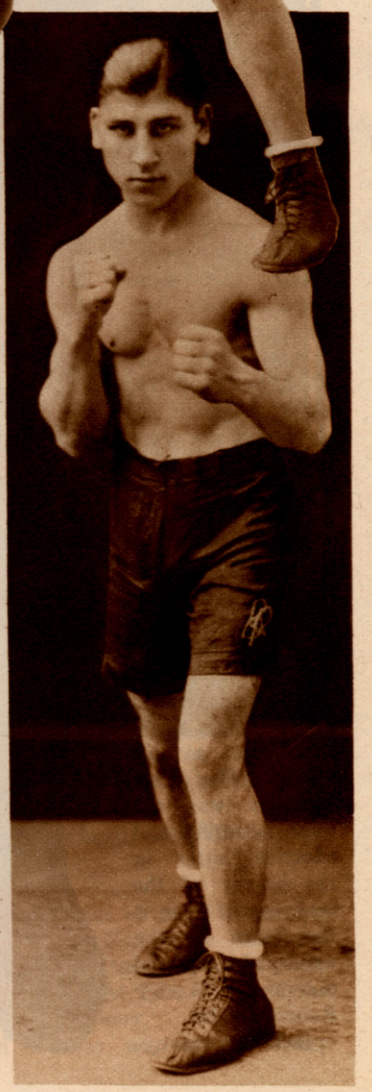


Johnny Lucas, Camden, N. J., aggressive lightweight

Tony Falco, lightweight champion of Pennsylvania

Lew Massey, Philadelphia's lightweight, who recently stopped Harry Dublinsky

Lew Farber, New York's outstanding bantamweight contender



Middle Western Fighters

Morrie Sherman, Detroit's welterweight, making good in New York

Prince Saunders, hard-hitting lightweight, from Eau Claire, Wis.

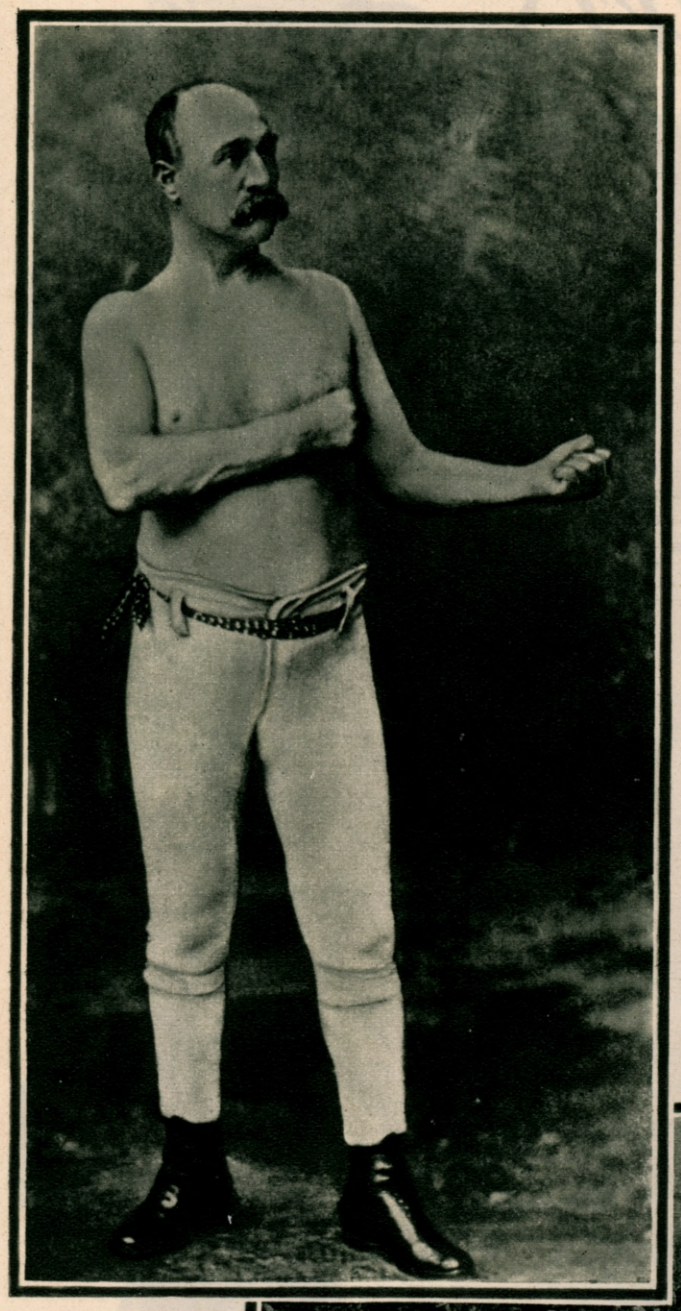
Johnny Nemis, Canadian welter and middleweight star, going good

Frank Battaglia, one of the stars in the middleweight class, hails from Winnipeg

Angel Cliville, hard-hitting middleweight from Porto Rico

Laurie Peppin, Winnipeg's middleweight entry

The PRIZE RING



Tom Allen, champion of America

The story of old and modern fighters in the making of lurid history and colorful romance in the famous Creole center

By Clem G. Hearsey

WITH the departure of Samuel O'Rourke, self-styled Irish and American champion from the southern metropolis, the prize fight game around the Creole City no longer was a part of the sports activities. The population at the time was largely French and Spanish, and in those days the Latins had not yet taken up the sport as they have in this generation.

There still was plenty of fighting in New Orleans and its vicinity, but the fist seldom figured. The laborers and the poorer classes used knives and the gentlemen, when aggrieved, sought the Oaks at the City Park to obtain satisfaction with the rapier or the pistol, whichever the challenged party might choose. And so, for a long time, all arguments were settled with weapons other than the mauleys.

At the time which we are now discussing, there lived in New Orleans a woman who knew more about fights and fighters than most of the sports who congregated around the hotels or the thugs who made the dives in the Creole section their hang-out. The woman was none other than the famous Adah Isaacs Menken, who figured so prominently in American ring history of the pre-Civil War days as the sweetheart of many sports celebrities and the wife of John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy.

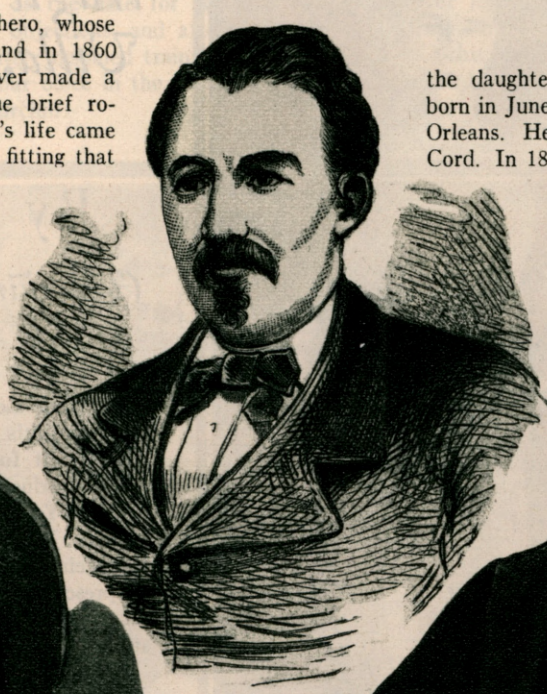
The "Battle of the Giants". A scene at the start of the Sullivan-Ryan mill near New Orleans, in 1882.

in New Orleans

(The Second of a Series by a Veteran Newspaperman Who Reported All of the Old Time Battles in the South and Was One of This Country's Authorities on the Sport. The Author Died a Few Weeks After He Completed the Series)
—Editor's Note

Although Heenan, the American fistic hero, whose terrific battle with Tom Sayers in England in 1860 will ever remain a prize ring classic, never made a pugilistic appearance in New Orleans, the brief romance that entered that luckless gladiator's life came out of the Crescent City, hence it is only fitting that I should incorporate in this story on "pugilism in New Orleans," a little review of Adah Isaacs Menken. It was that ravishly beautiful actress and talented writer, who shed the light of love and happiness across the path of the courageous fighting man and then, through her infidelity, cloaked the way with shadows of misery and despair. It was her desertion of Heenan after his fight with Sayers that broke the Benecia Boy's heart and practically ended his fighting career. He fought only once more, with Tom King, and was beaten. Thereafter, Heenan appeared only in exhibitions with Jem Mace.

Adah Menken, wife of John C. Heenan



John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy as he looked when he returned from England

Jem Mace who went on an exhibition tour with Heenan

Mike McCoole, American title holder

* * *

THE "Beautiful Menken" as she was popularly known, was not a Jewess by birth as several of the stories on Heenan have it. She was the daughter of a Scotch family and was born in June, 1835, on a plantation near New Orleans. Her real name was Adelaide McCord. In 1856 she married Alexander Isaacs Menken, a noted Jewish musician, and in deference to his wishes, she renounced her religion and adopted the faith of her husband. She was a woman of versatile and extraordinary talent, who, at different times in her life was a musician, sculptor, painter, journalist, poetess and an actress of noted ability. But it was as a dancer that she first made her mark in public.

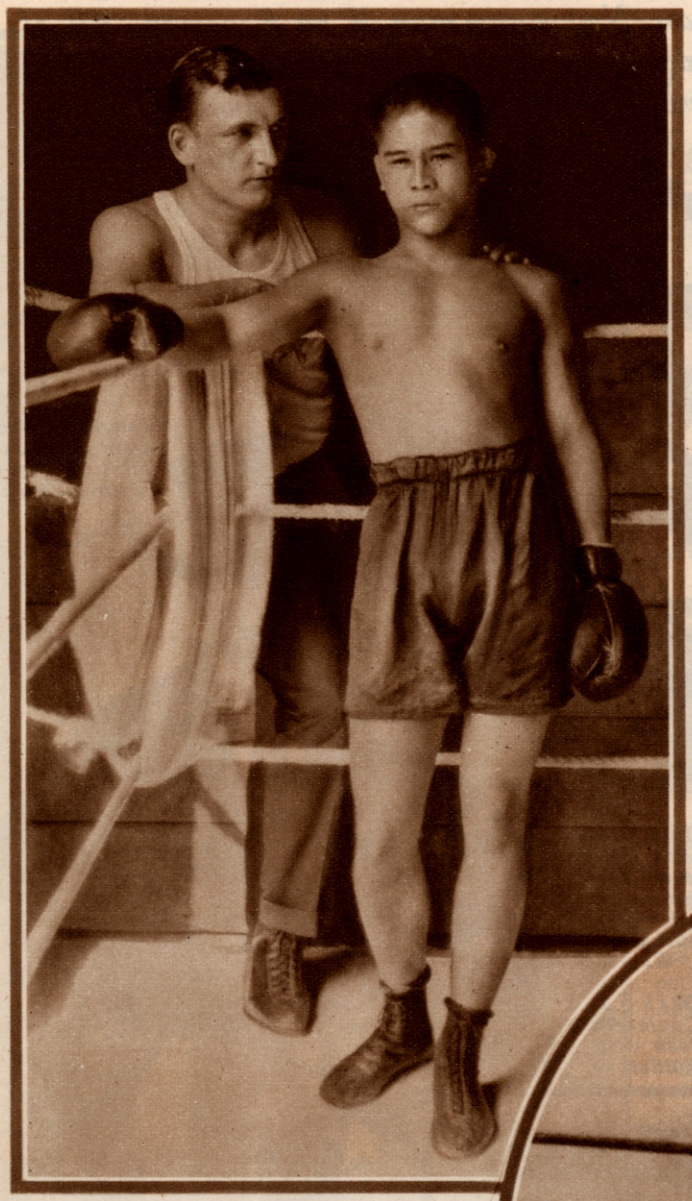
Her beautiful figure, her piquant face, her deep blue eyes with their alluring twinkle, her graceful movements—these fascinated all who saw her. In New York, New Orleans, Havana, Chicago, St. Louis and Boston, she was the princess of the stage. To her the sports of America bowed. They flung jewelry at her feet and fought with each other for her company. (*Continued on page* 41)

BOXING'S

The story of the rise and tragic death of Pancho Villa, world's flyweight king.

By "Bill" Miller

(The third of a series on famous Filipino fighters)



Whitey Ekwert, trainer, and Pancho Villa

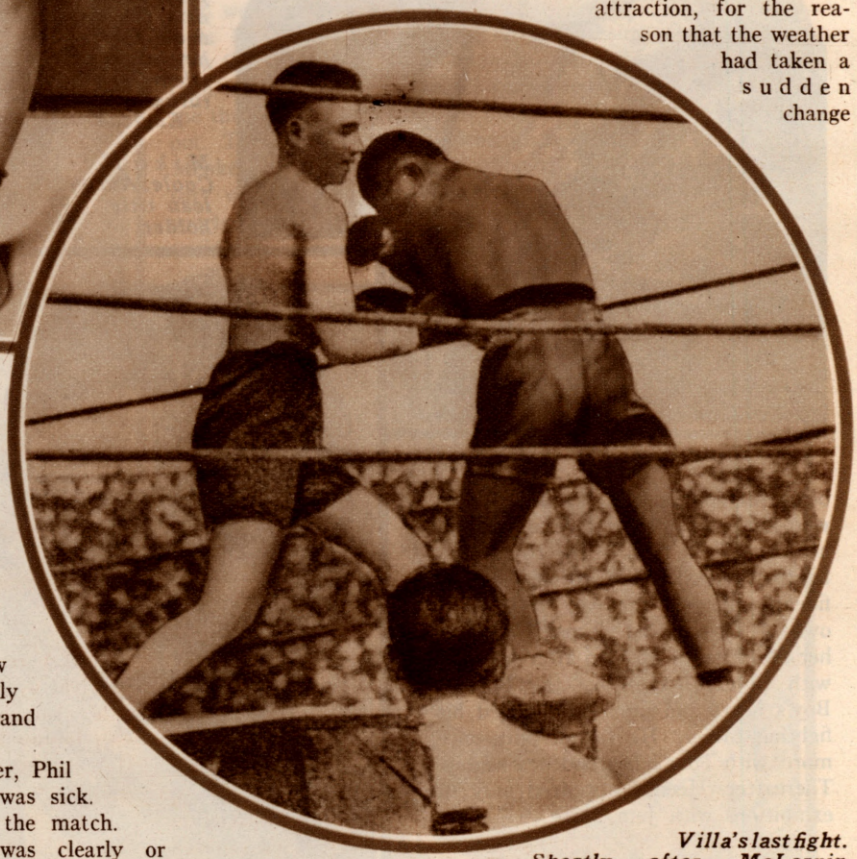
AFTER Pancho had stopped Jimmy Wilde in 1923 at the Polo Grounds, and won a monarch's crown, there arose a hue and cry for a Villa-Genaro title match. Promoters from every city in the country that had a suitable arena for such a bout, made offers. Frank Churchill, Villa's manager, believed that New York was the spot for such a fight, and finally closed with Charley Henderson, of the Nostrand A. C., for a match on September 4, 1924.

Twenty-four hours before the fight, however, Phil Bernstein phoned to announce that Genaro was sick. Villa had been in marvellous condition for the match. Just what Genaro's sickness was, never was clearly or satisfactorily explained. One report was that he was suffering from whooping-cough, contracted from one of his children.

Another report was broadcasted that Genaro had laryngitis, which was refuted shortly afterwards. The last announcement from Genaro's camp stated that he was suffering from tonsilitis. At any rate, the fight was called off, and Genaro left for Cambridge Springs, Mich.

The boxing commission ordered his immediate return to New York, and a special meeting was held at which Pancho Villa, Frankie Genaro, Frank Churchill, Phil Bernstein and Charley Henderson, the promoter, were all present. The commission insisted that the fight must take place, and that a definite date would have to be set at that meeting.

Churchill, an experienced fight promoter, was in favor of calling the fight off for that year, as an outdoor attraction, for the reason that the weather had taken a sudden change for the worse. Churchill contended that with the weather as unsettled as it was, the gate receipts would suffer very



Villa's last fight. Shortly after McLarnin (left) defeated him, Pancho succumbed to an operation on his jaw

MOSQUITO FLEET

much. He figured they'd possibly be cut in half.

* * *

THE commission set September 23 as the date for the Villa-Genaro fight, over Churchill's objections, and after the Commission's edict, Pancho immediately resumed training, but a day or two later, he came up to our office in the Loew State Theatre Building and said to Churchill:

"Pop, my shoulder, he hurt me today."

Churchill decided to take no chances, with an important title match impending, and he sent Villa to a surgeon who found that the Filipino was suffering from "bursitis"—caused by a bag or sac of watery liquid accumulating between the shoulder and arm bones, just beneath the deltoid muscle. It comes from constant and severe use of the muscles, but in Villa's case, it was aggravated by an injury he had suffered several months previously when he stumbled over a large police dog with whom he was frollicking. Benny Leonard suffered from the same trouble a few days before his fight with Ritchie Mitchell in Milwaukee.

Gathered in front of the railroad station to greet Villa when he arrived for the fight with McLarnin. Frank Churchill is on the right, with Villa and his trusty ukulele, Jimmy McLarnin and Pop Foster are in the front line

Villa's physicians, Dr. Kronman and the famed Dr. Erdmann, a noter authority, insisted that Villa could not go through with his fight, but the Boxing Commission was adamant and suspended Pancho and Churchill for eight months, a suspension that almost broke the heart of the great little Filipino fighter who would rather battle in the ring than eat.

William Muldoon, to whom Churchill appealed for Villa, declared that he didn't doubt that Dr. Erdmann's examination was correct, but insisted that since Villa was not in fit condition to fight, he should go back home to recover.

"When he's ready to fight again, bring him back and we will lift the suspension," were Muldoon's words, and Villa, peeved beyond words at the Commission's action, went back to Manila for an eight months' vacation. There he basked in the acclaim of his compatriots. He was cheered and idolized wherever he went.

He loved adulation and he received plenty of it. But pretty soon his exchequer began to run low, for Pancho was a carefree spender and he had to appeal to Churchill's partner, Stewert Tait, for several thousand pesos. That soon ran through his hands like water and Pancho decided to return to America, but not until after he had knocked out Francisco Pilapel at Manila on March 9, 1925, and had won a fifteen-round decision over Jose Sencio on May 1 at the same place.

With Villa in the Philippines, there remained only one good Filipino fighter in this country at that time—Pete Sarmiento, for whom Churchill had sent in 1923, after a sensational succession of knockout victories which had left Pete bantamweight champion of the Orient. Pete had gotten off to a fair start, but it wasn't until he met Ernie Goozeman, at Milwaukee, in March, 1924, that he really came into his own.

That was one of those spectacular scraps, of the kind you read about. It overshadowed the Bud Taylor-Pancho Villa fight, on the same card, so it MUST have been good—for the three Villa-Taylor fights were all classics.

Elino Flores had been sent home, early in 1924, after being knocked out by Tommy O'Brien. He had become homesick; he didn't like American chow, and it is possible he was a little lovesick, too, for he had a sweetheart in Manila with whom he was carrying on a torrid correspondence. Flores had made some good fights while here; had given Johnny Dundee a great 15-round tussle in a title shot at Madison Square Garden, but lost the decision.

He passes out of the picture with these words.

I will return to Sarmiento a bit later.

* * *

VILLA returned to America, and was greeted on his arrival by Frank Churchill, who went to Seattle to meet his little champion. Churchill had arranged a fight for Villa with Jimmy McLarnin, then the raging sensation of the Coast. McLarnin weighed around 120 pounds, so the title was not at stake.

A few days before the McLarnin fight, slated for July 4, 1925, at Oakland, Cal., Villa complained of a painful wisdom tooth. Churchill took him to a dentist and had the tooth extracted; it left a painful jaw.

Whereupon Churchill tried to postpone the McLarnin fight.

One thing about Villa—he never wanted to call a fight off because of a physical ailment, unless (*Continued on page* 44)

EXPLAINING

By Jack Curley

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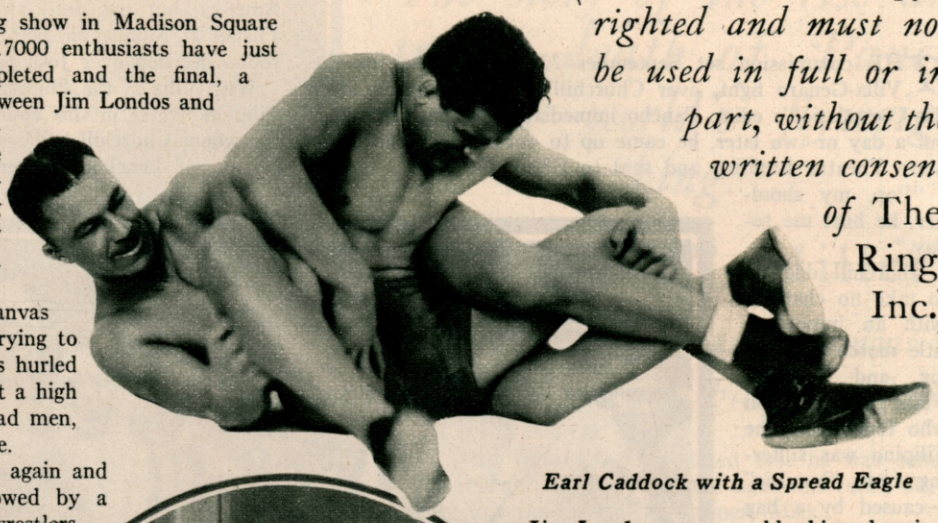
THE scene is a wrestling show in Madison Square Garden. A crowd of 17000 enthusiasts have just seen six matches completed and the final, a championship match between Jim Londos and Ray Steele is in progress. Bodies go hurling through the air. Toe holds, body slams, hammerlocks, Japanese arm and leg locks—in fact, practically every hold known to the modern mat artist have been on view.

First one man tumbles to the canvas with his opponent on top of him trying to gain the fall. Then one suddenly is hurled through the ropes. Excitement is at a high pitch. The fans are yelling like mad men, each taking sides with his favorite.

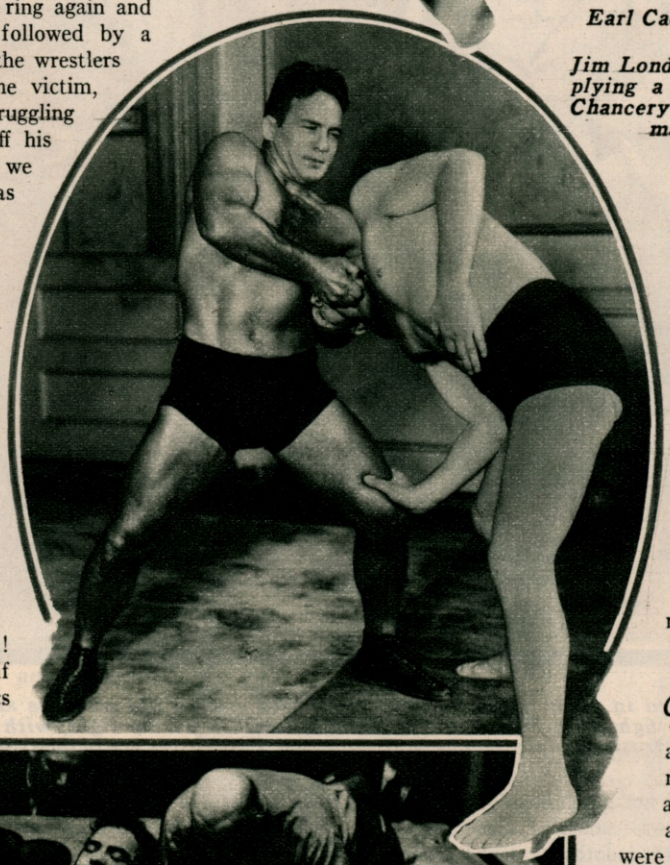
Finally, the boys are in the ring again and a series of football tackles, followed by a few airplane spins and one of the wrestlers is smashed to the canvas. The victim, almost flat on his back, is struggling vainly to toss his opponent off his body, and in a few minutes, we see the referee's hand poised as he crouches to watch the shoulders of the man on the mat, and then, with a count of three completed, the referee slaps the back of the grappler on top and it is all over.

Jim Londos has retained his world's heavyweight title, is the announcement of Joe Humphreys, as the fans cheer and boo, according to the individual likes and dislikes, and then the discussion begins.

The crowd is in a frenzy. What a finish! What a match! What a thriller! Wow, boy, if that's what some of those critics call hippodroming, then give me some of it! I'm for it! Better than any theatrical show I've seen in months!



Earl Caddock with a Spread Eagle



Jim Londos applying a Front Chancery on his man

And so it goes all over the arena. Why? Because modern wrestling, the kind on exhibition in New York and elsewhere in the past two years, has more thrills per minute than most boxing matches have in six rounds. The crowd wants the airplane slams, the flying tackle, and the other sensational tosses that keep them on edge and regardless of the fact that few know any of the holds, they enjoy every minute of the show.

* * *

RECENTLY, following the match between Dick Shikat and Earl McCready, I stood near the ringside and listened to a discussion in which two women and about half a dozen men were involved.

"I'm sure it was an armlock with which he forced him down," said one man.

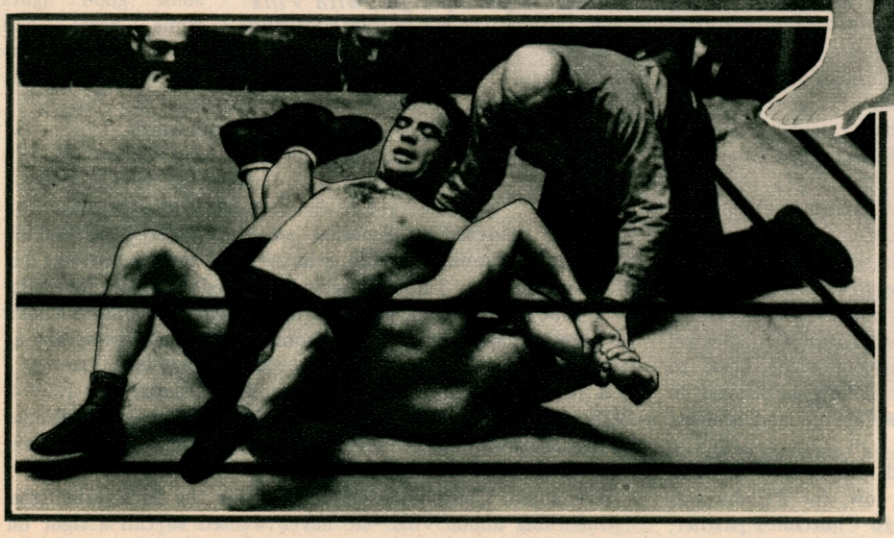
"No, he used a headlock first and then the hammerlock."

Further down the aisle, I heard one young man ask of his friend, "Say, what kind of a hold was that with which he threw him?"

"Oh, it was one of those flying body holds following a wrist scissors," was the answer.

I got a real kick out of that. I corrected the fellow, and then asked him if he liked the card.

"Swell," said he, "but it's darn

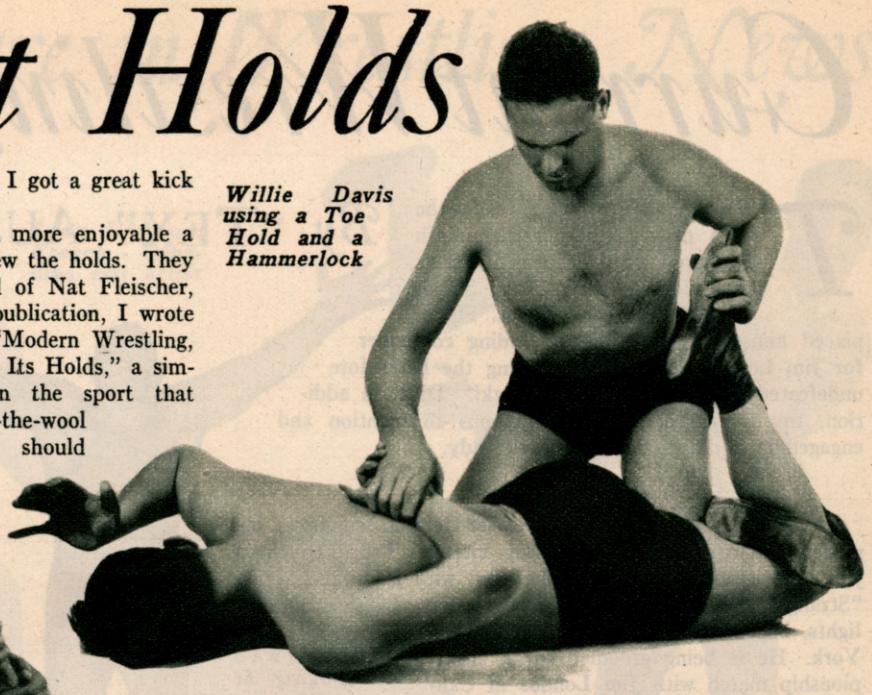


Jim McMillen has a Double Arm-Lock on Jim Londos

the Mat Holds

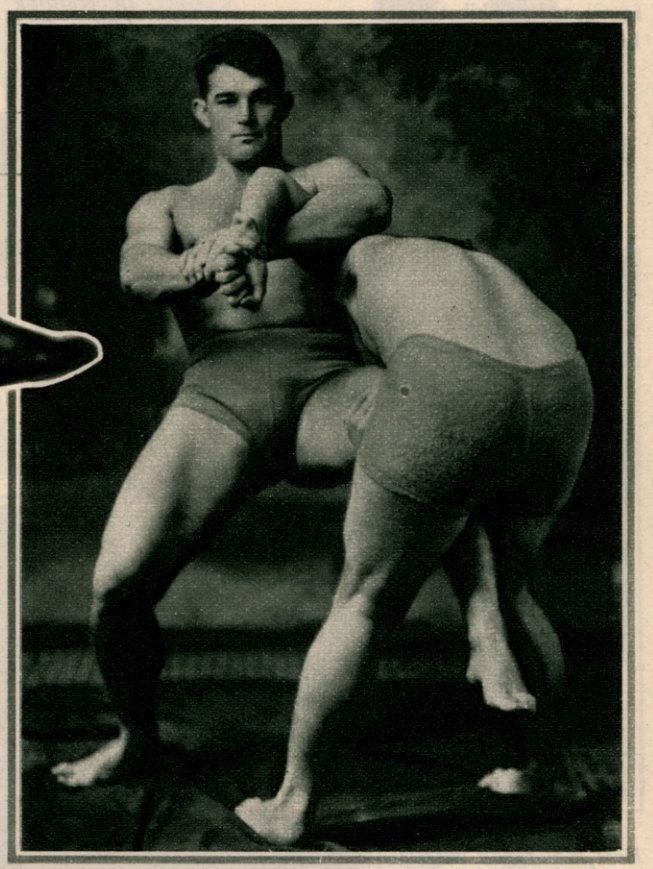
hard when you don't know the holds. But I got a great kick out of it anyway."

And there you get it. Now, how much more enjoyable a time would the spectators have if they knew the holds. They are easy to learn. Recently with the aid of Nat Fleischer, Editor of this publication, I wrote a book called "Modern Wrestling, Its History and Its Holds," a simplified book on the sport that every dyed-in-the-wool wrestling fan should have, because through it, one can soon learn every hold that is used in modern wrestling and get a double kick out of every show he attends.



Willie Davis using a Toe Hold and a Hammerlock

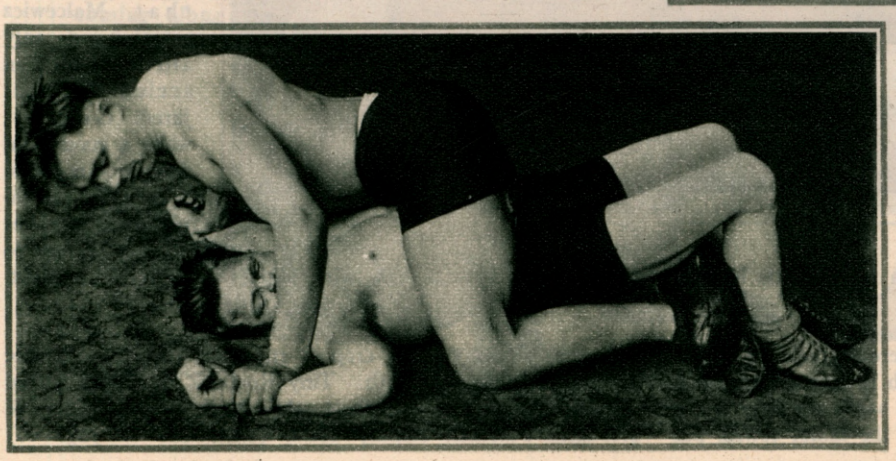
Ray Steele showing how a Toe Hold is obtained



Wrestling has recruited a new army. An enthusiastic army that likes the thrills of the sport and likes the latest holds that make for the sensational. That is the appeal in modern wrestling.

An encouraging part of these recruits is that they are thirsting for knowledge. They want to know the difference between a spread-eagle and a crab hold; between the Japanese wrist lock and a head lock; between the chancery hold and a waist lock. For them, I am going to explain some of the more important holds and will illustrate them with the pictures used in my wrestling book.

There are so many holds in wrestling that it is impossible for me to give a fair proportion of them in the space that has been allotted to me, but I can give a sufficient number to enable you to follow a match intelligently. Those in this article are the ones most used.



Gino Garibaldi illustrating the Wrist Lock

* * *

EVERY move made by a wrestler has some significance. Wrestlers, for instance, go in pawing each other trying for a head or a wrist lock. These holds (*Continued on page* 45)

Joe Stecher, showing his Front Body Scissors

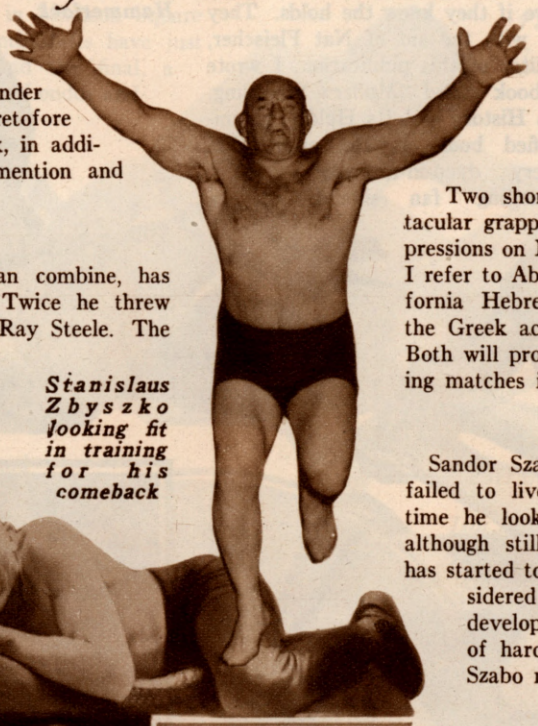
Current Wrestling Gossip

By "TEX" AUSTIN

THE honor of having made the most progress during the month is shared by two former world's champions, namely, Dick Shikat and Ed "Strangler" Lewis. Shikat placed himself in the spot of leading contender for Jim Londos' laurels by throwing the heretofore undefeated Polish Giant, Leo Pinetzki. Dick, in addition, toyed with others too numerous to mention and engaged in a draw with Earl McCready.

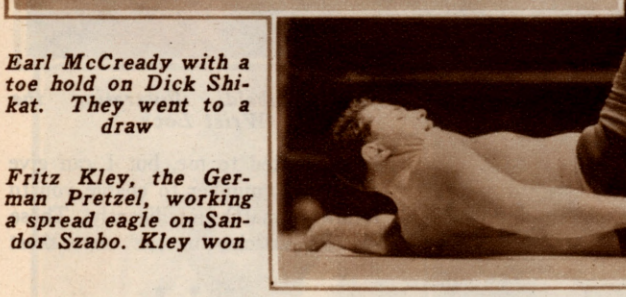
* * *

Lewis, since deserting the Browser-Herman combine, has made great strides on the Curley circuit. Twice he threw Jim McMillen and he also broke even with Ray Steele. The "Strangler" also disposed of many lesser lights, but to date has not shown in New York. He is being groomed for a championship match with Jim Londos in California, unless Shikat beats Londos in the meantime, in which case Dick and Lewis will clash for the title instead.

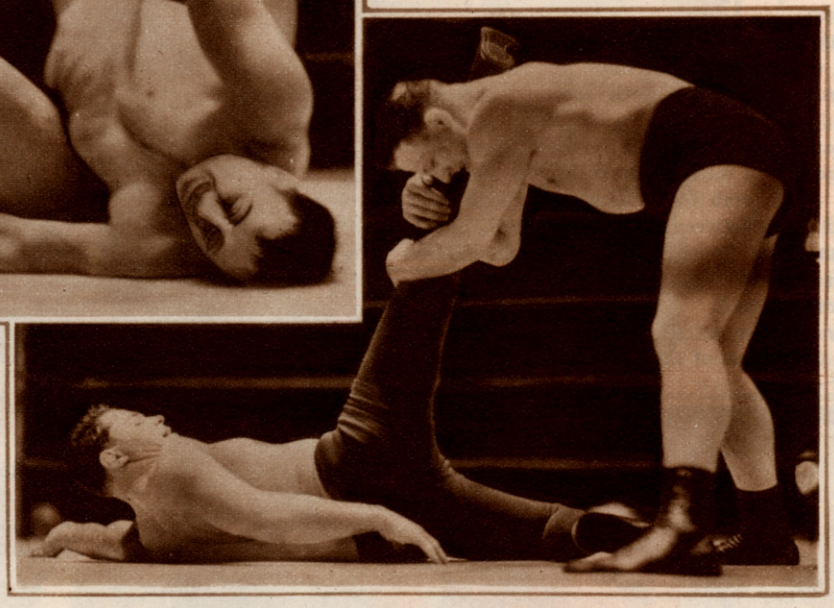


Stanislaus Zbyszko looking fit in training for his comeback

A punishing Shikat arm-lock caused that painful look on Leo Pinetzki's pan. Dick gave the "Big Ape" his first defeat



Earl McCready with a toe hold on Dick Shikat. They went to a draw



Fritz Kley, the German Pretzel, working a spread eagle on Sandor Szabo. Kley won

* * *

Henri DeGlane continues to pin numerous small fry in the 'sticks,' but has not done anything much to support his weak claim to the title. Londos on the other hand, not only works out at the expense of local favorites in the minor towns, but he also turns back worthy challengers in the big cities. There is no doubt about who is the heavyweight title holder. Londos, on his work for the year, stands out.

* * *

Two short, squat, but fast and spectacular grapplers made very favorable impressions on New York fans in their debut. I refer to Abe Coleman, an energetic California Hebrew, and George Kotsonaros, the Greek actor-wrestler from Hollywood. Both will probably be seen in many thrilling matches in the East.

* * *

Sandor Szabo is one mat star who has failed to live up to expectations. For a time he looked like a world beater, but although still far above the average, he has started to slip. Originally he was considered one of the finest prospects developed in years. It takes years of hard work to reach the top and Szabo may yet come through.

* * *

Fritz Kley, the "Human Pretzel," continues to put the fans in stitches with his extraordinary ability of slipping out of difficult holds. Fritz can really wrestle too—make no mistake about that. He'll be one of Curley's great attractions next season. The fans like him for his work is exceedingly entertaining.

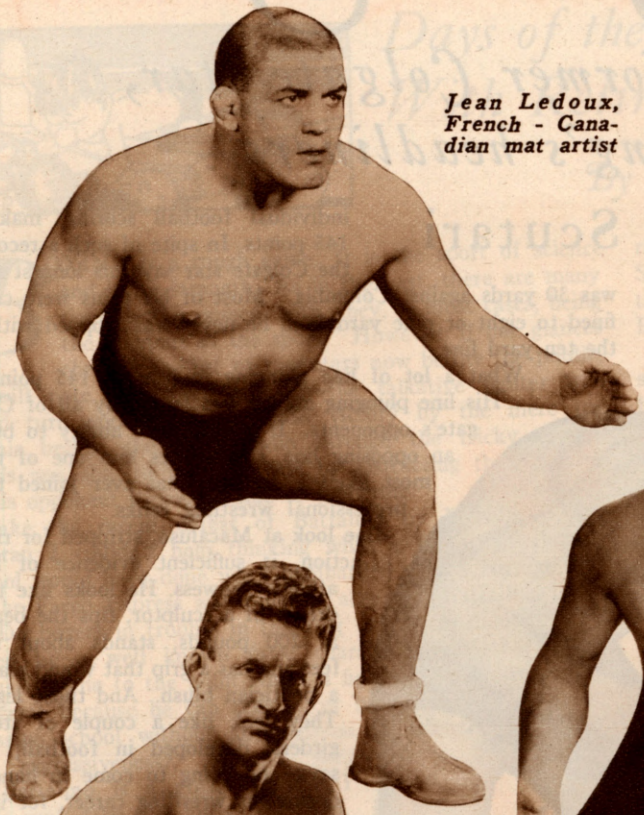
* * *

It took Don George an hour and twenty-two minutes to throw the veteran, Joe Malcewicz, in Buffalo recently. At that, Malcewicz was pinned only after he had been accidentally injured. George, while a good man, doesn't quite measure up to championship requirements. He lost to Gus Sonnenberg and drew with Malcewicz in a return bout.

* * *

Several of the younger crop of grapplers made considerable headway during the month. Tiny Roebuck, who was looked upon with favor only a short while back, lost considerable prestige. Pinetzki, Sammy Stein, (*Continued on page* 46)

They Figure in Wrestling News

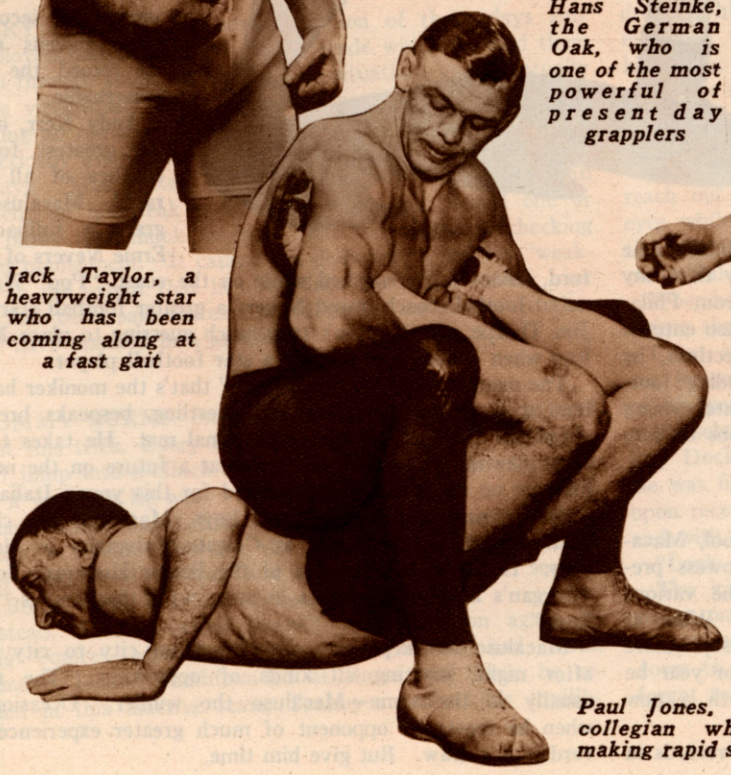


Jean Ledoux, French - Canadian mat artist

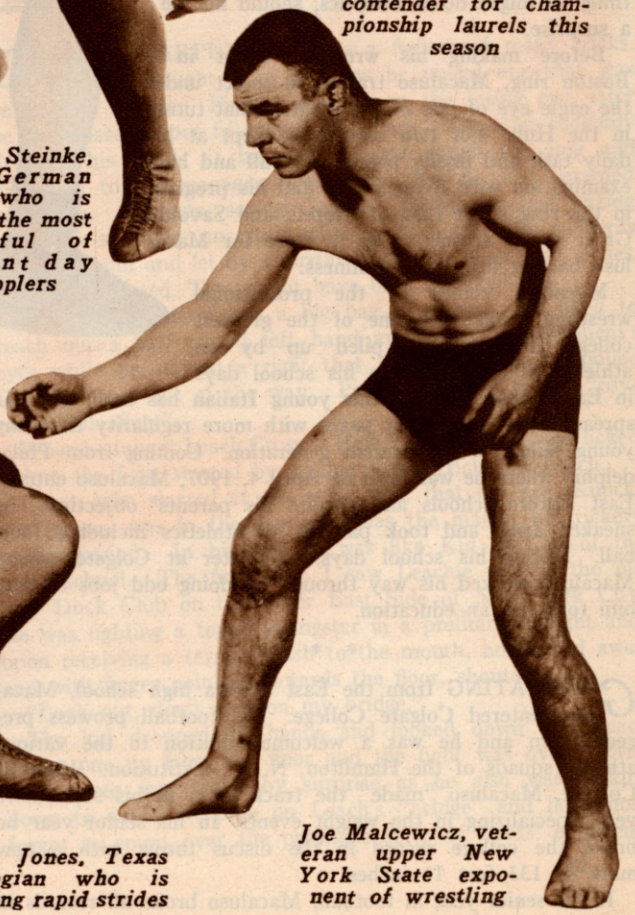
Dick Shikat, regarded by many experts as one of the greatest of modern mat stars. He figures to be a leading contender for championship laurels this season

Hans Steinke, the German Oak, who is one of the most powerful of present day grapplers

Jack Taylor, a heavyweight star who has been coming along at a fast gait



Paul Jones, Texas collegian who is making rapid strides



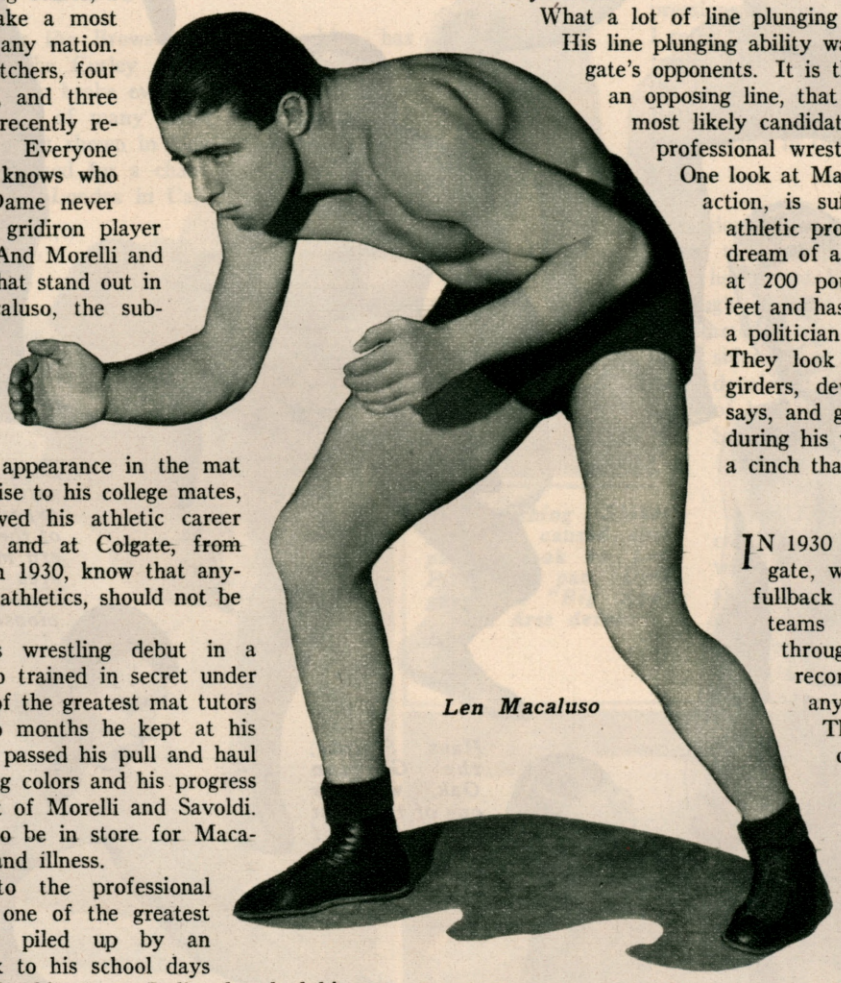
Joe Malcewicz, veteran upper New York State exponent of wrestling

Has Made Great Strides

Len Macaluso, former Colgate star, one of wrestling's headliners

By Vic Scutari

ITALY is well represented in star heavyweight matmen. There is George Calza, Gino Garibaldi, Mike Romano, Renato Gardino, Jumping Joe Savoldi, "T. N. T." Morelli and Leonard "Iron-Legs" Macaluso, among others, a sextet that would make a most formidable team for any nation. Of the six, all top notchers, four are college graduates, and three of that number only recently received their degree. Everyone who follows football knows who Savoldi is. Notre Dame never had a more finished gridiron player than "Jumping Joe." And Morelli and Macaluso are names that stand out in football history. Macaluso, the subject of this story, is one of the most promising grapplers developed in the college ranks in the past five years. His appearance in the mat sport came as a surprise to his college mates, yet those who followed his athletic career both in high school and at Colgate, from which he graduated in 1930, know that anything he might do in athletics, should not be a surprise.



Len Macaluso

Before making his wrestling debut in a Boston ring, Macaluso trained in secret under the eagle eye of one of the greatest mat tutors in the Hub. For two months he kept at his daily task and finally passed his pull and haul examination with flying colors and his progress in the ring rivals that of Morelli and Savoldi. Great things appear to be in store for Macaluso barring injuries and illness.

Macaluso comes to the professional wrestling ranks with one of the greatest college records ever piled up by an athlete. Starting back to his school days in East Aurora, N. Y., this young Italian has had his name spread across newspaper pages with more regularity than any young fellow of the present generation. Coming from Philadelphia where he was born on April 4, 1907, Macaluso entered East Aurora schools and despite his parents' objections, he sneaked away and took part in all athletics including football. During his school days, and later at Colgate, young Macaluso worked his way through by doing odd jobs to help him to attain an education.

* * *

GRADUATING from the East Aurora high school, Macaluso entered Colgate College. His football prowess preceded him and he was a welcome addition to the various athletic squads of the Hamilton, N. Y., institution. While at Colgate, Macaluso "made" the track team in his sophomore year, specializing in the weight events. In his senior year he broke the college record in the discus throw with a new mark of 133 feet 11 inches.

In his senior year in football, Macaluso broke all records in individual football scoring, making 145 points. In spite of such a record, the Colgate star says his longest run was 30 yards against Columbia. Most of his gains were confined to eight or nine yards and he never was stopped within the ten yard line.

What a lot of line plunging to pile up 145 points! His line plunging ability was feared by all of Colgate's opponents. It is this same ability to butt an opposing line, that makes him one of the most likely candidates that ever joined the professional wrestling ranks.

One look at Macaluso, stripped for ring action, is sufficient evidence of his athletic prowess. He looks like the dream of a sculptor, tips the beam at 200 pounds, stands about six feet and has a grip that would make a politician blush. And those legs! They look like a couple of steel girders, developed in football, he says, and going to come in handy during his wrestling career, for it's a cinch that he will be a success.

* * *

IN 1930 Macaluso, while at Colgate, was chosen all-American fullback on nine of the thirteen teams picked by "experts" throughout the country, a record never equalled by any other football player. The fact that he played on one of the secondary college elevens makes his record the more remarkable.

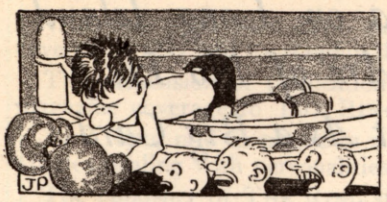
Andy Kerr, one of the greatest football coaches of all time, rated Macaluso as great a fullback as Ernie Nevers of Stanford, whom Andy coached while on the coast. "Pop" Warner, noted football coach, rated Nevers a greater football star than Jim Thorpe. So it doesn't take much guessing to place Macaluso when it comes to picking a star football player.

The manner in which "Iron-Legs," that's the moniker handed him at Colgate, goes about his wrestling, bespeaks breakers ahead for the men on the professional mat. He takes to the sport like duck to water and as great a future on the mat as his past on the gridiron is predicted for this young Italian.

And a parting shot, girls and boys, Macaluso was chosen as the most popular senior at Colgate University in his last year. He also is a member of the Senior Honorary Society (Gorgan's Head). A success in more ways than one is "Iron-Legs."

Macaluso has kept busy hopping from city to city night after night, meeting all kinds of opposition. The result usually is the same—Macaluso the winner. Occasionally, when he meets an opponent of much greater experience, the verdict is a draw. But give him time.

Old Ring Tricks Gone



Days of the Talkative Fighter Passed With Retirement of Benny Leonard

By DAN MORGAN

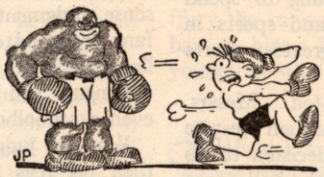
(Veteran fight manager and trainer)

BOXING is a rough game. It is the sport of science and brute strength. As in the past, there are many fighters who possess both, they, in most cases, being the kingpins of the sport. However, if one glances through the list of ring stars now before the public, he will note one thing missing—the talkative fighter who could turn apparent defeat into victory by the mere use of his brains, the fighter who through the tricky use of words was able to turn the tide by distracting the attention of his opponent through a line of jabbering.

Take the recent defeat of Battalino by Petrolle. As a veteran I couldn't help thinking what a fighter of the old school would have done when bombarded with a barrage such as the Fargo Express was shooting across to Battalino.

"Do boxers in trouble in the ring no longer think?" I was asked by a well known fistic character after that battle. "Has it come to the point where a fighter is to be recognized as great because he can take it, or because he is of the aggressive school without any defense or science to back up his aggressiveness? Doesn't skill receive due credit?"

"Battalino is a great fighter," I replied. "We can't take that away from him. He has repeatedly proved that, yet, think of the additional greatness if he possessed the attributes of a Leonard, a Kilbane, a McFarland, Gibbons or Loughran? To be truly great, a fighter should possess cleverness, hitting power, aggressiveness, courageousness and he should be able to take it. That's what made such gladiators as Leonard and others of his type, stand out."



* * *

EVERY champion and near champion of those days employed tactics or tricks of the trade which enabled them to pull through some very precarious situations and eventually emerge victorious. Notable among these tricks was that of upsetting an opponent by a continuous line of jabber.

Practically every boxer of note resorted to this trick in the old days. Most often he got away with it. Joshing an opponent on his weak punches after he had landed one or more blows that shook his rival, was the means of checking further punishment. It caused the deliverer to feel his "weakness" to the extent that he drew into a clinch to think over what had been said instead of following an advantage that might have resulted in a knockout.

* * *

TOMMY BURNS, for instance, was always a great hand at this trick. Every time he received a telling wallop, he would jump into a clinch and at close range tell his opponent what a weakling he was.

When Burns fought Bill Squires in Colma, Squires caught Tommy a terrific blow to the mouth. The punch shook Burns from head to foot and to the ring-siders it seemed that Burns would hear the birdies count over him.

Instead, Tommy talked himself into condition again by telling Squires what little effect his punches had. Bill, astounded, looked dumbfounded at Burns and while he remained in this inactive state, Tommy remained his equilibrium, and then went out and finished the victor. He chaffed Squires about the feeble nature of his punch to an extent that Bill actually believed it and that saved the day for Burns.

Battling Nelson was another fighter who often saved himself by chaffing his opponent. Particularly was this true in his bout with Terry McGovern on March 14, 1906, in Philadelphia. It was a bitter cold day when they fought and Nelson purposely delayed as long as possible putting on the gloves. This riled Terry who got out of his corner and asked Nelson the reason for the delay. The Battler kidded Terry and angered him. McGovern went back to his corner in a fearful fume and was made more uncomfortable when at the sound of the gong, Nelson leaped across the ring and crashed a blow to Terry's body before McGovern could realize the fight was on.

Nelson continued a rapid fire attack and a rapid fire verbal barrage for five rounds and these made McGovern an exceptionally ill-tempered fighter. Nelson there and then had the fight won.

The bout was a six round no-decision contest and for five rounds Terry was outclassed. In the final round, however, McGovern, realizing the trick Nelson had played, tore loose like a thunderbolt and the bell found both fighting at a whirlwind clip.

* * *

GEORGES CARPENTIER was a fighter of many tricks. When he fought Tom Gibbons he pulled one that was never seen before. Finding himself on the losing end after he had missed about fifty lunges at Tom, Carpentier suddenly dropped his hands at his side, limped across the ring and motioned to his manager, Descamps, that he had sprained his ankle. Gibbons, seeing Georges' plight, stopped hitting and while standing, uncertain what to do, Carpentier suddenly wheeled about and let fly a terrific right that missed by inches. Had it connected, Tom might have been knocked out.

Packey McFarland had a big bag of tricks. He liked to reach out a half closed left hand and cover his opponent's eyes while he started a right that landed just as he pulled the left down out of the way. Packey believed in the "psychological effect".

When he fought Leach Cross in New York, he had Cross licked before the fight started by pulling a few tricks on Leach.

Cross, who starred at the same time that my ace, Knockout Brown, was in the spotlight, was the master of trickery of his period. In his day he was like Kid McCoy of the older school. The first time I saw Leachie was at the old Dry Dock Club on the lower East Side of New York City. He was fighting a tough youngster in a preliminary fight and, upon receiving a terrific crash to the mouth, he backed away and with finger pointing towards the floor, shouted:

"Look out, don't step on my bridge."

The kid dropped his hands and looked down and Leach swung one up from the floor and the fight was over. Even the referee was taken by surprise as he also was looking down to avoid stepping on Leach's "bridge" and he almost forgot to count over the prostrate form of Cross' opponent.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

The Garden Builds an Arena on Long Island
Judges at Wrestling Bouts Are of No Help
Kid Berg Again Stands Out As a Big Card

OUR hats off to Madison Square Garden. In an effort to give work to hundreds of unemployed, the Garden directors have carried out the idea that originated with the late Tex Rickard and have built a monument to sports—the Garden Bowl. This gigantic outdoor structure, with a seating capacity of 80,000 for football and 85,000 for boxing, situated in Astoria, Long Island City, fifteen minutes from the heart of the theatre district of New York City, is the only arena in this country built suitably for boxing. Erected on an eighteen-acre plot, it is octagonal in shape and resembles closely the stadium that was built by the Garden in Miami, a stadium where a person can see a fight from any section and from any seat, even to the last row and furthest corner.

That is as it should be. For years thousands of fight fans have paid big prices for ringside seats at heavyweight championship fights, only to find, upon arrival, that their coupon entitled them to look through their neighbor's brown derby. Now, through the courage displayed by the Garden officials, who even in these times of distress, were willing to spend almost a million dollars, boxing in particular and sports in general, now have a home in New York, the greatest sports center in the world.

Madison Square Garden is to be congratulated. Messrs. Carey and Johnston, who pushed the plans through despite considerable objections, will never regret their decision to do away with the staging of major boxing bouts in the ball parks by building a permanent home for the sport. Again, congratulations to all who had a hand in the consummation of the dream of the greatest promoter of all time—Tex Rickard. Pity that he could not be present to see his dream fulfilled.

* * *

AN interesting commentary on the present heavyweight championship is found in the refusal of Max Schmeling to appear at a Virginia fight club because only 600 spectators put in an appearance and the promoter was unable to meet the contract obligations of $1,200 for the German's services. In this particular case, one cannot truthfully say that depression alone was responsible for the failure of Schmeling to draw sufficient fans to pay for the expenses of bringing him to Virginia for an exhibition.

In the last issue of THE RING, in an article entitled "The Fistic Magnate," it was shown wherein Jack Dempsey netted $274,000 in the last six months touring the sticks and toppling over "pushovers". No matter what community Dempsey goes to, he packs 'em in. Every place he appeared during his exhibitions, Dempsey set a new mark for receipts for that locality. There is only one conclusion that can be drawn from that comparison:

Jack Dempsey is the most popular champion of modern times. The erstwhile Manassa Mauler is the greatest attraction the ring has known since the days of John L. Sullivan. His magnetism draws the throngs. There is no let-up in his popularity. He is the most colorful reminder of the days when the heavyweight title glorified the holder.

We cannot blame Schmeling for his refusal to go through with engagements that call for a stipulated sum when such sum is refused by the promoter who finds that he had miscalculated Max's drawing power. Schmeling is a good fighter and deserves a better break than he is getting, but he has only himself to blame for his unpopularity. Had he seen the light and given Sharkey a return bout two years ago, win or lose, Max Schmeling to-day would have been a popular ring idol. But he missed his chance and he is paying the penalty.

Where two years ago a Schmeling-Sharkey fight following their first encounter would have drawn a gate of close to a million dollars, this year's contest, judging by Schmeling's drawing power in Cleveland and his failure to gain popular support in his exhibition tours, will be fortunate to register more than $420,000 gross.

These are hard times, mates, and when the defending title holder is unpopular, it makes things doubly difficult so far as financial returns are concerned.

* * *

THOSE in New York who have watched the steady decline in wrestling patronage during the past four months, attribute this to the failure of the officials to use common sense judgment in rendering their decisions. The wrestling fans are tired of seeing match after match that has gone the limit, declared a draw, when as a matter of fact, one of the opponents had such a big margin in points on his rival, that even a schoolboy could pick the winner without any difficulty.

Why do judges at wrestling shows night after night collect their big fees from the state athletic commission only to sit like a dummy at the ringside and at the end of each bout that goes the route, turn in their slip with the word draw written as the verdict? Why? No one with the least knowledge of wrestling seems to know.

Time after time a draw verdict has been rendered after one opponent has used such foul tactics that he should have been tossed out of the ring, only to find, when it was all over, that the judges had "earned" their fee by giving the culprit a chance for a return match through the medium of a draw.

Wrestling is a great sport. The public in New York and elsewhere has supported it beyond expectations during the depression, but the fans are getting tired of "phony" decisions that protect mediocre wrestlers for a return bout. Let's do away with it Messrs. Commissioners, or else do away with the judges and order the referee to give a proper verdict when one opponent outclasses the other and no fall is scored. Don't permit the judges to kill off a sport that is affording pleasure and excitement to thousands of wrestling enthusiasts.

* * *

THEY thought he was through. "He'll never be the same Jackie Kid Berg that he was before," were the comments of fight fans when Berg announced that he would return to America from his home in England to renew his ring activities here in an effort to obtain another match with Canzoneri for the world's lightweight title.

Well, Berg fooled them. He also fooled most of the sports critics who were of the same opinion as the fight patrons, by coming through with an excellent exhibition against the tough Sammy Fuller in Madison Square, to earn a draw. The Berg who fought Sammy was equally as good, if not better, so far as his punching was concerned, than the Berg we have seen

The Greater RING

With this issue THE RING magazine takes a bigger and more prominent place in the field which it has covered so ably and thoroughly these past eleven years.

The suspension of publication of the "Police Gazette" and "Fight Stories" leaves the entire field of boxing magazine coverage to THE RING.

THE RING now is placed in a more commanding position not only as to the news of the sport, as to articles dealing with personalities and history, but in fistic fiction as well.

The publisher of THE RING sincerely regrets the suspension of publication of the "Police Gazette" and "Fight Stories."

But he appreciates that to him has been given a wider opportunity for service to the vast legion of readers of sports publications.

Features which readers of the "Police Gazette" found of clean and wholesome interest in the boxing field will be covered thoroughly in THE RING.

Fiction on a par with the best in that particular department of boxing magazine work will be found in THE RING.

Old readers of THE RING may feel certain that they will see a stronger magazine.

New readers of THE RING will be made to feel at home with a coverage which will combine the best features at the command of the editor.

on previous occasions.

While my score card showed that Fuller had a slight advantage in the number of rounds scored, the verdict was a good one and did neither boy an injustice. The fight itself, with the exception of the gore that was spilled on the previous Friday in the House that Tex Built, was equally as exciting and interesting as was the famous Petrolle-Battalino affair, and a return engagement is in order.

Quoted on the long end of 3 to 1, Berg amazed the 10,000 fans by his ceaseless aggressiveness, the manner in which he took the heaviest wallops of his powerful little Boston opponent and the damage he was able to inflict on Fuller. In fact, Berg astonished all by displaying punching power that he never before had on exhibition and if his bout with Fuller is to be taken as a criterion, Jackie has many a good fight still left in him and he should again be one of the headliners in outdoor shows this summer. That should be good news, for with Berg now available, the light and welter divisions will be able to furnish at least four good attractions for the summer months.

Berg was badly fouled in the fifth with a terrific left hook that struck inches below the belt. He went down for a count of five but surprised all by pulling himself up and after a short clinch, tearing into Fuller at a furious pace. It was an exhibition of gameness such as Berg showed when he was fouled by Canzoneri and Nel Tarlton of the same stable, displayed here when fouled by Jimmy Slavin.

* * *

JACK JOHNSON, working in a cabaret in Los Angeles, where he brought his orchestra from Chicago after he had found the going pretty tough in the Windy City, recently petitioned the California Boxing Commission to license him so that he could give boxing exhibitions in order to keep himself in the public eye and to replenish his funds. But the commission, citing its thirty-five-year rule, not only told the former world's heavyweight champion that he was too old to re-enter the ring, but also informed him that he is "physically unfit". Jack, he of the Golden Smile, didn't object so much to the age limit being invoked on him, but he took considerable objection to being termed unfit.

"Physically unfit," said Jack to the newspapermen when he emerged from the hearing, "why man alive there isn't a man on that board nor in this city of Sacramento who is in better shape physically than I. I may be a little round around the belly, but I'm as hard as a rock."

The Negro, fifty-three years old and a resident of Los Angeles, like many other retired ring gladiators, cannot understand why men who rule the sport should bar their appearance, but it is such action on the part of those in control of legalized boxing that has enabled the sport to make such great headway in the last ten years.

Jack Johnson tried a comeback down in Mexico a few years ago and again in the southwest and on both occasions he was badly whipped by fighters whom he could have knocked cold in three punches at the time he stopped Jeffries. But today, 53 years old, hog fat despite his contention to the contrary, he cannot understand why the boxing moguls place the ban on him. He would be a mark for any growing, coming youngster—that's the answer.

* * *

THE death of Paddy Mullins last month, removed from the field of pugilism a quaint character. Paddy was one of the last of the old school that thrived on the lower East Side of New York City in the days of the Bowery dives. He was the last of the Big Four that operated saloons, dance halls and bull-dog fighting matches at a time when the back room attachments that catered to dancing and singing were at their height. Many singers who gained fame in later years, among them Irving Berlin, got their start in those dives.

Paddy had a saloon on Chatham Square, where Chinatown begins, and there he made the acquaintance of men in all walks of life—hardened criminals, the old time cabaret workers, prize fighters, dog fanciers, cock-fighting fanciers and the hard-boiled East Side politicians. His was the rendezvous of the most noted sports of the time and because of the influence he had with the leading political powers, there was little molestation from the police.

Paddy is gone and with his death has been revived the stories of a period long past, the romantic period in American sports history. The present generation will best remember Paddy as the man who guided Harry Wills from obscurity to fame, from poverty to riches; the man who persistently challenged Jack Dempsey on behalf of the Black Panther and finally drove the Dempsey-Tunney match out of New York.

Although Wills never was given the opportunity to fight Dempsey, it was Mullins' propaganda, his continuous attacks over a period of four years, that made the Negro a huge drawing card and gave both Dempsey and Tex Rickard many a heartache and headache. Mullins, a man of few words, was known as the "Silent Fox". After Dempsey had refused to go through with a match with Wills, signed by the Chicago Stadium, both Mullins and the Stadium sued for half a million in damages, and only recently, the courts reversed a previous decision and awarded $300,000 to the Stadium.

The TRAIL BLAZERS

A Story About Fighters and Promoters Who Brought Fame to Australia

By JAMES J. MANNION

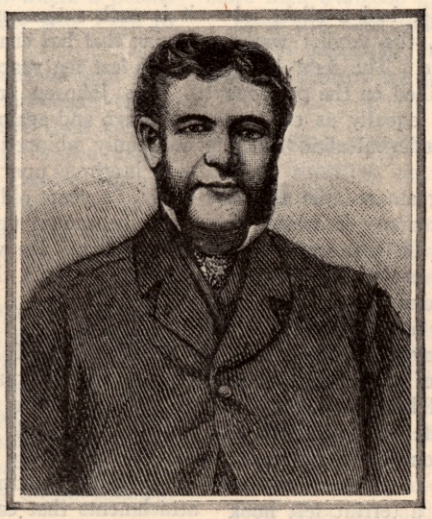
TIME was when a boom, or rapid succession of booms, set the boxing world agog with the realization there was a land of great fighters Down Under. This peak period was preceded by a "building-up" season, and followed by a slump, in Australia. Unfortunately, we are still foundering in the depths of the aftermath. So far, we haven't touched bottom, the result being that we cannot get a footing for the upward climb. But we're living in hopes. . . .

Late last century the whole of the Australian sporting world began to wake up and look respectable—boxing withal. Racing received a fillip when the stakes of the Melbourne Cup started leaping skyward; cricket came into its own with the defeat of the first English Test team, and the Australian football code was set on its first legs. But it was boxing that put Australia on the sports map more so than any other athletic activity.

One of the reasons for this rise was the excellent work of Larry Foley, of "The White Horse," as fighter, instructer, and promoter. The foundations on which the new pedestal was built can be attributed to Foley. Without him, there would have been no pedestal, and no one to sit on it . . . not for a long time, anyway.

But the main cause of the Australian bombshell was the amazing progress made by the local cracks in the course of a comparatively few years.

Larry Foley was himself a fighter of considerable ability. There were others who could not be classed as mugs in any company. In their day, they were champions as compared with their fellow ringmen. But these trail-blazers were overshadowed to a sensational degree on the advent of the first real "Giants" (as Bill Doherty so fittingly terms them) of the Australian ring.



Larry Foley, the organizer of boxing in Australia

Hitherto, no Aussie had made any impression overseas. Local boxing was "local" in every sense.

Then, without any pre-gathering of "war" clouds, with no sign of Rickardian ballyhoo in the air, the Australian boxer found himself hammering away on the lid of the boxing world. In the 'eighties and 'nineties this country was the native hearth of a wealth of fistic champions . . . great fighters whose names and deeds are as fresh in the modern fans' minds as the career of the second Dempsey. Look them over.

West Indian born, but Australian-bred, Peter Jackson piled up a great record in Australia, America, and England. He gave cold feet to the best of 'em—and was a gentleman, withal. Frank Slavin . . . what more need be said of him save that his bout with Jackson (1892) is still reckoned one of the greatest heavyweight fights. And Griffo . . . the Sydney Rocks marvel . . . in Jim Donald's words—"the angel of victory" . . . but no words could do justice to the "fedder".

Joe Goddard, the Barrier champion, was a great fighter and a grand physical specimen. He took the final count in an election riot in the U. S. A. There were lesser ones—Dooley, Barron, Doherty, Jim Hall, Creedon, and others. . . .

And there was that long, freckled prodigy . . . "Ruby Robert," the man who was laughed at when the Americans first saw him. But what a laugh he had on them later! . . . Fitz was an old man, in an athletic sense, when he hit the States. Yet he chalked up three world's titles. And that's something no other fighter has yet equaled!

* * *

THE regime of "The Giants" was the first stage in the Australian boxing upheaval. The kings of slough made a reputation at home, and hied themselves off to the centre of the "big smoke". . . . The second phase began with the debut of Hugh D. McIntosh as promoter-extraordinary.

"Huge Deal," "Human Dynamo," or whatever "H. D." stands for, carried on in the grand old Rickard style, though, of course, not on the scale of Tex's 1921-28 exploits. He set the ball rolling that ended in the opening of the big stadium at Rushcutters Bay, 23 years ago. . . .

If Australia was in the limelight when the old hands were upsetting the dope overseas, she became the leading lady in the boxing show when McIntosh got into stride. The slight lull in excitement following the "decline and fall" of the old gladiators was soon forgotten.

Boxing hinges on the heavies, and McIntosh turned the big chaps this way. Johnson chased Tommy Burns further, I think, than anyone had expected. Big fights were the order of the day while those two were here. And everyone knows that the title changed hands in Sydney on Boxing Day, 1908, after a 14-round slaughter by the Negro.

Australia has never seen, before or since, a fight of such great moment . . . and, neither the "gate" nor the number of spectators, has ever been approached in this country.

Contemporary native stars were Lang and Squires, but neither could hold a candle to Burns, let alone Johnson.

The admirable custom of bringing the best men to Australia, instead of sending our best overseas, was continued by the Rushcutters Bay management for some years after the dust of the great championship battle had settled. So there was no dearth of opponents for the next local wonder. The chief trouble was getting them out here quick enough to accommodate him. For when Les Darcy hit the top he was unapproachable. Not a man in the land—or in any other land—could lace the Maitland Boy's glove. Witness a few of his victims—Holland, Clabby, Jeff and Dave Smith, "Knockout" Brown and Eddie McGoorty.

Les Darcy was second only to the Great War in national and international importance. And that's saying a mouthful . . . but it's a fact, "for a' that."

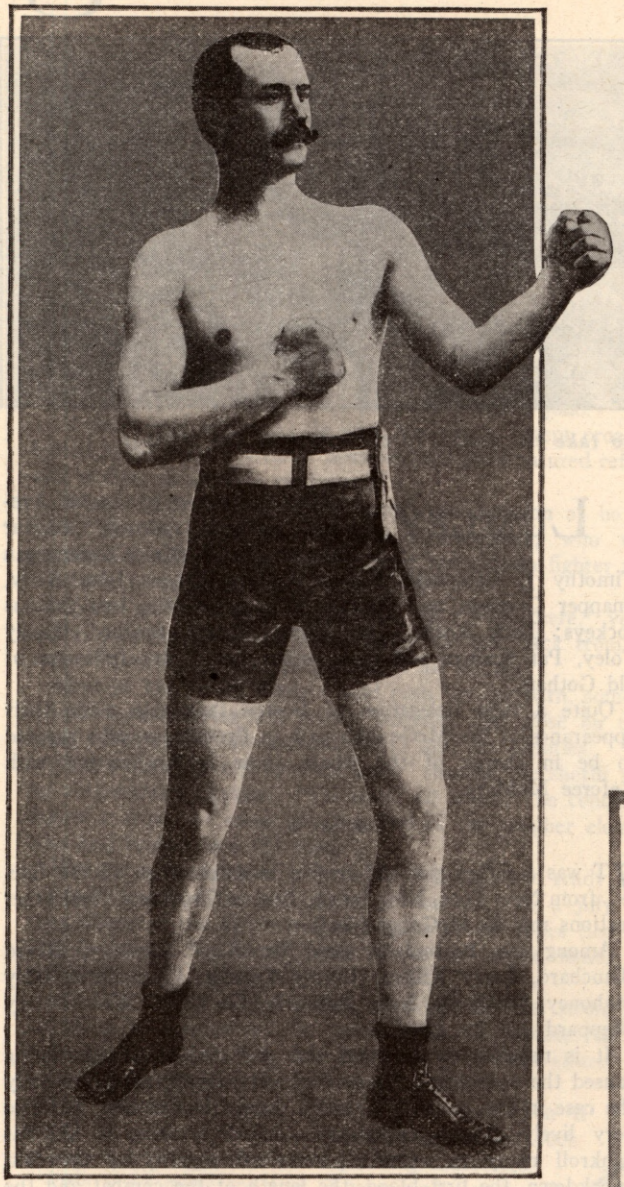
But from the passing of Darcy to the present day, Australian boxing has been on the downgrade. Champions—I say CHAMPIONS—have been a thing unknown. A few years ago money was plentiful in the game but there were no Darcys to draw the attention of the world's leading fighters. We had good men, certainly, in Grime, Uren and a few others. But no worldbeaters. No, Sir!

Australia held her own in fistiana from the "Days of the Giants" till the tragic end of Les Darcy. But today she is no more of a hub than any big town (*Continued on page* 43)

Picking *a Soft* One

How Billy Madden's Managerial Error Started Fitz on the Championship Trail

By JOE HUMPHREYS



Peter Maher, the Irish Champion

BILLY MADDEN, as those of a past generation will recall, was an exceptionally clever manager of pugilists. He had managed John L. Sullivan and was the first to make the offer to have Sullivan stop any man living in four rounds. This he did at Harry Hill's saloon on the Bowery, in New York City. Yet when Billy brought Peter Maher to this country in the early '90's, Billy pulled what was probably the biggest "bone" in all pugilism. Maher had gripped the people's imagination in such a manner that, as Macon McCormack, famous writer of his day said, "he could be licked five nights in the week and he would still pack 'em in on the sixth."

Peter was such a great drawing card at the time that he could practically name his own opponent and any club in the country would have been glad to stage the battle. Sullivan was in retirement at the time, but there was Corbett, Kilrain, Godfrey, Joe McAuliffe, the "Mission Champion," Lannon, Jack Ashton and a lot of others.

Fitzsimmons had shortly before beaten Dempsey at New Orleans, but was not taken seriously as a heavyweight possibility. However, he was a big card in that city and after looking the whole field over, Madden chose Fitz as the easiest mark of the entire group and "lured" Fitz into the ring with Peter.

It was Bob's first try at the heavyweight class and his chances were not considered any too good by fistic experts, in spite of the fact that Maher had really shown nothing in his work in either this country or in Ireland that justified him being classed as a champion. He had won an amateur tournament promoted by John L. Sullivan in Ireland; had knocked out Alf Bowman in 6 rounds in Dublin and Gus Lambert, a veteran American, in a round in London.

In this country he had beaten "Bubbles" Davis and Jim Daly in Philadelphia, and in New York he took Jack Fallon, Jack Smith and "Sailor" Brown into camp and then knocked out Joe Godfrey in a round.

Maher and Fitz met at the Olympic club in New Orleans on March 2, 1892, for a purse of $10,000, divided $9,000 and $1,000. Maher weighed 176, while Fitz scaled 170. It was in this battle that Maher caught Fitz so heavily in the first round that it looked all over for the Cornishman and there has always been claims of the round being cut short to prevent Bob's defeat.

Billy Madden, who managed Maher

Fitz, however, came back and from that point on gave Maher such a terrific beating that the Irishman was unable to continue after the 18th round, and victory went to Fitzsimmons, and with it, his start toward the world's title which he won from Corbett at Carson City on March 17, 1897, in fourteen rounds.

In spite of his defeat Maher retained his popularity because of his ability to punch, but Madden, while he remained as manager of Maher never again went looking for the "easy marks."

In 1896, the year before Fitz won the heavyweight crown, after persistent efforts on the part of Maher to get Ruby Robert into the ring with him in a return engagement, Fitz accepted and the celebrated fight at Langtry, Texas, took place in which Fitz won the fight with one punch. Although on February 29, eight days after the Langtry affair, they engaged in a three-round exhibition in New York, Maher realized that Fitz was his master and he never pressed Bob for another fight.

Many fighters who may have gone far have taken on "soft ones" and, much to their sorrow, have come out second best.

An Exciting

Every cab in Providence was rushed into service to take the sports to the scene of the combat

By ARTHUR LUMLEY

ALONG about the middle of May, 1889, it was secretly whispered about among the inner circles of pugilism that Austin Gibbons of Paterson, N. J., was to battle Mike Cushing in a return match in some unknown spot.

These two well-known skin-glove fighters had met some few months before in Mike Boyle's obscure arena in Hoboken, N. J., where so many of the hidden mills had been pulled off without much police interference or trouble.

It was at Boyle's place that Cal McCarthy fought most of his desperate skin-glove fights to a bitter finish, which eventually led him to be recognized as the bantam and finally the featherweight champion of America.

What a slaughter house Boyle's was in the old days! What desperate, bloody battles I've witnessed there in the '80's especially!

How the courageous skin-glove fighters cut each other into a mass of bruises and wounds for a hundred dollars, more or less, in Boyle's old obscure arena!

In their first ring conflict, Austin Gibbons conclusively showed he was the master of brave Mike Cushing by knocking the latter out in a couple of slashing rounds.

However, this did not satisfy either plucky Mike or his backers, and so a new match was arranged for $500 a side, to take place outside of New York or New Jersey states on some neutral territory.

* * *

IT was no easy matter to choose a battleground in the old days, and there was usually a long-winded wrangle in agreeing upon the location.

In most matches, however, the referee was empowered to name the battleground, if he was an upright, responsible man, who both sides had extreme confidence in.

Such referees for example as Al Smith, the honest old famous stake-holder of millions of dollars; Jimmy Colville of Boston; Dick Roche, formerly of St. Louis; Frank Stevenson of this city; Johnny Newell of Pittsburgh, and many others who never accepted a cent for their services.

Steve McMara of Providence was agreed upon as the referee of the return match between Gibbons and Cushing, and after considerable hustling and consideration, he finally selected a well-known seaside roadhouse, about 15 miles from Providence, R. I., for the much-talked-about fracas.

A select party of enthusiastic members of the New York A. C. made arrangements for a special train to leave this city on the qui-vive about noon the day before the fight for Providence. With them went a large number of invited guests.

Among the fistic fans on this train were George Law, the millionaire owner of the 8th Avenue surface railroad; Arthur Moore, Al Smith, Congressman Timothy J. Campbell, Barney Aaron, Honest John Kelly, Snapper Garrison and Jimmy McLoughlin, the two famous jockeys; Dick Roche, Jere Dunn, Wright Sanford, Teddy Foley, Pat Keenan and many other noted ring followers of old Gotham.

Quite a large delegation of Boston fans also made their appearance at the McGough's cafe in Providence, who seemed to be in charge of the whole affair in conjunction with Referee McMara.

* * *

IT was a rather gay and festive re-union when all the fans from New York, New Jersey, Boston, Providence and other sections met in McGough's cafe.

Among the Bostonians were Dr. A. P. Ordway, David Blanchard, Larry Killian, Jimmy Colville, Councilman Billy Mahoney, Joe Early, Larry Kennedy, Ike O'Neil Weir, Patsey Sheppard and Joe Lannon.

It is needless to say that this gay and festive gathering caused the sparkling wine to flow very freely, as was usually the case in the good old cheerful days. The betting was also very lively indeed, everybody seemed to have a big fat bankroll ready to make all sorts of wagers; on the first knockdown, the first blood, the length of the combat and the final result.

Al Smith became the chief stakeholder of so many bets that he finally was obliged to refuse to hold any more money.

"I'm no walking bank and have no bookkeeper to keep tabs for me," said the honest old thoroughbred sport, as he unloaded his coin-filled pockets into the McGough's safe.

Around ten o'clock that merry night it appeared as if every cab, carriage and wagon in Providence was heading for the selected roadhouse. In fact there was such a display of all kinds of rigs, that the police couldn't help getting wise to the unlawful ring combat.

So when almost a thousand fans reached the roadhouse, they found the sheriff with a half dozen deputies and a squad of the Providence police ready to arrest the principals of the proposed mill and others who might play any leading part in the affair.

Referee McMara, after consulting with the backers of the pugilists and Tom McGough, concluded to change the base of the intended combat and find a new battleground.

That was no easy task, however, with the alert sheriff and his deputies following them around from place to place. The sheriff was offered all kinds of inducements to be "a good fellow and let the bout go on," but he declared he intended to stop the fight at all hazards.

Adventure

How Austin Gibbons and Mike Cushing Fought In an Ice Storage House After the Sheriff Was Tied To a Post In an Old Barn

WHEN everything looked very dark and utterly discouraging on the dismal country road, Jack Quinn, the old Scotch lightweight, who had trained Cushing and was his chief second, called the confused referee aside and whispered:

"I can fix this bloody sheriff, Steve. His deputies are regular good fellows. I can fix the sheriff if you let me," said the ring veteran with great assurance.

McMara smiled as if Quinn's proposition was a joke.

"I don't care what you do with him, Jack, except croaking him, I won't stand for that," answered the good-natured referee still smiling at Quinn's confidence.

"I won't hurt a hair in his head," piped Quinn as he fell back into a crowd of admiring Brooklynites, who were gathered about Cushing cheering their home town fighter with all kinds of adulations and consolation.

"We're going to fight in that old barn over there," yelled Quinn pointing to an old shack some 500 feet back from the road. "Come on, boys, everything is all settled."

Most of the crowd made a wild rush for the barn, some of whom were carrying old smoky lanterns, and close on their heels followed the determined sheriff and his deputies.

"Yer can't pull any fight off here," shouted the sheriff with an authoritative gesture. "I'll arrest all hands!" he continued facing a crowd of some two hundred of the rougher element who had broken into the barn.

Without a word, about a dozen of the rough and ready boys suddenly grabbed the big officer of the law. In a jiffy they disarmed the latter and with some strong ropes tied him to one of the heavy posts in the old shack, hands and feet.

The big, portly sheriff yelled blue murder and swore all kinds of vengeance. He called upon his deputies to come to his rescue. But they made no protest or effort to interfere with the desperate-looking mob.

The deputies evidently came to the conclusion it would be rather a dangerous proceeding, against such a large number of adventurous, daring characters.

"We won't make any fuss, if you don't tie us up," said one of the deputies rather meekly to Quinn, as the latter sang out, "Come on boys I guess the bloody sheriff won't trouble us again tonight."

* * *

THE crowd followed Quinn out of the barn, leaving the sheriff to his fate in the dark, with enough ropes tied around him to hold a wild tiger securely.

When Quinn found the referee waiting around to hear the result of the exploit of the rough and ready boys, the latter laughed heartily.

"Well, that's pretty clever, boys, if he don't work himself loose," he said. "I guess we can pull it off, now that the sheriff is out of the way. Let's be off."

McMara led the mob to an old ice storage house about a mile or so down the dark road. It was quite a large, roughly erected building that had not been used for a couple of years probably.

It certainly was a bleak, dismal place, with only the dim light from a few old deplorable lanterns. But the crowd seemed to be in good humor, having at last found a spot to enjoy the mill.

A ring was formed partly with heavy planks and ropes and it wasn't long before the two fighters got into spirited pugilistic action.

For the first two rounds Cushing made a fine showing by his plucky aggressiveness, but after that Gibbons seemed to have the high sign on the Brooklynite, and he began to punish poor Mike dreadfully, with his sharp-cutting skin-gloved fists, drawing the blood quite profusely.

"The sheriff has broke loose!" yelled some excited spectator at the end of the second round. "He's coming on the run, fellows!" Immediately there was a wild stampede for the doors. Some of the lanterns were knocked over and the grim, ghastly place was almost in total darkness.

* * *

FOR about ten minutes there was great confusion until Jack Adler finally assured the crowd it was a false alarm and requested them to be more orderly and not lose their heads.

The referee ordered the two near-lightweights back into the crudely improvised ring, and the fight went on until the end of the fourth round, when Gibbons shot a killing right-fisted punch on Cushing's jaw, and poor Mike went down and out as flat as a salted mackerel.

The moment that the referee declared Gibbons the winner, there was another wild stampede to get out of the weird building, as it was reported that the squad of police from Providence were about to make a raid and arrest all hands.

Everybody was hustling madly to get back to Providence in a rush. Hackmen and drivers of all sorts of rigs reaped a golden harvest, demanding as high as $25 to carry some of the swell fans back to the city. And most of the swells willingly paid this amount, rather than run the risk of being pinched.

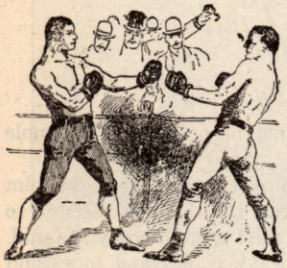
It was not the fights altogether in those unlawful fistic days that thrilled and amused the old fans. It was the exciting adventures, risks and romance that made the ancient private skin-glove combats so fascinating and magnetic to the red-blooded ring followers of the old days. What a strange contrast to our present day boxing methods.

The sheriff tied to the post

CRADLES of BOXING

By DOC ALMY

(Boston's leading boxing authority)



The fourteenth of a series of articles on famous fights in New England

THE Andy Gidelow-"Tightback" Turner fight of August 6, 1860, on Greater Brewster Island, Boston Harbor, followed on the 18th by the visit of John C. Heenan and his boxing exhibition in North Chelsea, as told in the May issue of THE RING, were not the least of the troubles of the old town's eminently respectable during the dog-day month of that year.

Between the Abolitionists and pro-slavery men, the near-approach of the great war between the states, and the pugilists and their followers, those who would be meek and lowly had plenty to bother and perplex them.

Yes, August, 1860, was a rough one for all not interested in sport, and more particularly so for those who would keep the fighters from fighting and dear old Boston off the fistic map. Gidelow, Turner and Heenan had pulled their stuff and faded from the picture, but their affairs were not to mark the summer's grand finale.

More was coming, and that very month. The event we are about to narrate, the fight for a $1,000 stake between Danny Kerrigan and James "Australian" Kelly, both of New York, was the scrap of the year in the New England section of the country. As usual Ned Price, whose name has figured in so many of our recent stories, was in on it. He could no more pass up a fight than a duck sidestep a pond on a hot summer day.

* * *

NED being well acquainted with Kerrigan, for whom he had arranged the mill with Joe Jones, fought in January, 1859, at Manchester, N. H., undoubtedly had more than one conference with that worthy incidental to his own trips back and forth from New York in connection with the Woods-King scrap. It is safe to assume that some of the conversation between them concerned "Australian" Kelly who at that particular time was conducting a tavern in Weehawken, N. J., and seemingly inclined to mind his own business. But Kelly had some money, or was supposed to be thus endowed, all of which made him of more than ordinary interest.

What Price said to Kerrigan, or Kerrigan to Price, no man now knows, but the upshot was an announcement from Kerrigan in the sporting press to the effect that if Mr. Kelly was not entirely satisfied with what Price, his Boston friend, had handed him, he (Kerrigan) was perfectly agreeable to repeating that lesson. Furthermore, he had some real money to lay alongside the dotted line.

The effect of this on Kelly was all according to Hoyle. He sat right up and took notice. He would fight Danny Kerrigan any time and any where. Furthermore, if he could not beat the head off of Ned Price's Irish shrimp, he would quit the game.

So they chattered for a while in the papers. Finally, in June they signed the articles of war, the same reading, in part: "The said Daniel Kerrigan agrees to fight the said James Kelly, at catch weight, a fair stand up fight, according to the new rules of the London Prize Ring, and by these articles we mutually agree to be bound. The said fight shall be for the sum of $1,000 a side, etc., etc."

Though the affairs of Woods and King, also Heenan, were in the limelight at this time, Kelly's long fight with Smith in Australia, to say nothing of his fight with Price, served to divert the interest of the Fancy.

* * *

KERRIGAN, too, was well known in New York. A native of Queenstown, Ireland, where he was born in 1835, he came to the States in boyhood. Blowing a tin horn as the "legs" for a street fish hawker was one of his early jobs in the Big City. Next he tried the sea as a foremast hand on coasters, mixing with rough company both afloat and ashore. This environment served quickly to develop his pugilistic tendencies.

He won his first regular mill, a muss with Pete O'Donnell, a Fourth Ward hero, which was staged on Ward's Island. Next he bested one Johnny McLaughlin in New Orleans, La., an affair of two hours, 15 minutes. He created such a good impression that Henry Van Winkle, usually referred to as Hen Winkle, took him on. This fight also took place in the Crescent City, Kerrigan winning. Coming to Boston in search of customers, Danny was taken in tow by Ned Price. Kerrigan's successful fight with Joe Jones was the natural sequence.

From this and that, it may be seen that Messrs. Kerrigan and Kelly had plenty of background. With the articles all signed and money up, mid-July found both in training for the great event which was scheduled to be staged on August 21. Kelly, assisted by Hen Winkle, did his stuff near his Weehawken tavern, while Kerrigan pitched his camp in the outskirts of Malden, Mass., a suburban city a few miles out of Boston. Johnny Monaghan, the chap who had lost in a game battle with Young Barney Aaron in 1857, just outside of Providence, R. I. (See October RING, 1931), acted as his trainer and adviser.

Kerrigan having won the toss in the matter of naming the spot, picked Island Pond, Vt., located in Brighton county, that state. It was not too far from the Canadian line, a big advantage in those days as the Dominion afforded a safe refuge in case officialdom mingled in. Then, too, years before Monaghan, Kerrigan's trainer, had whipped Jimmy Hart of Boston in that same locality.

* * *

A WEEK before the contest, fearing a last minute "pinch," Kerrigan and his trainer hied themselves northward. They were greatly pleased on their arrival at Island Pond to find Kelly and his crew already on the scene and safely ensconced in what was known as the Vermont House. And all hands felt that they had eluded the police and were safe from the law.

They did not fool everybody, however, for it so happened that the high sheriff of the county had been one of the spectators at the Monaghan-Hart melee of a few years before. On spotting Monaghan in Kerrigan's camp, he became very wise as to what was actually afoot. Now this official had plenty of power and authority at his beck, and could have made himself very troublesome. He started in that way.

The Story of the Famous Bare-knuckle Battle Between James "Australian" Kelly and Danny Kerrigan at Island Pond, Vt., in 1860, for $1000 Stakes

First he conferred with Kerrigan and Monaghan, and next he put Kelly and his mates on the carpet, he talking all the while straight from the shoulder. "I know you fellows are fighters and have come here to fight," said he. "I have the power to put you all in jail and stop your funny business. But I am a sport. Now, it gets right down to this. Either you tell me all about this fight, also arrange that I shall see it, or there won't be any fight."

The pugilists were in a hot corner, and all realized the fact. So they unburdened themselves, taking the chance that the sheriff was of the right sort. He was. Not to be outdone in matters of courtesy, he at once took enough unofficial interest in their affairs to point out to them several spots in the neighborhood as seemed well fitted for the battle. He even elected himself as a sort of master-of-ceremonies and agreed to have the ring stakes and ropes ready when such were needed.

* * *

SATURDAY and Sunday, August 18-19, saw the clansmen begin to assemble in Boston, they making Price's sporting house in North Street their general headquarters. There were sports present from New York, Bridgeport, New Haven, Providence, Springfield and other centers of ring activity. Among the shining lights was John "Cocky" Woods, whom many of the visitors at first mistook for John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy. For a while they made him quite an idol.

We may be sure that they were a merry bunch, all good spenders, and that Sunday, ordinarily a dull day in The Hub, was not a particularly quiet one for them. Curiously, despite the large number who were "in" on the forthcoming fray, there was never a leak that would serve to put the police on the right scent. Then again, the blue coats may have had sporty instincts and dull ears.

Early Monday morning, August 20, the company boarded a "special" on the old Eastern railroad, now the Boston & Maine, for Portland. At that city came a half-hour delay, affording the thirsty a chance to "likker up," and then a shift was made to the rails of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence railroad, now the Grand Trunk. Crossing Maine and New Hampshire, the party arrived about 8 o'clock that night in the town of Island Pond, Vermont.

For the villagers, this invading host was a sight for sore eyes. The natives did not know exactly what to make of it—it got them all "het up." However, they rallied to the occasion and soon the two taverns in the town, also all the spare rooms in the nearby farm houses, were swamped with lodgers. In all probability the village parson and his flock put in the night between fear and prayer, but nothing happened to menace either their personal safety or belongings.

Danny Kerrigan, his left eye partially closed and face battered, leaving the scene of action with Johnny Monaghan, his trainer, after receiving the verdict over James "Australian" Kelly

Next day—and bright and early in the morning—was the day. Everyone who could crowd himself aboard a buggy, cart or hay wagon, did so, and the parade, headed by the high sheriff and Jack Montgomery of New York, the latter the official master-of-ceremonies, left the town. Three miles out, a spot satisfactory to the sheriff was selected. That official had brought his scythe and obligingly mowed the grass. Montgomery set up the ring.

"A better day, or better place for a fight, I never saw," commented the representative of Brighton county.

* * *

KELLY was accompanied to the ropes by Winkle and Harry Finnegass, his seconds, also by Kit Burns of New York, a chap well known to the sporty of his day. "Here goes," remarked Kelly to Burns, and tossed his straw hat into the ring. He followed it and was given a cheer by the spectators, among the number being many from the Vermont farms who had come to see what they could see.

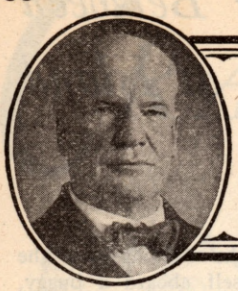
Kerrigan was a bit late in arriving. He was finally located in a farm house fast asleep. As the sheriff thought it would be a nice thing for as many of the distinguished spectators to be seated as possible, while Dan was preparing himself, all the chairs, benches, boxes and saw horses from the house and barn were carted to the ringside. Not to be put entirely in the shade by the sheriff, Montgomery decided that a collection should be taken up for the woman who owned the property. It is related that the fans "kicked in" about $15, which the woman was well satisfied to receive.

All of these matters adjusted, Kerrigan, escorted by Monaghan and Jim White, his squires, got into the ring. Charles Godfrey of Boston was selected as referee, with Thomas Grew and Barney Ford, Bostonians, as umpires. Kelly was a bit taller than Kerrigan, and on that day weighed about 147 pounds. Danny tipped the scales close to 140. Both were welterweights, though that division was unknown at that time and they classed as middles and heavies. The fine lines of weight distinction were not drawn until years later.

As Kerrigan won the toss for ring stations, and picked the higher ground, also got the early morning sun in his opponent's face, Kelly's extra height and weight proved of no particular advantage. Just before the men put up their hands, Kerrigan crossed to Kelly's corner and offered to wager $100 to $75 on the result. Kelly could not see it.

"I have no money," he said. "All my money is tied up in the stake." The fight was on at 7:41 a. m.

They sparred for a few moments, and then Kelly shot left to mouth, missed with right for ribs, (*Continued on page* 47)



IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

Mabel Houghton, Dallas, Texas.

Q.—Where was the original Jack Dempsey born? What was his real name?

A.—If you mean Nonpariel, he was born in Kildare, Ireland, December 15, 1862. John Kelly.

Oscar Weyman, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—What became of the Billy Neumann who used to run the old Long Acre Club in New York City?

A.—He is retired and lives in New York City.

Thomas Farine, Hoboken, N. J.

Q.—What was the gate of the Dempsey-Willard fight at Toledo?

A.—$410,732. You'll find the receipts of all of Dempsey's fights in "Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana." Get it from The Ring Book Shop.

Alonzo Guitteriez, Miami, Fla.

Q.—Where did Johnson knock out Tommy Burns?

A.—On Christmas Day, 1906, 14 rounds, Sydney, Australia.

A Reader, Akron, Ohio.

Q.—I am 14 years old, weight 120 pounds, 5 feet 6 inches tall, chest 32 normal, 35 expanded, neck 14, biceps 10½, forearm 9½, wrist 6½, waist 28, thigh 19½, calf 14, ankle 9, reach 69. Am I built for a boxer?

A.—Yes, all you need is a little more chest development. Get a copy of Training for Boxers.

George Defenbaugh, Wichita, Kan.

Q.—How old is Primo Carnera? What is his height and weight? Do you think Jack Dempsey could beat Max Schmeling?

A.—26 years old. Six feet seven inches and weighs 265 pounds. No.

Steady Reader, Taber, Canada.

Q.—What are complete measurements of Jimmy McLarnin? What is the meaning of a southpaw?

A.—McLarnin's measurements can be obtained from the Everlast Record Book. A southpaw is a fighter with his right hand and right foot extended instead of the customary left.

A Reader, Portsmouth, Oregon.

Q.—Where is Babe Asher, former bantam champion of the A. E. F.?

A.—Sorry, I do not know.

Q.—Where can I get complete records of Asher and Johnny McCoy, veteran Cleveland Ohio, boxer? Where can I communicate with McCoy?

A.—No records available. I do not know his whereabouts.

Interested, Hollywood, Cal.

Q.—Where can I communicate with Pete Sanstol? What are his measurements?

A.—Address him at 1000 St. Catherine St. East, Montreal, Can. We haven't his measurements.

A Reader, Montreal, Canada.

Q.—I am 17 years old, five feet six inches tall and weigh 135 pounds. What do you think I should weigh at 21?

A.—You should be about 5 feet 8½ and weigh 147 pounds, a welterweight. Read Nat Fleischer's new "Revised Training for Boxers," where you'll find a complete table of weights and heights at various ages from 16 to 25 years.

Bernard Arvickson, Riverdale, New Jersey.

Q.—Does one have to take a manager if he fights in New Jersey?

A.—No, you can be your own manager.

A Reader, Old Town, Maine.

Q.—What are the requirements of a physical culture teacher? What is the law of Maine on physical culture? Is a license required? How old must one be to become a teacher of physical culture?

A.—Sorry, I cannot answer your queries. Would suggest that you ask the State Education Board of Maine.

A Reader, Pella, Iowa.

Q.—Where can I find material to manage a fighter?

A.—There is no special book on that, but Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING, has just published his new "Revised Training for Boxers," a book so complete, that it stands out as the greatest of its kind for fighter, manager and physical culture teacher. In this, there is a special chapter which tells how to train a fighter and what a trainer should know and how he should take care of his charge. That book would be the nearest I can name for your wants. Then with that, get a copy of the boxing commission rules of your state and study them. In addition, make the acquaintance of promoters and your task will be easy.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

No answers will be sent by mail unless a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed with your questions.

John C. Helms, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—I often get pains in the groin while running or training hard. How can I get rid of this?

A.—You probably have a rupture. See your doctor. You'll also find this treated in Nat Fleischer's "Revised Training for Boxers."

Malcom Stevenson, Jamaica, N. Y.

Q.—I have been using 20-pound dumbbells in training but find that for the last two weeks I get a stitch in the wrist muscles and often in the shoulder. Am I overdoing my training?

A.—The trouble with you is apparently that you are using weights that are too heavy. Lay off for a while and when the ailment disappears, use one- or two-pound dumbbells. These are more beneficial for a boxer. If you are a wrestler, then heavy weights should be used.

Bill Potts, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—I am fifteen years old, 5 feet 8 inches tall and weigh only 113 pounds. I know that I should be heavier but don't know how to put on weight. What would you advise?

A.—Eat cereals, eggs, starchy foods, juicy steaks, nuts and get plenty of fresh air. See "Revised Training for Boxers." Study the chapter on "How to Gain Weight."

Q.—Would walking several miles a day be harmful or beneficial?

A.—If you don't overdo it by walking too many miles, a walk of from two to four miles a day is beneficial.

Tuffy Rohrig, Lincoln, Neb.

Q.—I have had only two fights as an amateur. Would you advise me to continue as an amateur for a while before turning pro? How many fights should I have as an amateur? I am 16 years 7 months, weight 151 pounds, am 5 feet 9½ inches tall and have a reach of 70½ inches. Do you think I'll be a heavyweight when I reach 21?

A.—You should remain in the amateurs at least six months. Have from 12 to 15 amateur fights. You are very well proportioned. You'll be a heavyweight at 23.

Q.—Does it cost more or less to have a magazine sent to you on a subscription than to be bought at the stands?

A.—You save money.

Austin Gibson, Bedford, Mass.

Q.—Was Martin Flaherty a great fighter? How can I develop my neck muscles? What brings on a stitch under the heart?

A.—Yes, he was a fine fighter. By the use of neck exercises. There are too many to give in this column. You'll find plenty of them in Earl Liederman's Muscle Building and in Nat Fleischer's "Revised Training for Boxers." A stitch under the heart is the sign of overwork, a weak heart or lack of wind. You must let up in your road work. Give it up for a while and in its place take long walks. Then if the pain still persists, see your doctor.

Thomas Farley, New Orleans, La.

Q.—How can one increase his height?

A.—By exercises that involve stretching. Raise high on the toes and stretch the hands up and as high as you can. Stand against a door and stretch towards some objective. Chin the bar and hang down, toes pointed downwards, keeping the body as straight as possible. These are only a few exercises you can follow. You'll get more of them in the Training Book.

Helen Bertrand, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Would you advise the organization of a girls' wrestling class in the club where I am president?

A.—No, I would not because the sport is too strenuous. Boxing is being taken up as a sport by many members of the social set, and with large, padded gloves, that sport won't harm you.

John Pappart, Dallas, Texas.

Q.—Can any reader of THE RING get a Ring-Everlast card that enables him to buy Everlast sports goods at fifteen per cent. reduction from the catalogue price or must one be a subscriber?

A.—No, any reader is entitled to the card. Just send for one and you'll receive that and a catalogue.

How They Did It *in the* Old Days

By A. D. PHILLIPS

AFTER Jack (Nonpareil) Dempsey retired as a collar and elbow wrestler, and became a professional pugilist in 1883, his first manager and backer, John Shanley, of old Williamsburg, matched him against Ed McDonald and Jack Boylan.

The gallant Nonpareil polished off both of those opponents with skin gloves so cleverly that Shanley proclaimed him "the lightweight champion of Long Island," a rather vague title that didn't mean very much in the pugilistic world, yet was a source of pride for the owner.

Millionaires hobnobbing with the "low downs" at the ringside in the old days

It sounded well to Dempsey, who was very proud and ambitious to shine in the ring, and he openly defied all comers to meet him for the nondescript title and a substantial side stake in a finish fight, with skin-tight gloves, in which style of milling the Nonpareil was almost invincible and was never defeated.

A host of tough, dangerous battlers disputed Dempsey's claim to be called a champion, and many challenges were hurled at the Nonpareil. His old, shrewd backer gave them all a hearing and finally signed an agreement with the backers of Harry Force for a finish fight, to take place on September 3, 1883, the referee to be chosen three days before the mill.

The match was for $500 a side and each backer agreed there should be only ten spectators who were to pay $10 each to witness the bout. But what a lot of hustling there was for the tickets and the tip a few days before the affair!

Gus Tuthill, a great admirer of the Nonpareil, who afterward became Dempsey's manager and backer, offered $100 for four tickets which he finally secured after much trouble and maneuvering.

A couple of days before the fight, all the insiders seemed to be hustling about town endeavoring to locate the battleground. It was not until the day of the mill that the referee whispered the spot he had selected to the chosen few trusted fans.

How it spread like wildfire at the various sporting resorts along the Bowery and Broadway!

At Harry Hill's famous rendezvous on Houston and Crosby streets, Billy Madden, George Siler, Dave Holland, George Law and many other noted sports were anxiously awaiting the tip. Other groups gathered at Owney Gagahan's, Billy McGlory's and various pugilistic headquarters on the Bowery. Fans were willing to take any chance to get there by hook or crook.

* * *

THE selected battleground was a large dining room in an old dilapidated roadhouse on the Coney Island boulevard, not half a mile from the ocean. From 8 o'clock to midnight, closed coaches and cabs continued to roll up in front of the hostelry filled with enthusiastic fans. The back stable stalls and yard were packed with all sorts of rigs.

It certainly was rather too conspicuous a display not to attract considerable attention, but we were all fully assured by the roadhouse proprietor and his staff that everything was fixed all right with Boss John Y. McKane and his police officials.

"Don't worry a bit, gents," said the genial hotel keeper, confidentially, "there won't be any interference from the Coney Island coppers. The Boss gave me his word this afternoon it was O. K. So enjoy yourselves."

With this assurance, everybody seemed to cut loose trying to outbuy each other in round after round of drinks. It was a very gay and festive gathering and the wine and other inveigling beverages flowed very freely until near midnight, when it was announced that the men were about to enter the poorly constructed ring.

Some 200 fans immediately rushed into the dining room to secure a good position close to the ropes. There they stood patiently for almost an hour.

"Bring on the fighters," yelled Bob (Crow) Murray. "What sort of a song and dance is this?"

"This is an all-night shindig, Crow. Keep your trap closed or you'll alarm the cops," answered Charley Johnston, trying to get Murray's goat.

But Mr. Murray refused to be silent. He swore like a pirate, at the top of his voice, and was very boisterous, indeed. In fact, he offered to fight any 140-pound man in the room for a hundred dollars a side as a sort of preliminary to the star bout.

* * *

THERE was a lot of this sort of wrangling going on until finally the two clever lightweights entered the ring. Both were trained to perfection for a long hard battle, especially the Nonpareil, who had all the appearance of a champion, even at this early stage of his brilliant career.

Harry Force seemed to be more rugged and powerful, but he was not built on the fine symmetric lines of the Nonpareil, lines which so frequently distinguish a champion in almost every sport.

There was some contention about Force's gloves which had hard seams on the back of them, and some long delay when the referee ordered Harry to use another pair thrown into the ring by a spectator.

At the call of time, Force rushed at Dempsey, who neatly sidestepped, and Harry almost fell in his desperate plunge onto the ropes.

In the second round, Harry rushed again and missed. They sparred in the center of the ring and Jack cut his opponent a left hander across the nose that brought the blood. But he made no claim for first blood as was the custom in those days.

"You're too wild, Harry," yelled Jim Giddings, the noted cock fighter. "Measure your blows better, my boy."

But Force was up against a remarkable defensive fighter and wasn't able to land a real effective punch until about the ninth round, when he hit the Nonpareil quite a stinger in the stomach that aroused Jack, who countered with his left, cutting a nasty wound on Harry's eyebrow.

Dempsey fought in his usual careful, skillful manner, waiting for his foe to lead, which he (*Continued on page* 42)

Letters *from* Readers

JOHN BRUEN, SR., an old-timer from Eastern Division, Goshen, New York, is the writer of a most interesting letter in answer to Bill Miller's request for opinions on the seven mixed bouts he selected in his recent article, "Black Were Their Skins But Bright Their Deeds". Mr. Bruen's letter requires no further comment. Here it is:

"I have just finished reading the 'World's Foremost Boxing magazine,' THE RING, Vol. XI, No. 2, and I must say that it is every bit the leading magazine on pugilism. I have been a reader of this wonderful boxing magazine since 1927 and during that time I have not missed a single copy and at times I have purchased as many as three of the same issue because I have a scrap book and sometimes there are two clippings that I want but they have appeared on the same page, so that I found it necessary to buy two to keep my scrap book up to where I wanted it and the third copy, I always put aside intact.

"I have every copy from 1927 and would not part with one for twice the price I paid. So you can see just what THE RING means to me.

"Bill Miller's contribution, 'Black Were Their Skins, But Bright Were Their Deeds', is the cause of this letter.

"I took great interest in it and it was like a challenge to me. I am not a professional writer as you can well see but I am a boxing fan first, last and always, and as such I am putting forth my argument. There is but little difference in Mr. Miller's choice and that of mine and I as a boxing fan who judge by the fighter's ability and not by any racial creed or color.

"Here is my idea of the probable winners of each of the matches he set forth, all fighters being in their prime at the time:

"George Dixon vs. Kid Williams—The little Chocolate would have won this one. Dixon would have out-boxed and out-generaled the Kid throughout and would have worn Williams down to where the knockout would be inevitable.

"Kid Chocolate vs. Terry McGovern—This would have made a wonderfully exciting fight but I am of the opinion that it would not last over five rounds.

"Surely if Battalino and Berg's rushes beat the bon-bon, McGovern's rushes, coupled with his tremendous hitting power and speed, would have had Chocolate down and out in no time.

"Joe Gans vs. Benny Leonard—Both in their prime, this match would fill any arena. It would have been an even money proposition and my money would have come down on the 'old master.'

"Regardless of what many are inclined to believe, I doubt that Gans would have a hard time beating Leonard. True, both were champions when their division boasted of many good men, but during Gans' time, the 135 pounders were the best the lightweight class ever had. Never in the history of pugilism was there ever a tougher crop. Just a glance over a few of the boys during that era:

"Battling Nelson, Jimmy Britt, Mike (Twin) Sullivan, Rufe Turner, Young Griffo, Willie Fitzgerald, Elbow McFadden, Kid McPartland, Frank Erne, Bobby Dobbs, Dal Hawkins, George Siddons, Kid Lavigne and many others who would have been champions had they happened along in another era.

"Leonard was never called upon to meet such a heady ring general as the old master had to face repeatedly. Gans, in a fifteen or twenty-round bout, was unbeatable in his prime and I sincerely believe that he would have put Leonard away after an interesting battle.

"Joe Walcott vs. Jack Britton—I am an admirer of Britton. He was a truly great champion and one that boxing can well be proud of. At first I would say that his speed and skill would beat the 'giant killer' but after taking everything into consideration, I have come to the conclusion that the 'Barbadoes Demon' would have stopped the wily Britton.

"Mickey Walker, the man who dethroned Britton, was somewhat like Walcott but he lacked Joe's hitting powers. There never was such a hitter in the division before or since, as Walcott.

"Tiger Flowers vs. Stanley Ketchell—Here is where I must disagree with Mr. Miller again. Most experts would pick Ketchell to stop the Tiger in a very few rounds because of the Tiger's glass jaw and Ketchell's hard hitting. Flowers was a greater fighter than many give him credit. He beat Greb twice and there is no one who can truthfully say that Greb was not a really great middleweight. Greb was every bit as good as Ketchell but for one thing and that was the old sock. Flowers was at his best against the type of fighters as Ketchell and Flowers could punch much harder than the record books show because Flowers never would try to kayo an opponent unless it was absolutely necessary. Ketchell could be stopped as Johnson and Papke showed, but Flowers was not that hard a puncher as Johnson or Papke.

"My estimation is that Ketchell eventually would have put over the winning punch had he and Flowers clashed, for Ketchell was too rugged and hit too hard.

"Sam Langford vs. Bob Fitzsimmons—I am not even going to 'grunt' on or about this natural. If ever there was a natural in pugilism, this surely was it. Both freaks, that is in the way they were put together, and both the hardest hitters boxing ever saw. Langford was as short and stocky as Bob was lean and lanky! What a match, both being in their prime and with old 'Tham' with the halter off!

"Langford in my opinion was second to none among the colored heavies unless it was Peter Jackson!

"All I can say about a Langford-Fitzsimmons battle is that it would have finished with a knock-out and the winner would have been the fighter who landed first.

"If old 'Tham' had been a white man, there would have never been a white-hope-era.

"Jack Johnson vs. Gene Tunney—Here would have been a fight that would have furnished few thrills. It would have been something like the Renault-Tunney bout—a fizzle. A most uninteresting affair. Johnson with his toying and defensive tactics and Tunney with his cool and defensive plan of battle, would have sent the gallery gods to sending missiles from peanuts to pop bottles hurling into the ring. That is my idea of the Johnson-Tunney battle. Tunney was the least colorful of our heavyweights. Johnson would beat the Marine in any kind of battle.

"Many claim that Johnson and Tunney could not sock but they are mistaken. Johnson was a tremendous hitter when hurt or angered and Tunney was also, though not as hard as Johnson.

"We all are subject to mistakes and perhaps my idea of this bout would prove just the opposite of what would really have happened, but I'm entitled to my opinion.

"Well there you have my opinion of those seven mixed bouts. Four for the colored immortals of the ring—one even and two for the Nordics.

"Here's hoping THE RING will continue its victorious tread as the leading boxing magazine of the World, an undisputed Champion!"

* * *

AND here's one from Herbert Hoyer of Rochester, New York. He also takes exception to a few of the statements made by Miller. He writes:

"I agree with most of what Bill Miller says in his article on Negroes in the March issue, but take exception to several points raised by him. In most cases I find that the Negro seldom receives full credit for his fighting prowess. Take for example, Langford, Jackson and Jack Johnson. How often do we find them rated where they rightfully belong? Were I asked for an opinion on the heavyweights, I would rank the champions from Sullivan to the present day in the following order:

"1—Dempsey; 2—Sullivan; 3—Johnson; 4—Langford; 5—Jackson; 6—Fitzsimmons; 7—Willard; 8—Jeffries; 9—Firpo; 10—Corbett.

"From the above, you will note that I prefer good fighters with a hefty wallop to boxers. Placing three Negroes among the first five, you will admit, is a fine compliment to the Negro race.

"I would rate Dixon the best of the feathers; Walcott, the king of the welters; and of course, Gans, the leader of the lightweights. I would rank the other lightweights, Nelson, second; Lavigne, third; Wolgast, fourth, and then in order, Packey McFarland, Freddie Welsh, Benny Leonard, Willie Ritchie, Frank Erne and Dal Hawkins.

"If more articles such as Miller's were written, there would be less prejudice and a better acquainted public with the great deeds of the Negro race. Please understand that I am a white man."

* * *

AND here is a letter from Jimmy Milton of the Municipal Golf Course of Jacksonville in-re Miller's article on "Black Were Their Skins But Bright Their Deeds":

"Here is one argument I hope you will read and publish concerning your article saying that the colored boxers excel the white. I believe it will be given (*Continued on page* 42)

The Prize Ring in New Orleans

(*Continued from page* 21)

Adah Menken was a power in sports circles because of the hypnotic spell she seemed to hold over the leading men of her period.

She created a furore wherever she appeared. She further enhanced her fame by being captured by a band of Indians and being rescued by a troop of Texas Rangers.

In 1856 she left the stage and married Menken but within two years she was divorced and returned to the stage where she began playing leading roles under the great Wilkes Booth in Louisville, New Orleans and Cincinnati.

On a visit to New York, she had met Heenan whose wonderful physique had won her admiration. Prior to that meeting, she had made the acquaintance of Pooley Mace, cousin of Jem Mace, and he, like Heenan, being a handsome, tall, strapping fellow, she took a liking to him, but Heenan proved the better suitor and he won Adah's hand. On April 3, 1859, while starring in Fazio, she ventured into her second matrimonial step by marrying the Troy gladiator.

Adah loved publicity. She adored the public limelight and it was she, who, when Morrissey refused to give Heenan another match, urged Heenan to win the world's title by beating Sayers. But the marriage did not last long. She soon tired of her handsome spouse and fastened her attention upon a young author, Robert H. Newell, known in American literature as Orpheus C. Kerr. That same year, 1862, she was divorced by Heenan and married Newell.

The story went the round that the failure of Heenan to win from Sayers, had much to do with Adah's determination to leave the Benecia Boy. Several poems were written on her attitude towards Heenan when she saw the pictures of the Troy warrior with his face all battered, his eyes puffed and blackened and his lips cut. When Heenan returned from England and realized that his romance was over, he took the blow quite to heart.

* * *

ADAH'S third venture into the sea of matrimony did not last long for she soon tired of her author-husband and divorced him only to jump into a fourth marriage with James Barclay. Her series of marriages and divorces were not the only sensations in her career which attracted public attention.

During the Civil War she had become a war correspondent and while in Pittsburg, she evinced strong Southern sympathies and was arrested on a charge of rebellious conduct and was imprisoned for thirty days. The offence was that seeing three men who looked like Southerners in distress, she sent them some bottles of wine accompanied by a card which read:

"To the health of Jeff Davis."

After her release, she decided on a trip to England and in 1864 she made her first appearance at Astley's Theatre where a tremendous crowd gathered to see the young American actress, the former wife of the great John C. Heenan. Among her intimate friends were such distinguished authors as Charles Dickens, Charles Reade, Algernon Charles Swinburne and Alexander Dumas, the elder. She was photographed with each of the last two, and these pictures created quite a scandal.

At Astley's she played the famous and successful character of Mazeppa and at Sadler's Wells Theatre, she appeared as Leon in Broughham's "Child of the Sun." She then toured the principle cities in England, from where she went to live in Paris where she died in poverty in 1868. A few months before her death, she published a book of poems called "Infelicia", which she dedicated to Charles Dickens, who wrote the authoress a grace letter of acceptance of this honor.

When the news of her passing had been received by Heenan, he remarked:

"I loved her. She was my inspiration when I fought Sayers. Perhaps if I had brought back the championship, she would have been pleased to remain with me, for she admonished me not to come back without the belt. That is why I was so eager to take back to America the 'Champion's Belt'. She loved hero worship and she was keenly disappointed in my failure. Despite her waywardness, she held powers of fascination over me."

* * *

IN 1870, about twenty-five years after the departure of O'Rourke from New Orleans, prize fighting saw a big revival in the South. The revival started with a battle for the championship of the world at Kenner, a few miles from the upper limits of the city.

The fighters were Tom Allen, the Englishman, who had settled in St. Louis and called himself the champion of America, and Jem Mace, the great gypsy, champion of Great Britain. This is the fight that Red Kate, the Beautiful Witch of the Royal Street Beer Halls, described round by round, the night before it took place. Mace gave Allen a terrible beating in ten bloody rounds, the stakes being $5,000 a side.

Poor Red Kate afterwards hanged herself from the bars of her cell in the old Parish Prison building in Orleans Street, and legend has it, that as she was a witch, she became a Killer Ghost, and in the course of a year, murdered three people.

Mike McCoole, an Irish heavyweight, who had been beaten twice by Tom Allen, spent much of his time in New Orleans and had several knuckle fights with obscure pugilists on the river front. McCoole died in the Charity Hospital at New Orleans, in the early nineties. He had been earning his living as a screwman or cotton jammer on the levee, and lived in Religious Street.

Late in 1871 New Orleans was again the gathering place for pugilistic notables, for Jem Mace and Joe Coburn had signed articles to fight bare knuckles, London Prize Ring Rules within one hundred miles of the famous old Creole city. This fight was arranged earlier in the year and the stakes were $2,500 a side, with Colonel Rufus Hunt, a leading sportsman of New Orleans named the stake holder. The ring was pitched on the beach in sight of the Gulf, in the little town of Bay St. Louis, fifty or sixty miles from New Orleans.

Coburn threw Mace heavily several times, and seemed to have the better of the few good blows exchanged. However, he had not the grit to go in and finish the champion, and after three and a half hours of tiresome stalling, Colonel Hunt, who had been named referee, called the fight a draw.

Ten years were added to the scroll of time, and then the rising star of the mighty John L. Sullivan flashed across the pugilistic horizon like a meteor, and maintained a brilliant place for another decade of prize ring history.

* * *

PADDY RYAN, "The Troy Terror" held the championship, when Sullivan began his ascent of the ladder of fame. Ryan really deserves no place among the great champions, for the only important fight he had had before meeting Sullivan was with Joe Goss, the Englishman, who had been soundly beaten by Jem Mace. Ryan and Goss fought for $2,000 and the championship of America, at Colliers Station, W. Va., June 21, 1880. Ryan won in 87 rounds, lasting one hour and twenty-four minutes.

Sullivan, before meeting Ryan for the championship had given evidence of his terrific power as a pugilist in a number of contests, and his most notable engagement was with John Flood, on a barge in the Hudson River opposite Yonkers. The men fought, bare knuckles, London Rules, and Sullivan won in 8 rounds, lasting sixteen minutes. The date of this fight was May 16, 1881.

Sullivan was matched with Ryan, the fight to take place within 100 miles of New Orleans, on February, 7, 1882. Sullivan came to New Orleans, months before the fight and did his training in Chaix's Back Yard, a famous sporting place, in Carrollton, a suburb of the city, overlooking the Mississippi River. He became immensely popular and won the hearts of the Southerners by his outspoken admiration for the Southern Confederacy, and his enthusiasm for the splendid Southern leader, General Robert E. Lee.

Everybody "up-town" knew Sullivan, and each morning before day-break, in the mist and cold of wintry weather, he could be seen, all muffled up in sweater and greatcoat, jog trotting down St. Charles Avenue, to Napoleon, where he would turn off to St. Stephen's Church, for Five O'clock Mass.

The Sullivan-Ryan fight took place on the beach, at Mississippi City, seventy miles from New Orleans, on the date originally set for a purse of $5,000. The crowd gathered on the hotel lawn, close to the sea side was large, and represen-

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The Prize Ring in New Orleans

(*Continued from page* 41)

tative of all classes of society. Some of the best known New York burglars and bank robbers, among them the notorious Red Leary moved freely in the throng, under the watchful eye, however, of ring guards armed with clubs and knuckle dusters.

The colors of the two pugilists were the most elaborate and costly ever seen in a ring. Sullivan's colors consisted of a great silk handkerchief, white with a green border, and set opposite to each other in the four corners were Confederate and Irish flags, finely worked in silk.

Ryan had for his colors a white silk handkerchief with red and blue borders. In the center was a spread eagle standing on an azure globe, star spangled, and beneath this was the legend: "Paddy Ryan, Champion of America." In the four corners were a Harp of Erin, a sun burst, an America shield and an Excelsior.

Aleck Brewster, a prominent leader in New Orleans politics acted as referee, and Arthur Chambers, the famous ex-lightweight champion, was umpire for Sullivan. Other notables in the pugilistic and sporting world at the ring side were Billy Madden and Joe Goss, in Sullivan's corner; Tom Kelly and Johnny Roche, in Ryan's corner; Mike McCoole, a former claimant of the heavywweight title; Jack Hardy, of Vicksburg; Harry Hill, the New York sporting man and saloon keeper, who was stake holder, and James Shannon, umpire for Ryan.

It was a crisp cold day, and the men, at the call of time, plunged quickly into a melee of fists to warm up. From the first, Ryan appeared to be outclassed, and in the ninth round, Sullivan's terrific rights to the jaw sent him to the turf unconscious. Ryan's seconds threw up the sponge and the Boston Strong Boy was declared Champion heavyweight of America.

Just before the fight started, a touch of color was given the proceedings by Ryan's bombastic attitude. The Troy Terror advanced to the center of the ring, waving over his head a fist full of green backs. "Here's me money," he said in the thick brogue of his native Ireland, "one thousand dollars, which says that I'll send ye to the horsepital, Sullivan."

Sullivan looked disconcerted and scowled darkly, but Billy Madden slipped some money in his hands, and cried out "Sullivan takes ye Paddy, and its all to the winner."

The money was turned over to Harry Hill, the stake holder, Red Leary jumped into the ring with a hat full of money, and offered to bet it on Ryan, but Leary's character seemed to be generally known, and none of the sports at the ring side cared to do business with him.

(*In the next installment, the author will discuss the ring in New Orleans from the Sullivan-Kilrain fight through the fistic carnival at the famous Olympic Club.*) —Editor's Note.

How They Did It in the Old Days

(*Continued from page* 39)

invariably ducked, sidestepped or blocked, then countered like a flash with his cutting left.

With those clever tactics, it could be easily seen by the knowing ones, that the Nonpareil would win after he had bled his opponent into exhaustion.

"Cheese it, the cops are coming," some fellow loudly roared in the middle of the eleventh round and that shout brought on a wild stampede for the doors and windows.

Even the two fighters, their seconds and the referee, rushed to get away. What a wild scene! What confusion and excitement! Pandemonium reigned galore!

It was no false alarm, for soon the clam-digging Coney Island coppers were as busy as bees. They clubbed and dragged and arrested every fan they could lay their clubs or hands on. They showed no favors to newspapermen, prominent politicians or anybody else in their scramble to clean the joint.

In the stuffy old Coney Island caboose, that night, some forty sporting men were packed like sardines in durance vile. It was a hard night, indeed, for some of the wealthy clubmen to endure in the foul, close cells with a lot of bums.

When they were called up in the morning before old Judge Williams, whose nose blossomed like an overripe raspberry, they were a sorry looking sight to behold. Bandaged heads, split lips, sore limbs, bloody noses and black eyes told the tale.

The veteran magistrate was quite a reader of character and finance for he fined the sports according to their appearance. The wealthy clubmen were soaked for $25 each while the poorer fans got off with a $5 fine.

"You know we need a little money for the winter on the island," whispered the wise judge to one of his court officers.

Less than ten years after that raid, Boss John Y. McKane was the chief promoter of a big boxing club at Coney Island, which produced a profit of many thousands of dollars for him and his satellites. How the mighty moguls change when its to their interest to do so!

This was the first and last fight that Richard K. Fox, the noted sporting publisher, ever attended in this country. He swore he would never witness another as he was fined $25 and locked up with a lot of hoodlums all night in a close cell and he kept his promise despite the fact that his paper, the *Police Gazette,* was the leading sports paper of the period.

If Judge Williams had known it was the noted publisher, he would probably have fined him $500 more, because it was common knowledge that the jurist and Fox were bitter enemies.

Letters from Readers

(*Continued from page* 40)

due credit by any really good fighter.

"The following is my opinion of how the decisions would be handed out if a battle were staged between the white fighters and the dusky warriors you named in the March issue of The Ring:

"Kid Williams and George Dixon—These would fight a draw. It's true that Dixon was classed as a Master Boxer, but, will anybody dispute the caliber of Williams as a real fighter? NO. It's true, I believe, that a real fighter will invariably whip a boxer. Williams was honestly GOOD. That is something we can't say about our present stock of fighting men. So many set-ups and frame-ups exist nowadays. Yes, these two would fight a draw.

"Terry McGovern and Kid Chocolate—The old Terry would be a *Big* favorite over the Kid. Chocolate is a flashy boxer, but 'Terrible Terry' would have taken him. He would probably have knocked the Kid out.

"Benny Leonard and Joe Gans—They most likely would have fought a draw. They were both terrific hitters. Joe Gans, classed as the Old Master, didn't really have much on Benny Leonard. Our present day fighters class Leonard as an Old Master, too. He's one of the great lightweights of our modern boxing history.

"Joe Walcott and Jack Britton—I've got to admit that Walcott would probably have beaten Britton. Walcott was a credit to his race and a real fighter. He barred no one. His nerve and courage was unsurpassable.

"Stanley Ketchell and Tiger Flowers—Ketchell would easily have beaten Tiger Flowers. Flower's record showed that he was stopped quite a number of times. Ketchell was "plenty tough." He was a powerful puncher.

"'Ruby Robert' and Sam Langford—In a long fight 'Ruby Robert' would have beaten Sam Langford. Fitz would have worn him down and eventually have planted that crafty 'shift' of his into Langford's stomach, and win by a knockout.

"The Heavyweights—In my opinion Gene Tunney would have taken a decision from Jack Johnson. Tunney's record is better than Johnson's. Tunney was *never* knocked out. Johnson was a terrific hitter, but could he hit any harder than the 'Manassa Mauler'? Tunney's defense was nearly unbeatable easily as good as Johnson's. I believe Gene would have whipped Jess Willard, and big Jess knocked the dusky warrior out. Tunney, like Johnson, was a master defensive boxer, but he was a much faster thinker than the Negro and that would have been the deciding factor."

The Clouting Brigade

(*Continued from page* 17)

Jim Jeffries doubtless possessed the strongest jaw of any of the heavyweights. It was this, that enabled him to keep in the running as long as he did. He had a heavy punch, but was by no means aggressive. Jim Corbett, then past his prime, outpointed the Boilermaker for twenty-two rounds, but was knocked out in the twenty-third when his physical powers deserted him. That performance shows how backward Jeffries was.

Another poor performance by Jeffries was when Sailor Tom Sharkey won 18 of 25 rounds from the Boilermaker, and then was declared the loser by a referee who doubtless knew it was not in the cards for Sharkey to win. Sharkey, according to my figures and those of almost every other ringside reporter, won that battle at Coney Island by a clear margin.

When Sam Langford early in his career weighed about 175 pounds and at that weight he was better than any man in the light-heavy class. He was also good enough to meet any heavyweight in the world, but like Peter Jackson, he was regarded as too dangerous by the topnotchers who wouldn't meet him. Langford had one contest with Jack Johnson previous to the latter winning the title from Tommy Burns, but after that event, Johnson declined to associate with Langford, although he signed an agreement to meet Samuel in a title bout. Langford was an excellent boxer and a very destructive hitter but he didn't want any more of Langford's punches.

Mickey Walker is doubtless the ablest light-heavyweight in the game to-day, although he seems to be determined to get into the heavyweight division. As a light-heavy, he'll knock any man kicking. Harry Ebbets and Billy Jones are worthy of attention as great hitters.

The most terrific hitter in the middleweight division was Stanley Ketchel, who met a tragic death in 1910. So far as middleweights were concerned, there were none in his day who could stand up with him.

Tommy Ryan was a great middleweight. He was a heavy hitter and a fine boxer. Papke was a slugger, and Klaus a good boxer and effective hitter.

Joe Walcott was the greatest welter in ring history. He defeated men in three classes.

Joe Gans dominated the lightweight class until illness sapped his powers, and Terry McGovern was at the top of the bantam and feather classes. Jimmy Wilde was the greatest flyweight in history.

Max Schmeling is not classed in this presentment for the reason that he has not done enough in the ring on which to base an opinion about his hitting prowess. When he has met Sharkey in a return bout, the result will be sufficient on which to judge as to his ability as a pugilist.

The most effective hitters in all classes of pugilism since Sullivan lost to Corbett, follow:

Heavyweight Class—
1—Robert Fitzsimmons; 2—Jack Dempsey; 3—James Jeffries; 4—Jack Sharkey; 5—Jack Johnson.

Light-Heavyweight Class—
1—Sam Langford; 2—Mickey Walker; 3—Jack Dillon; 4—Harry Ebbets; 5—Billy Jones.

Middleweight Class—
1—Stanley Ketchel; 2—Tommy Ryan; 3—Billy Papke; 4—Frank Klaus; 5—Young Terry.

Welterweight Class—
1—Joe Walcott; 2—Jimmy McLarnin; 3—Eddie Ran; 4—Jackie Fields; 5—Mysterious Billy Smith.

Lightweight Class—
1—Joe Gans; 2—Benny Leonard; 3—Billy Petrolle; 4—Battling Nelson; 5—Ad Wolgast.

Featherweight Class—
1—Terry McGovern; 2—Young Corbett; 3—Cal McCarthy; 4—Kid Francis; 5—Solly Smith.

Bantam Class—
1—Terry McGovern; 2—Kid Williams; 3—Al Brown; 4—Pete Sanstol; 5—Newsboy Brown.

Flyweight Class—
1—Jimmy Wilde; 2—Jackie Brown; 3—Young Perez; 4—Zulu Kid; 5—Phil Tobias.

Mexican "Baby Face"

(*Continued from page* 12)

has no cauliflower ear, he has no cuts. He owes this largely to his amazing blocking. He takes most of the punches on his arms.

Arizmendi started in Pampico at the age of ten, when he weighed only eighty pounds. And he had to fight kids scaling up to 115 pounds.

In one year Alberto gained nation wide prominence in Mexico. At the age of eleven he weighed only 100 pounds. A promoter in San Antonio put him on with Chato Laredo, flyweight champion of Mexico, who tipped the beam at 112. Arizmendi gave Chato a neat lacing.

Just now Alberto is the official bantamweight king of Mexico. He took the title away from Kid Pancho five months ago and, in the language of the boys below the border, is "Campeo de peso gallo," champion of the roosterweight class. Rooster is as close to bantam as they can get in the lingo of the Mexicans.

This kid is a crafty fighter. He adapts his style to meet the tactics of the opposition. If the other boy is a waiter, Baby will sail into him. If the foe likes to mix it at once, Baby will let him tire and then beat him down. Arizmendi can box and he can slug.

New York will like Arizmendi. He has color and, unquestionably, he has skill.

Boston's Strong Boy

(*Continued from page* 7)

following a barrage of rights and lefts with a well placed right to the jaw in the ninth round. The hand suffered no ill effects and as a result Carroll got busy with matchmakers.

Since then, Fuller has been in demand. His hitting power has been the means for getting him plenty of offers, but in his determination to get a chance at the title, he has decided to string, at least temporarily, with Jimmy Johnston, matchmaker of the Madison Square Garden of New York who, in the short space of a month, has built Sammy up into the forefront of the lightweight division.

On February 26, Sammy, picked by Ray Miller as a setup, thrilled a large gathering by coming back after a knockdown to gain the verdict over the left-hook artist. In that bout, New York saw what Bostonians have never witnessed—Sammy on the floor.

Four days later, Fuller took on Eddie Holmes at Fall River and gave him a boxing lesson. Then followed the great knockout victory over Billy Wallace and his crowning achievement in New York followed with a draw in his contest with Jackie Berg, though many, including scribes, thought Fuller had a shade. Yet a draw was welcome in the crucial test. Now Sammy is ready for Canzoneri and would also like Petrolle or Battalino.

The Trail Blazers

(*Continued from page* 32)

in the United States or Europe. We are back to the "local" stage again. Because we are concentrating on the employment of local boys without giving them worthy jobs. We import mugs, while flattering ourselves that we have potential world beaters in our own front lines. It's up to promoters to give them something decent to sharpen their claws on. If they don't rise to scratch by doing so, then they've only themselves to blame when the local stars head for the big noise and the big money. Australian fans want to see only the best outsiders.

Despite our present position on, or very near, the bottom rung of the fistic ladder, we have what are known as "great expectations." I mean, the spirit (of the fan) is willing; and I don't see that the body (pugilistic) is so very weak.

The hopes of Australian fistiana are centered round a group of young stars: Ambrose Palmer, middle and heavyweight champion; Fred Henneberry, middle; Jack Carroll and Rus Critcher, welters; Bobby Blay and Young Llew Edwards, featherweights.

And before closing an article on Australian boxing, let's just mention by name the three greatest writers the glove game has had in this country—Will Lawless ("Solar Plexus"), Jim Donald, and the late W. F. Corbett.

Boxing's Mosquito Fleet

(*Continued from page* 23)

it was so bad that it was inevitable. Thus, he fought Bud Taylor in Milwaukee while suffering from a cold, and had a fever at the time he entered the ring; he fought Willie Woods in Boston with a bad shoulder and skinned hands, and he met McLarnin with an aching jaw, and severely handicapped by three other aching wisdom teeth.

But Villa insisted on going through with the fight. "I beat heem easy, Pop," he said. "You see."

And it was an easy fight, for Villa merely tried hard enough to win the decision. He didn't extend himself a bit. McLarnin had been defeated by Bud Taylor shortly before, and Villa had decisively whipped Taylor, so he felt no doubt whatever about the outcome.

According to expert judges who were at the ringside, Villa won over McLarnin. But the referee, Bobby Johnson, awarded McLarnin the decision, and Villa accepted the verdict. This same referee awarded a decision recently to a Mexican fighter named Canto Robleto over the present Filipino topnotcher, Speedy Dado; and the day after the fight, the San Francisco *Call* gave Dado nine rounds over Robleto, with one even; the San Francisco *News* gave Dado six rounds, with one even, and the San Francisco *Chronicle* awarded Dado five rounds, three even, with two to Robleto.

I mention this, in passing, to point out that a referee's decision is not necessarily always correct, yet I am not trying to take any glory away from a great little fighter, a true sportsman—Jimmy McLarnin. Nor am I trying to find fault with the official. McLarnin got the duke, and that's all that counts.

On July 7, Villa's teeth were bothering him so much that Churchill took him to the dentist again and had three more wisdom teeth extracted. Notwithstanding the pain, the boy drew $1750. from the bank and proceeded to throw a party. He disdained the dentist's injunction to come back, the following day; neglected to care for his teeth, and indulged in a wild jamboree in his rooms at the Whitcomb Hotel.

On July 13, I received a cablegram from Manila—I was then in charge of the New York office—informing us that Pancho's wife, Gliceria, had given birth to a 9-pound boy. I relayed the good news on to San Francisco. Whitey Ekwert got the wire, and took it up to Pancho's room.

He could hear the sounds of wild revelry within; sounds of Pancho's tuneful ukulele strumming, and a more or less musical feminine voice singing, with other male and female voices joining in. Whitey knocked at the door.

No answer; the knock was drowned by the uproar from within. Somewhat annoyed, Ekwert rapped again, this time putting some muscle behind the rap. There was a lull, for an instant, and then Pancho's voice asked:

"Who's dot?"

"It's me—Whitey," Ekwert replied. "Open the door, Pancho; I've got a telegram for you with good news."

"Oh, yeah?" drawled the champion's voice. "I'm busy, now; poosh telegram under door."

Which Mr. Ekwert proceeded to do, and stormed away cursing all fighters in general, and Filipinos in particular, for their "good-time-Charleying."

On July 14, Ludwig's angina set in. I don't know who Ludwig is, nor what his angina is, either; but as near as I can understand it, it is an inflammation of the throat and larynx, caused by infection. The infection was due to Villa's neglect of the open wound caused by the extraction of his teeth. He neglected to use the disinfectants which the dentist gave him, after extracting the teeth, and the so-called Ludwig's angina, as stated above, set in.

He was ordered to the hospital that evening, but didn't go; and the following morning he was rushed to St. Mary's Hospital, for the condition had become very much aggravated.

He died on the operating table at 10 o'clock a. m., July 15, 1925.

Churchill was in Los Angeles at the time, arranging a match between Villa and Fidel La Barba. He did not consider the extraction of a few teeth anything to worry about, any more than the rest of us would; particularly since he knew that the boy was indulging in some wild parties and orgies.

And then the shocking blow!

The death of Pancho Villa—green be the grass above him!—was a terrible blow. Churchill wired me that he was quitting the fight business, heart-broken over the loss of the great little champion. When the details were announced, and his absolute blamelessness for anything connected with Villa's death brought out, I wrote him, asking him to reconsider his intention, as did a good many others. I urged Churchill to send for the best Filipino flyweight in Manila, to have this lad pick up the flaming cross, so to speak, and carry on in the memory of the great Villa. More than 100,000 persons turned out at the great public funeral in Manila. Stores were closed to give the Filipinos an opportunity to pay homage to their little departed idol.

(To be continued)

"They Never Come Back," Says Jeffries

(*Continued from page* 13)

League—the team now called Hollywood. Eddie is a close friend of the former heavyweight champion.

Jeff turned to Maier and laughed. "Eddie, you never heard this before, but I was the innocent cause of a scrap between your dad and his brother, and it ran for years.

"Your dad liked me, and when I was matched with Bob Fitzsimmons, who then was champion, your dad put a lot of money on my chances. But his brother was a red hot Fitzsimmons man. They argued and argued and finally quarreled. And then I licked Fitz. I got a double kick out of that."

About a dozen miles from the Jeffries place the writer found Jess Willard, getting ready for an exhibition tour.

Willard weighed over 250 pounds when he lost the title to Dempsey at Toledo in 1919. Now Jess scales about 300. He is a mastodon and if he intends to do some training will find it rather tough getting off weight that has been on for years.

We discovered Jess in a place called Willard's Market. He used to own it, but now he says he is broke—that he is merely an employee.

Of course, Willard has no intention of coming back. He is much too old, much too fat. And besides, Jess never was considered a great champion.

However, he may be able to make himself some money going around his part of the country exhibiting whatever remains of his former prowess and letting the boys look at Jess Willard, the man who was whipped by Dempsey.

Tales of Fighters

(*Continued from page* 11)

can't hit a blind boy—I haven't got any heart for such business.' All this went through my mind as I advanced on him at the bell. I want to say now that in all my life never was I smacked around like this Quaker blind boy belted me.

"I had met his older brother three times but 'Young' Sammy hit me more often and harder than 'Old' Sammy did in all three fights. He DIDN'T MISS ME ONCE. Never in my life was I poked around as he poked me. And the merciful punch that I was to give him never arrived. I COULDN'T find him. Jem Driscoll and Packey McFarland fooled me a lot but the shock that 'Young' Sammy Smith gave me still lingers in my memory. I made up my mind then and there that I wouldn't sympathize with my own father if he were in the opposite corner waiting for the gong to fight me. Every time I see a guy with thick goggles on, I think of 'Young' Sammy Smith, the poor boy!"

Gentleman Joe

(*Continued from page* 9)

of the Native Son.

Two years passed. By a persistent campaign, Garton had made himself the recognized contender. He had dogged Gallivan's footsteps from New York to Chicago, from Boston to Cincinnati. The champion was getting old. He was fat and flabby. A hale fellow, well met, was the New York Strong Boy. He liked his liquor and he loved it straight.

And when the wine flowed, Jim Gallivan was not one to let it flow unheeded. Many a time Mabon had to pack his champion in a bathtub of ice.

Mabon saw the handwriting on the wall. He kept picking on setups. Gallivan went on the road, knocking out yokels. But Garton kept fighting. It was Tom Haley, the Navy champion, in eight rounds in San Francisco; Johnny Chaney again in ten; and then the Big Match.

It was September in New Orleans. Summer lingered over the Mississippi and its levees, over the sunken city and its magnolias and live-oak.

They fought in a big wooden arena, in a dirt ring. Gallivan would have it thus. A relic of the bare knuckle days, Gallivan stuck to bare knuckle principles. He had made a Herculean job of training, but the old spark was gone. Gallivan knew he was up against two formidable foes—Time and Joe Garton.

But Jim Gallivan, the New York Strong Boy, put up one of the most dramatic fights in the history of the heavyweight championship. The clever Garton feinted the slow title-holder into knots. He upper-cut him unmercifully. He slashed lefts with rapier-like speed and effect. Garton lunged rights into a midriff which almost engulfed the gloved hand.

Garton danced and sparkled, while the old champion, the wine oozing out of his pores, muddled through round after round, fighting on his courage and the old spirit that had made Jim Gallivan, the New York Strong Boy, the most feared fighter and the most colorful and beloved champion.

As the fight propressed, Gallivan waned. In the eighteenth round he went down for a count of nine, his left eye cut, his body a mass of welts.

In the twentieth round Garton slashed Gallivan's lower lip. A carmine stream ran down the falling champion's face, another down his chest.

He lunged and he plunged and he staggered, while Garton weaved in and out and dealt out one of the most terrific beatings a heavyweight title-holder had taken.

In the twenty-second round Gallivan set himself and with a right to the stomach sang his swan song. Garton gasped. He swayed, then caught himself quickly and coming in with a left to the jaw, put Gallivan down again.

After that it was just a matter of time. In the thirty-first round they counted Gallivan out. Joe Garton had become the champion. The campaign started that April day behind the teller's grating in the Mission Bank had achieved success.

It was a week later. Joe found Nell in the Windsor Hotel in New York. Would she have him?

"No, Joe, you're a champion now," she said, with a forced smile. "No man can be a fight champion and divide his attention with other matters—even with a sweetheart.

"I am too jealous to accept only part-time devotion. And I would have you fight, Joe. I knew you were a fighter, and I am proud that you showed the world you are a fighter. As for me—well, I'll go back to the house in Oakland, and some day when you come back home and you feel as if you'd like to honor me with a little visit, the Hazen front door will be open to you."

Gentleman Joe left her with a sense of defeat, of frustration.

Explaining the Mat Holds

(*Continued from page* 25)

are exactly what the name implies. The Head Lock, also known as the Chancery, is gained by throwing an arm around an opponent's head.

A Wrist Lock is obtained by seizing one's wrist and circling the other arm around to secure leverage, which, as already explained, is the very foundation of wrestling.

The Head Lock often is mistaken for a strangle hold, which with the smother, a hold gained about one's mouth and face to shut off breathing, are the only ones barred in catch-as-can wrestling.

A genuine Strangle hold is one in which both arms are brought into play, the one gaining the strangle, the other assisting by forcing the opponent's head forward and intensifying the pressure of the arm twined around the neck.

The Hammerlock, a variation or completion of the Wristlock, is obtained by bending the arm wickedly behind the back.

The Double Toe Hold, in which one man sits on the other fellow's back and pulls for the shore and brings forth grunts and shouts of, "Row! Row! Row!" from the spectators, is known among the wrestling element officially as the crab. This hold causes considerable pain.

Leaving the toes and advancing up to the mid-section, the Body Scissors is the chief foe of the wrestling equator. As the name suggests, a Scissors is catching the other fellow between the legs and sealing the grip with a meshing of the toes.

At the chest, there is the "Bear Hug," which is just twining the arms around the torso and squeezing with all the ferocity of an angered bruin.

Getting up in the vicinity of the neck, there are the "Nelsons." They consist of four members—full, three quarters, half and quarter nelson. The "Full Nelson" is swinging the arms under the adversary's arm pits and bringing the hands up behind the neck. This is the only member of the "Nelsons" that is unassisted.

The others, with one hand free, are used in combination with other holds such as the Toe, Body Scissors and Grapevine, which is the hold obtained by twining one leg around the leg of your opponent.

One of the most common opening wedges for a fall, is the Flying Mare. This Flying Mare should not be confused with a Flying Headlock. The Mare, it must be remembered, is over the head. The Flying Headlock is to the side and the kickover, while worked with arm around the head. It is aided with a good, swift sock with the hip.

Once a man is thrown with one of these holds, his opponent is privileged to rush in for a finish before he gets up on his feet.

Most wrestlers, after exhausting their opponent, employ the Flying Mare, just before finishing him with the Airplane Spin. The Flying Mare is where the wrestler turns his back on his opponent, lifts his hands, grabs the head of his opponent and slaps him heavily on the canvas. He repeats this three or four times until he has his man stunned and takes all the fight out of him, then finishes him with an Airplane Slam.

In this, the weakened wrestler is placed on the shoulders of his opponent, who then twirls him around in a manner of a ballet dancer. The idea of the twirl is to ruin the sense of distance for the victim. After an airplane whirl, the victim is unable to gauge properly the distance, hence its effectiveness.

The airplane whirl is comparatively new, for it was first used about eight years ago by Ira Dern, a Western grappler. New, of course, is the tackle and shoulder smash as used by Jim McMillen, although old-timers are inclined to brand this as merely a variation of the leg dive.

For that matter it is very difficult to find anything that is purely a product of this strenuous age of wrestling. Almost every movement can be traced to some era of the past. The catch-as-catch-can, as the present style is known, is a combination Greek, Latin, Japanese, as well as certain phases of the old collar-and-elbow milling.

For instance, some of the Greco-Roman tactics are used only by Sandor Szabo, the young Hungarian. His fall backwards with a Full Nelson is one example of his European training, as well as that double lock of his opponent's arms and the quick flip over the head. Jim Londos goes in for many of the tricks of the Japanese, while of course McMillen carries the stamp "Made in America."

Schmeling vs. Sharkey

(*Continued from page 5*)

for anything of the sort that would prove annoying. Once in a while, though, something does get a bit under his skin.

There was the time, for instance, when a certain young heavyweight, with a very snappy straight left, working with the champion, stuck that left into Max's face so adeptly that the newspaper writers wrote of it at length. This printed praise caused the young man's head to swell. Soon, he was giving interviews to the scribes to the effect that, while he could handle Schmeling with ease, Max really was not as bad as he looked, the fact being that he would do well enough opposed to any ordinary boxer.

Some of the newspapermen repeated the sparring partner's remarks to Schmeling, hoping to get a rise out of him. Max merely shrugged. Apparently, it meant nothing to him. However, the next day the champion surprised everyone by giving the sparring partner concerned a thorough shellacking. As they shook hands after two rounds, Schmeling murmured:

"Your left hand not so good to-day, eh?" That was all.

So much for Schmeling. Now what about Sharkey? Well, he is more orthodox in his training methods than the champion. Jack is a conscientious worker, who always puts himself in fine shape, though training is pretty much of a bore to him. For one reason, it takes him away from his wife and children. The only time Jack really enjoys himself when absent from the family circle is when he goes on a hunting or fishing trip.

Whereas Schmeling does no road work in the accepted sense, Sharkey seldom fails to start the day with a hike of from six to ten miles. His faithful trainer, Tony Polozzolo, who has been with him for six years, rouses Sharkey shortly before seven o'clock and without wasting any time they hit the trail. Tony tells me that he and Jack have a record of 27 consecutive mornings on the road, regardless of the state of the weather. That was while the challenger was getting ready for his fight with Jim Maloney.

As already remarked, heavyweights sometimes are heavy feeders. Sharkey is anything but that. In fact, he probably stows away less food while training than any other leading heavyweight. For breakfast Jack takes some fruit, a couple of soft boiled eggs and a bit of toast. He eats no lunch and even his dinner probably would leave the average man unsatisfied. After his boxing workout Jack may make himself a ham sandwich and drink a bottle of ale. He regards ale as very helpful after a hard drill.

When he is quartered at a camp in the country, Sharkey finds his chief entertainment in playing cards. Pinochle is his favorite game, except when his manager, Johnny Buckley, is playing. With Buckley in the game, Sharkey favors hearts, because he gets a tremendous kick out of sticking his manager with the queen of spades. Sharkey always has a little help in the hearts game, because he makes certain that Polozzolo, who is loyal in all things, is placed in a spot where smart teamwork between them is certain to make it tough on Buckley.

One fault that some critics find with Sharkey's training, is his disposition to retain the same sparring partners for each fight. Thus, it is claimed, they become so familiar with each other's style that each knows every move the other will make and the glove practice is of little real value.

The best argument against that contention is the fact that Sharkey almost invariably turns in a masterful piece of boxing when he gets into the ring for a real fight. His troubles have been due to displays of temperament, rather than to lack of mechanical perfection.

One of Jack's complaints is that he cannot obtain high-class sparring partners, regardless of the fact that he will pay as high as $50 a day for help. One reason is that Sharkey sometimes becomes rather enthusiastic in his sparring work and is likely to smash up his helper considerably. The Bostonian is easily roused to fighting pitch and he does not like to appear to be getting the worst of it from some inferior boxer. Thus, if the sparring partner connects with a punch that draws applause from the crowd Jack is very likely to cut loose and make the other fellow pay dearly for his bit of lese majesty.

Most of the heavyweights like to do their training far from the hum and activity of a big city. Not Sharkey. If Jack could have his way he never would pitch his camp in the country. He likes to train in New York where he and Mrs. Sharkey can go to the theater almost every night. Jack trained in New York for his fight with Jack Dempsey and in my opinion he was in better shape when he stepped into the ring with the old Manassa Mauler than at any other time before or since.

Though their training methods differ sharply, you may be sure of one thing—that each will be in first-class shape for the battle of his life when they resume the feud that ended so unsatisfactorily a couple of years ago.

Perhaps no heavyweight fighter of note ever followed his own ideas so fully in training as Gene Tunney, though John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett and Jim Jeffries at times refused to take advice from their trainers.

Tunney had an absolute disregard for the opinions of others and it must be admitted that he proved his own ideas had unusual merit. In that he seldom appeared impressive against his sparring partners Tunney was like Schmeling. In his preference for using the same sparring partners for every fight he was much like Sharkey.

Tunney was a great one for solitude. Sometimes he would steal away from his camp to a secluded cabin, to remain there for a day or so with only one companion and a few books. Gene's idea was that if he did not feel like boxing he was under no obligations to do so merely to give the boxing scribes something to write about or to afford entertainment for those who came to his camp to see him box. Tunney never charged admission to his workouts, so that he would be free of any obligation to give the customers a show.

Current Wrestling Gossip

(*Continued from page 26*)

Freddy Grubmeir, and several other pinned the huge Choctaw Indian. Contrary to reports, Roebuck was not undefeated before meeting Pinetzki. The month also saw the debut—an impressive one—of "Century" Milstead of Yale. He clicked in his Garden start.

* * *

That old veteran, John Pesek, the Nebraska Tiger, is now busy stopping the comebacks of former stars. He pinned Joe Stecher and Wladek Zbyszko.

That brings to mind the fact that Stanislaus, the elder of the Zbyszko brothers, celebrated his birthday on April 7 by starting a vigorous campaign to get back into public favor. Stan claims he is only fifty, but records indicate that he passed the half century mark. All of which proves one is never too old to wrestle.

* * *

Carl Pojello showed his old time form in pinning the clever Count Zarynoff in half an hour in Philadelphia.

* * *

Wong Bok Cheung, a good Chinese heavyweight, has been showing to advantage in the East. He is an attraction, and a pleasing performer.

Others who have come along at a fast clip recently are John (Casey) Kazanjian, former Stanford University athlete; Jim Browning, the Verona, Mo., scissors king; Fred Grubmeir, hook-scissors specialist from Iowa; Everett Marshall, the Colorado star and Hans Kampfer of Germany who has been showing in the Mid-West.

* * *

Jack Curley, America's foremost promoter, the man who has brought wrestling back into popularity, is planning to invade Europe again next summer with the hopes that he may be able to pick up several stars to bolster his shows next winter. Leave it to Jack to find 'em.

* * *

Jack Sherry, the mainstay of the Herman-Browser camp, is worthy of a chance at the leading talent. He is a good wrestler and a credit to the sport.

Cradles of Boxing

(*Continued from page 37*)

and repeated with left to mouth, drawing first blood. In close both used uppercuts, Dan's being the more effective. When they closed, Kelly was wrestled down, thus ending the round.

The second saw Kelly again score to head with his left, but he was sharply countered and forced to back away. He threw a wild right and went down from the force of his own blow. Kerrigan got the worst of the third, but threw his man. The fourth saw him out in front. He opened Kelly's cheek and gave him such a mussing that bets of $100 to $25 on Danny found no takers. As usual he threw Kelly.

Kerrigan took the 5th and 6th, each time throwing his opponent, but in the 7th he was outpointed and tossed himself. Kelly won the 8th and 9th, but Dan rallied in the 10th. In the next canto, Kerrigan went to his knees from a right slam to head, and was banged again while in that position. There was a howl of "foul." Kelly was warned to be careful.

As the mill proceeded, though Kerrigan had the better of it at close quarters, several times he went down, and once again was slammed while on his knees. This brought another warning to Kelly. "You hit him again while he is down and you will lose," declared the referee. But, in the 23rd, Kerrigan was again swatted while down.

Dan closed one of Jim's eyes in the next stanza, and in the 25th began to move right out in front. In a hot mix he was sent to grass, and Kelly, wild with rage and excitement, smashed him with a heavy right to the face.

Again there was a bellow of "Foul!" "Foul!" The bout was stopped for a moment and the officials consulted. Grew, Kelly's umpire, agreed with Kerrigan's representative, that a foul had occurred. "I did not see it," asserted Godfrey, thereby setting an example which on occasions has been followed by referees ever since.

"As you two say Kerrigan was fouled, and are in agreement, there is nothing for me to do but declare Kelly the loser." So Kelly was so declared, the same amid a howl of protest from his henchmen, and the cheers of the Kerrigan party.

There was some tough looks and tough talk, but that's all that came of it. Kelly was out his $1,000 and his backers their money. The muss had lasted 45 minutes. Reading between the lines of this old-time fray, it looked none too good. Seemingly from the start, Kelly was in line for a plucking, and he got it.

The decision given, Kerrigan was willing to renew the mill, or, as a matter of technique, fight another fight. The basis was to be $1,000 to $600, but the sore and disgruntled Kelly refused.

Along with their sheriff, all agreed that the mill was an entire success. From their angle, it was indeed, a corker.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM OREGON

By GORDON M. CONNELLY

PORTLAND NEWS. Joe "Ballyhoo" Waterman featured a thrilling card when Goldie Hess, 134½, Los Angeles slugger, pummeled his way to a decision over Young Roy Ockley, Portland schoolboy, in six. Doc Snell, crafty Seattle veteran, took a close nod from Frankie Erne, 139¾, Los Angeles, in six. Manuel "Tiger" Davila, 154, defeated Dave Humes, 156, Portland, in six. The broken left wrist of Al Mustola, 121½, cost that Fin a bout to Young Clever Sencio, 123, Manila, in six.

Doc Snell disposed of Eddie Volk in five rounds. Tony Portillo nodded Johnny Spencer in six. Red Barber, Seattle middleweight, chilled "Wildman" Pat O'Hannigan, Los Angeles, in four. Al Mustola decisioned Buddy Thornton, Portland bantamweight, in four. Andy Bundy, bright Negro prospect, stopped Joey Morgan, New York featherweight, in three.

Fred Lenhart, 179½, Elk, Washington, beat George Gilstrap, 172, St. Maries, Idaho, in six. Neil Kilbane, 159½, Tacoma, and Red Barber, 160½, Seattle, drew in six. Andy Bundy, 128½ Oakland, floored Johnny Hall, 125, Portland, for a kayo in one. Pat O'Day, 126½, Albina, defeated Johnny Garvey, Los Angeles favorite, in four. Turkey Red Yarnell, 158¾, Eugene, beat Red Stanley, Longview, in four. Johnny Snell, 125, Portland, won a T. K. O. over Stanley Strong, Portland, in two. Ray Morgan, 157, local bonus victor, outslugged Harold Westover, Portland, for "best fight prize."

At Marshfield Leo Lomski, Portland heavyweight boxer and wrestler, outpointed Jimmy Byrne, Myrtle Point, in six.

SEATTLE AND TACOMA

FREDDY STEELE, Tacoma welterweight, returned to the ring last month after a six months' layoff, and scored victories over Lee Page, New York Negro; Matt Calo, San Francisco; Bobby Vincent, Oklahoma and Freddie Goldstein, New York. Calo is one of the best boys on the coast.

Results of fight cards in Seattle and Tacoma follow: In Tacoma: Fred Lenhart, claimant of Pacific Coast light-heavy title, kayoed Gene O'Grady, of Kent, in five rounds. Neil Kilbane, Tacoma middle, T. K. O.ed Davey Humes, of Port Angeles, in five in the semi-final. Les Bain, Tacoma, 130 lbs., beat Clarence Corpuz, of Portland, in six. Petie Miller, 135 lbs., beat Johnny Garvey, of Portland, in four.

In Seattle: Freddy Steele won a six-round decision over Lee Page. Fred Lenhart kayoed Mike Arnold, of Denver, in two in the semi-final. Young Battling Nelson, of Walla Walla, boxed a six-round draw with Wildcat Carter, Seattle Negro lightweight in six.

In Tacoma—Freddy Steele, outslugged Matt Calo, Frisco, in six. Petie Miller beat Pastor Calope in six. Al Citrino, Frisco feather, beat Tommy Santos, brother of Sammy in four. Jimmy Evans beat Allen Franks in a rematch and Jack Kracken, Norwegian heavy, kayoed Joe Schafer.

Picked at Random—Abbie Israel, flashy Seattle bantam, is the best prospect in the northwest. Abie is only 18 years old. Easterners—watch this kid.

Freddie Steele, Tacoma welterweight, has "It." He has beaten such outstanding boxers as Matt Calo and Tony Portillo. He has lost but one decision in over 60 bouts, to Portillo. Freddy is 19. Portillo, Seattle welter, is matched to fight Steele again. Tony is still young and rates plenty high. Jimmy Britt, another Tacoma 147 pounder, has a lot of class. Henry Woods, 17 year old Yakima Negro featherweight sensation, is rated a better prospect than Wildcat Carter was in his heydey. Don Fraser, Spokane Scot, keeps rolling along. Leo Lomski, former 175 pound contender, has turned wrestler.

In Tacoma—Abie Israel, Seattle bantam, knocked out Jimmy DeLeon, Sacramento Filipino.

Have you fight fans looked into THE RING Magazine's book library? Better look because there are a lot of good books you should have.

FRISCO LEFT HOOKS

By J. MALDONADO

"CHARLEY COOK," with his heavyweight, Joe Sekyra and his bag of tricks, showed twice at Dreamland Auditorium. Sekyra stopped Le Roy Haynes in the seventh round and was outpointed in ten by Fred Lenhart, of Tacoma.

"Speedy" Dado was given an unearned decision over Baby Arizmendi in ten rounds at Stockton.

The welterweight situation is in the air. Young Corbett, III, and Jimmy Evans top the list. They are the two best boys in the state and should be matched.

Young Sport, Tuffy Pierpont, Al Robinson, Auggie Curtis, Angelo Fuste, Eddie Ceresole, and Sally Macias, all real flyweights, are out for the flyweight title. Lee Ramage, of San Diego, is the heavyweight champion of the state.

Jimmy Evans won over Paulie Walker in a sensational battle at Hollywood. Jimmy Hannah was given an unpopular decision over Sammy James at the Golden Gate Arena. Andy Divodi won over Tommy Herman at Stockton. This marks Divodi's fifth straight win since he has been under the management of Frank Tabor.

Joe Conde, (El Dandy) is laid up with a bum duke, but Paddy Ryan says that his Mexican jumping bean will be ready for action shortly.

Bobby Gray, of San Jose, won a decision from Baby "Tiger" Flowers, of Omaha, Neb., at San Jose. The crowd booed the verdict. Jimmy Farr hit Shorty Mylke with a wild swing in the first and Shorty went to sleep.

Tony Gardini lost an unpopular decision to Charley Minnina, Johnny Freeman demonstrated punching ability to San Jose fight fans when he walloped Manuel Vasquez into submission in the third round.

Young Corbett, III, won over Cerafino Garcia, Filipino welterweight, at the Olympic Auditorium. Earl Mann, manager of fighters who fight, has returned to the fistic starlight. He has Wesley Ketchell, a light-heavy, and Millio Milletti, of Omaha, Neb.

In Los Angeles, Fidel LaBarba won over Varias Milling, in ten rounds at the Hollywood Bowl. Jimmy Evans won over Paulie Walker, of New York, at the Hollywood Bowl in a ten-round main event.

Joey Silver has quit the fight game.

Jimmy Evans gave David Velasco a trouncing in ten rounds at the Hollywood Bowl. Evans, a San Francisco boy, has become a great favorite with Los Angeles fight fans.

A newcomer here is Chris McArdle, a featherweight from the North West. McArdle boasts of a win over Joe Calder, tough rugged Filipino.

Southern promoters are dickering for the services of Joe Conde, (El Dandy) and it looks like his opponent will be Fidel LaBarba.

Tiger Jack Payne is under the management of Paddy Ryan, and several good fights are under way for him.

A fight between Auggie Curtis and Al Robinson would be a humdinger.

Promoters, attention! "Speedy" Clayton is one of the best junior lightweights in the state of California. Why doesn't any of the junior lightweights want to fight him? Come on promoters. How about Varias Milling, Joe Conde, Pinto DeSa, Bobby Gray or even Fidel LaBarba for Clayton?

A new light-heavyweight will be with us in the near future. He is Larkin Colley, champion of the state of Oklahoma, and this baby is a puncher.

Tommy Cello, former lightweight, is now one of the best managers on the coast. His stable includes Kenny Austin, Tony Gardini, Billy Boggs Archie Forsom, Nate Fletcher, Kerry Villafour Angelo Fuste, Punching Villa, Eddie Johnson, Al Abono and Sol Promeso.

Gabriel Lavasse is a future Jack Dempsey and a sweet prospect. Mark my word, within two years this lad will be sitting on top of the heavyweight throne.

Vincent Morris, Dan Drew's colored puncher, since turning pro, has never tasted defeat. It looks like this 122-pound youngster will go places.

Promoters, fight managers and fighters for information on conditions here, get in touch with the writer at 923 Union Street, San Francisco.

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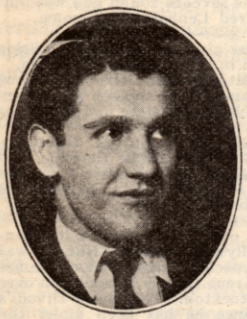
A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN



ACTION in the various divisions were well distributed last month. From heavyweights to flyweights, the action was intense. The fight in which Carnera beat McCorkindale and the Ramage-Hamas bout featured the activity. Primo Carnera is still enjoying success in Europe. He kayoed George Cook and whipped Don McCorkindale. Lee Ramage, Pacific Coast youngster, stepped into the limelight through his victory over Steve Hamas. Maxey Rosenbloom took a workout at the expense of Stanley Wellise. Sammy Kid Slaughter surprised by whipping Dave Shade. Jackie Fields scored knockouts over Pee Wee Jarrell and Leslie Baker.

Jackie Kid Berg and Sammy Fuller battled to a draw and whether it was known or not, they were fighting for the junior-welterweight title but Berg retained his title in getting a draw. Billy Petrolle stopped Battling Battalino in that epic battle which ended in the final round. Tony Canzoneri scored over Ray Kiser in an overweight match. Kid Chocolate defended his junior-lightweight title successfully against Davey Abad. Frankie Wallace stepped into fast company through his victory over Freddy Miller. Varias Milling disposed of Earl Mastro in the ninth round. Midget Wolgast drew with Young Pancho. Paulino Uzcudun stopped Jack Gagnon in seven rounds.

In the other heavyweight battles of the month, Paulino Uzcudun disposed of Jack Gagnon in seven rounds. Tony Galento kayoed Arthur De Kuh in four heats. Hein Muller kayoed Bob Carvill in eight rounds and was beaten by Don McCorkindale. K. O. Christner whipped Joe Doctor, lost to Eddie Simms and was kayoed by Bob Moody in six. Simms disposed of Gene Stanton in the third.

Maxey Rosenbloom heads the list of light-heavyweights with a non-titular victory over Stanley Wellise and Lew Scozza. Billy Jones kayoed Frankie Wine and Wally Sears. Bob Godwin whipped Eric Lawson and Willie Oster. Yale Okun defeated Harry Smith. Fred Lenhart scored over Joe Sekyra, Jimmy Flinker and George Gilstrap and kayoed Gene O'Grady in five and Mike Arnold in two rounds. Tony Shucco won over Jimmy Britt. Jack Delaney kayoed Cowboy Frank Willis in three rounds, and Leo Williams in one. George Manley whipped Jimmy Hannah.

Al Ettore kayoed Rattle Kitchline in seven rounds. Clyde Chastian kayoed Ray Tramblie in eight rounds and whipped Willie Oster. Roy Wallace defeated Charley Arthurs and Buck Easterling.

Sammy Kid Slaughter heads the list in the middleweight division with a decision over Dave Shade, and a three-round knockout over Howard Webb. Vince Dundee scored over Johnny Oakey. Frank Battaglia kayoed My Sullivan in two rounds. Gorilla Jones whipped Bud Saltis and kayoed Chuck Burns in three rounds. Larry Marinucci was beaten by Chick Devlin and Gordon Donahue. Jack Kilbourne, the Australian, kayoed Ray Tramblie in four rounds and Haakon Hansen in three rounds, and was beaten by Dave Shade.

Angel Cliville kayoed Tiger Joe West in five rounds and defeated Humberto Curi. Henry Firpo scored over Roy Williams. Enzo Fiermonte kayoed Freddy Kelly in one round and defeated Jack Kiernan. Vincent Sereci kayoed Johnny Holmes in eight rounds. Marty Sampson whipped Eddie Murdock. Jack McAvoy was beaten by Paul Pirrone and Al Trainor. Len Harvey scored over Jack McAvoy. Ignacio Ara whipped Carlo Meroni and kayoed French Dubois in seven rounds.

Matt Rice kayoed Joe Moresco in three rounds, Mike Collins two rounds and defeated Babe Marshall. Joe La Grey won over Guy Salerno. Manny Davis scored knockouts over Billy Kohut in one round and Joe Zelinsky three rounds. Tommy Freeman won over Billy Shell. Eddie Kid Whalen won from Izzy Grove. Jack Charnez defeated Ray Tramblie. Rudy Marshall kayoed Snowflake Wright in three rounds and Leo Larrivee whipped Sam Bruce.

Jackie Fields, welterweight champion, kayoed Leslie Baker and Pee Wee Jarrell. Jarrell scored over Art Champaign. Young Corbett won over Cerefino Garcia and David Velasco. Lou Brouillard defeated Johnny Indrisano. Vincent Hambright kayoed Eddie Marks in one round and lost to Teddy Yarosz. Hy Diamond whipped Eddie Ran. Morrie Sherman won from Phil Rafferty. Benny Leonard whipped Mike Sarko and Buster Brown. Andy Di Vodi won from Tommy Herman.

Jimmy Evans whipped David Velasco and lost to Vearl Whitehead. Jay Macedon was beaten by Franta Nekolny and Ralph Lenny. Joey Goodman scored over Billy Townsend. Babe Marino kayoed Andy Saviola in four rounds. Charley Cobb whipped Young Jack Thompson and lost to Paulie Walker. Jackie Purvis kayoed Jimmy Lundy in five rounds and won on a foul from Tiger Roy Smith in five. Mushy Callahan won from Ralph Chong. Frankie Petrolle kayoed Jackie Shupack in six rounds and Mickey Biss in three. Sammy Mandell whipped Eddie Foster. Emil Rossi scored over Jack McCarthy. Jimmy Phillips kayoed Eddie Moore in two rounds.

Jimmy Owens lost to Tony Herrera and was kayoed by Joe Trabor, Eddie Kid Wolfe whipped Lou Avery. Jack Portney defeated Stumpy Jacobs and Louis Jallos. Steve Haliako scored over Len Porter. Don Fraser whipped Goldie Hess. Manuel Quintero kayoed Johnny Coogan in two rounds and Young Lefty whipped Billy Lynch.

In the bantamweight ranks, Speedy Dado heads the list of contenders. He whipped Abie Israel. Israel kayoed Young Clever Sencio in three rounds. Eugene Huat won over Len Beynon. Young Tommy kayoed Frankie Genaro in three heats. Emile Pladner whipped George Ostrow. Willie Davies whipped Tony Marino but lost to Ross Fields. Mose Butch kayoed Lew Franklin in three rounds. Art Giroux won from George Holmes. Britt Gorman defeated Vale Falegano. Bobby Leitham disposed of Routier Parra in nine rounds. Jimmy Mack scored over Benny Britt. Rudoplh Teglia won over Chato Laredo. Pedro Lorenzo scored over Willie Cubic, Frankie Bauman and kayoed Sammy Russo.

Midget Wolgast went to a draw with Young Pancho in the flyweight class. Young Perez kayoed Parigi in eight rounds and won over Metzner. Babe Triscaro defeated Marty Gold, Johnny Edwards and kayoed Jackie Light in one round. Valentin Anglemann scored over Mickey McGuire.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL

The following are my ratings for the month ending April 21:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
World's Champion Max Schmeling	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	Title Vacant	World's Champion Jackie Fields	World's Champion Jackie Kid Berg
1—Jack Sharkey	George Nichols	Marcel Thil	Billy Petrolle	Billy Petrolle
2—Ernie Schaaf	Dave Maier	Vince Dundee	Young Corbett	Sammy Fuller
3—Primo Carnera	Joe Knight	Frank Battaglia	Lou Brouillard	Battling Battalino
4—Mickey Walker	Adolph Heuser	Sammy Slaughter	Jimmy McLarnin	Manuel Quintero
5—Max Baer	Bob Godwin	Dave Shade	Johnny Indrisano	Tony Herrera
6—King Levinsky	George Courtney	Gorilla Jones	King Tut	Eddie Kid Wolfe
7—Lee Ramage	Billy Jones	Jack Kilbourne	Teddy Yarosz	Bobby Mays
8—Charley Retzlaff	Harry Ebbets	Chick Devlin	Hy Diamond	Steve Haliako
9—Steve Hamas	Lew Scozza	Young Terry	Eddie Ran	Jack Portney
10—Paulino Uzcudun	Yale Okun	Ben Jeby	Morrie Sherman	Pete Nebo

Lightweights	Junior-Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Kid Chocolate	Title Vacant	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Billy Petrolle	Tracey Cox	Nel Tarleton	Speedy Dado	Midget Wolgast
2—Sammy Fuller	Benny Bass	Varias Milling	Pete Sanstol	Young Pancho
3—Battling Battalino	Al Foreman	Fidel La Barba	Young Tommy	Young Perez
4—Lew Massey	Roger Bernard	Lew Feldman	Newsboy Brown	Babe Triscaro
5—Wesley Ramey	Joey Costa	Frankie Wallace	Vidal Gregario	Valentin Anglemann
6—Battling Gizzy	Petey Sarron	Baby Arizmendi	Emile Pladner	Jackie Brown
7—Harry Dublinsky	Davey Abad	Eddie Shea	Eugene Huat	Phil Tobias
8—Johnny Jadick	Joe Ghnouly	Kid Francis	Ross Fields	Mariano Arilla
9—Young Firpo	Maurice Holtzer	Johnny Pena	Jackie Wilson	Mickey McGuire
10—Tony Falco	Tony Sciolino	Tommy Paul	Mose Butch	Maurice Huguenin

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Tony Canzoneri, topping the lightweight ranks, whipped Ray Kiser. Billy Petrolle kayoed Battling Battalino in the twelfth round of their bout. Lew Massey stopped Harry Dublinsky in four rounds and won over Johnny Gaito. Wesley Ramey scored over Battling Gizzy. Johnny Jadick defeated Pat Igo. Tony Falco disposed of Frank Bojorski in six rounds. Young Firpo scored over Joey Costa and Costa drew with Steve Smith. Maxie Strub lost to Orie Mosher and then stopped him in seven rounds.

Eddie Cool kayoed Bobby Burns in five rounds. Barney Ross whipped Frankie Hughes. Joey Ferrando won from Al Ridgway. Battling Shaw stopped Ervin Berlier in eight rounds. Eddie Mack kayoed Buck Fielding in five rounds. Frankie Carlton defeated Johnny Gonzales and Frank Marchese. Harry Carlton whipped Herman Folins. Cecil Payne whipped Jackie Pilkington. Pilkington drew with Willie Siegel who defeated Eddie Reilly. Eddie Anderson won from Tony Legouri. Prince Saunders scored over Mickey Genaro. Irish Bobby Brady kayoed Benny Brostoff and Young McManus. Jimmy Slavin whipped Joe La Fauci and disposed of Jack Rudko in seven rounds.

Kid Chocolate retained his junior lightweight crown against the attack of Davey Abad. Benny Bass kayoed Mickey Doyle in two rounds and Young Zazzerino in five. Zazzerino drew with Johnny Toye. Tracey Cox kayoed Mickey Cohen in seven rounds, Eddie Cerda two rounds and defeated Santiago Zorilla. Roger Bernard whipped Midget Mike O'Dowd. Joe Ghnouly scored over Johnny Kaiser. Mickey Gelb whipped Battling Bulahan. Chico Cisneros defeated Vernon Cormier.

Earl Mastro is through. The former star featherweight was stopped in the ninth round by Varias Milling. Baby Arizmendi scored over Young Tommy. Freddy Miller whipped Johnny Kaiser but lost to Frankie Wallace. Fidel La Barba whipped Max Tarley. Tommy Paul scored over Bushy Graham. Kid Francis defeated Eugene Huat in Paris. Johnny Datto kayoed Paul Wangley in three rounds and Wilbur Chevalier in seven. Wangley kayoed Spud Murphy in three rounds.

Mariano Arilla whipped Jose Mendiola. Phil Tobias kayoed Battling Ramos in two rounds. Maurice Huguenin kayoed Schaeffer of Germany in two rounds. Frankie Donnelly defeated Ernie Maurer and Matty Mattison. Freddy Lattanzio whipped Earl Duquette.

The ten best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Archie Person, Detroit, Mich.
Bantamweight—Pedro Lorenzo, Cuba.
Featherweight—Abie Levine, New York City
Junior-Lightweight—Charley Rhodes, Memphis, Tenn.
Lightweight—Mickey Borelli, Hillside, N. J.
Junior-Welterweight — Jimmy Manginelli, New York City.
Welterweight—Billy Buck Boyle, Hillside, N. J.
Middleweight—Matt Rice, Gilbertson, Pa.
Light-Heavyweight—Izzy Singer, New York City.
Heavyweight—Eddie Odle, Phoenix, Ariz.

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SOUTH JERSEY AND DELAWARE NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLO

IT certainly is encouraging to see boxing back again at the Convention Hall, Camden. Jack Laken is the matchmaker and he intends to give the fans plenty of action.

Johnn Lucas, Camden's lightweight star, has been taken over by Max "Boo Boo" Hoff. Sailor Everham, Kensington featherweight, made a big hit in Atlantic City. Lew Hardcastle, Atlantic City's idol, has just returned home after a trip to Florida.

Baby Joe Gans knocked out Ritchie Martell in Atlantic City. Johnny Rossi of Atlantic City defeated Georgie Kelly in the semi.

The small clubs in such towns as Millville, Vineland, Paulsboro, Egg Harbor have been closed for some time. No doubt they will come to life with the coming of the open air season.

According to rumors, Wilmington will have two open air clubs this summer. The 40 & 8 American Legion were the past promoters of open air boxing at Shellpot Park.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

THE Arena promoters have had a tough time of it here, so far as boxing is concerned. They have been going in the red all season. Wrestling is the only thing that pays; they draw on a average of $1800 per show.

In the annual boxing show staged by the American Legion, Johnny Oakey, local middle, lost to Vince Dundee in ten rounds. Oakey started well, winning the first two rounds. In the third, the battle turned, Dundee came on to win every round but the ninth, which was even. Oakey gave the Trenton fans a great bout, but class and experience were too much for him. In the semi, Puggie Snyder of Vineland won on a technical knockout in the fifth round, when Eddie Marks, of Perth Amboy, could not continue because of a damaged right hand. Ray MacGuire added another knockout to his list, when he stopped Gene Gross in the first round. Both are of Trenton.

Larry Crabtree, heavy of Plainboro, scored a knockout over William Mason of Long Branch in the second round.

Kid Lewis stopped Roy Starling in the third round. Both of these boys are of Roebling.

Bushy Brooks won over Sid Berkowitz in a four-round bout. Young Skitt of Yardville won over Fritz Schmeling of Princeton in a four-rounder.

Ralph Fulton of Trenton, who fights under his own name, Al Mangie, out of town, won a six-rounder over Lew Searles of Philadelphia, at the Phila Arena.

Jackie Reilly, up and coming middleweight of Burlington, is getting his camp ready for training for this coming summer. This camp is located at Sylvan Lakes, half way between Trenton and Philadelphia. Many Trenton and Philadelphia boxers worked there last season. Reilly expects a larger patronage than he had the past season.

Young Terry, Trenton Buzz-saw, is tuning up for a busy summer campaign. He has a number of bouts billed for Jersey clubs. Terry is a fine drawing card.

DELAWARE DOPE
By DAN McVEY

LEW MASSEY took a decision over Johnny Lucas, but the cash customers were not satisfied with the verdict and booed the judges loud and long. Al Tendler hammered Billy Ritchie all over the place to take the nod.

Duke Devise scored an easy win when he smacked Harry Kid Gutherie for a loop in the first round. Georgie Mullins knocked out Willie Schultz after the latter floored him for the counts of two and seven, and Solly Burman won over Tony Fargo.

Joe Smallwood upset some more dope when he trimmed Tommy Rios. Rios was figured to win by most of the wise boys. Johnny O'Donnell is yelling for a chance to get even with Smallwood who gave his charge, Young Ketchell, a sweet lacing a few weeks ago. Joe later almost lost to Bob Turner, of Portsmouth, at Salisbury, Md. The judges called it a draw. This makes the third time these two have battled to a draw.

Gene Moret, highly touted light-heavy from Washington, failed to click when Earl Mooney polished him off in four heats. Jimmy Stewart drew with Johnny Craven; Duke Devise and Spike Hemlock battled a fast and furious draw, and Earl Blackwell lost to Mike DeMalis.

Eddie Faris threw just too many gloves in Buck Johnston's direction and Buck was knocked out.

Mickey Tedone, of New York, is back in town after a long lay-off, and is ready to mingle with anyone the promoters pick. He will be remembered for his game stand with Frankie Wells. They hold one apiece over each other. I would hate to miss this rubber.

George Godfrey splattered poor old Bob Lawson all over the canvas with a couple of good punches after toying with his prey for a round and a half. We are about fed up with this sort of thing. Bob Turner, who held Joe Smallwood to a draw, punched out an easy victory over Happy Jack McCarthy and the fans are still wondering what makes that guy happy. Larry Wagner won over Joe Bollino in a slow bout. Georgie Mullins won over Walter Slinko and Al Jones and Al Daley fought a draw.

Benny Bass had little difficulty in disposing of Mickey Doyle, of Pittston, Pa., in two rounds. Young Goldie came very near grabbing the decision over Al Diamond, of Paterson. Mickey Tedone, of New York, substituted at the last minute and earned a draw with the flashy Duke Devise in another six. Georgie Mullins got a draw with Bill Collins. Red Wilos, Mike Kearns' heavy protege, looked very good stopping Roy Blemis in the four-round opener.

Joe Smallwood injured his hand in the first round at Jimmy Toppi's club and dropped the decision to Sailor Pulaski. This was his first defeat in nineteen months.

HOLYOKE, MASS., NEWS
By GEORGE "KID" ROSS

FRANKIE CARLTON, of New Jersey, won his tenth straight victory at the Valley Arena by beating Johnny Gonzales, a Mexican from California, in ten rounds. Carlton had Gonzales down in the first round. Battling Archie, of Hartford, Conn., won on a technical knockout in the first round over Steve Ketchell, of Haverhill, Mass. Archie's straight right cut Ketchell's lip to his chin. Ruby Greenberg, of New York, stopped Al Gauthier, of Ludlow, Mass., in the fourth round. Gauthier's second tossed in the towel after he had been down three times. Billy O'Brien won over Charlie Pepe, of Springfield, Mass., by a knockout in the first round, and Alex Plazza, of Springfield, won over Steve Sopowski, of Granby, Mass.

Battling Archie, of Hartford, Conn., knocked out Norman Conrad, of Wilston, N. H., in the fourth round. This was Archie's third straight kayo here.

Art Chapdelaine, of Springfield, Mass., won a ten-round decision over Stanley Winneryk, of Lawrence, Mass. It was Chappie's first victory over Winneryk in four starts. Ruby Bradley, of Holyoke, Mass., had the better of his fight with Gene Bianco, of Lynn, Mass., despite the official decision against him. Al Annone, of Springfield, Mass., lost a decision to Brownie Tucker, of Hartford, Conn., in a four-rounder. Charlie Pepe, of Springfield, Mass., won over Bobby Girouard, of Nashua, N. H., in the opener.

Norman Conrad, of Wilston, N. H., turned the tables on Battling Archie, of Hartford, Conn., when he knocked him out in the eighth round of a return bout at the Arena.

Jerry Emard, pride of Holyoke, in the lightweight class, won the semi-final over Al Gauthier, of Ludlow, Mass., by a kayo in the fifth round. Eddie Reed, of Hartford, Conn., won a four-round technical kayo over Emil Marquis, of Nashua, N. H. Billy O'Brien, of Springfield, Mass., was given a disputed decision over Charlie Pepe, of Springfield, in a four-rounder. This was their fourth meeting. Maxie Carson, of Holyoke, Mass., won a four-round decision over Al Celentano, of Hartford, Conn., in a four-rounder.

In spite of conditions, Holyoke Arena is packing them in weekly at popular prices, by giving the fans action. This year's schedule for the Arena is Monday, boxing; Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, roller skating; Friday, wrestling and Saturday, roller skating.

Pittsfield: Jerry Emard, of Holyoke, Mass., won a decision over Tommy Romano, of Albany, N. Y., in eight rounds. The main bout of ten rounds was between Bert Tubbs, of England, and Canada Lee, of New York, and was stopped by Referee Kent, of North Adams, Mass., in the fifth round, and called no contest. Eddie Jessup, of Waterbury, Conn., was awarded a decision over Eddie Gates, of Pittsfield, Mass. Joe Vignali, of Waterbury, Conn., won over Young Ziggy, of Great Barrington, Mass., in a six-rounder.

Referee Jack Watson was given quite a little space in the last month's RING, owing to the O'Brien vs. Jones fiasco. He is well worthy of it, as he is a square arbiter, and understands the fine points of the game. He was a boxer and instructor before taking up the refereeing end.

WILKES-BARRE NOTES
By HUGH A. CARR

VINCE DUNDEE, younger brother of the former welterweight champ, made his debut here by winning a decisive victory over Johnny Ketchell, Chester, in the main go before a large crowd at the Armory, A. C. Although Ketchell was dangerous at all times, there was no doubt about the verdict.

Johnny Helstein, Carbondale lightweight, displayed a kayo wallop when he disposed of Tony Liberto, York, in the fifth round. Johnny Lopaskey, Harvey's Lake slugger, kayoed Eddie Tray, Allentown, in less than a minute in the first round. Adam Gayeski, Glen Lyon youth, is improving with each fight and his victory over the hard-hitting Joe Sweeney, boosted his stocks a whole lot in the eyes of the fistic fans.

George Raddice, better know as Young Dillon, of East End, won his way into the hearts of the fans by the excellent showing made against Andy Polchaw. Polchaw was a big favorite.

Joe Kaminski, former Nanticoke boy, now located at Newark, N. J., continues to add to his long string of victories. His latest victim was Walter Lavan, well known here, having formerly resided in Wilkes-Barre.

Johnny Jadick, Philadelphia lightweight making his second appearance here within the past month, won over Pat Igo, Shenandoah battler, in a ten round wind-up. Jadick was far too clever.

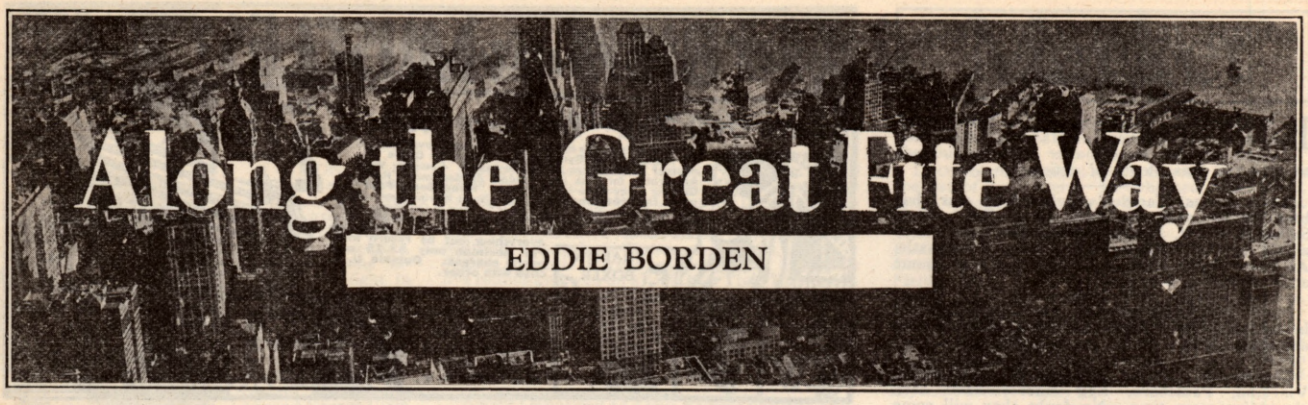
Mickey Barron, Scranton, making his initial appearance before the local fans, made a big hit by holding Willie Cubic, clever Jersey Negro to a draw.

WESTERN RHODE ISLAND
By A. SOLOVEITZIK

JOE RUSSO, of Westerly, holder of the Rhode Island middleweight championship, engaged in his first bout in four months during April, and scored over Leo Curley, of Pawtucket, in four rounds. The bout, a preliminary at the Argonne A. C. in Boston, was a great battle.

Hookie Jackson scored two victories over Jimmy Abruzzie, of Warren, during the past month. In the first bout Jackson took the fight as a last minute substitute, and knocked Abruzzie cold in three heats. The supporters of the Warren boy claimed that the win was a fluke and the two were rematched a week later. Again Jackson was superior, and although he failed to stop Abruzzie on this occasion he gave him a bad beating in eight rounds.

Preparations for the opening of the St. Michael's outdoor arena here in Westerly have already been started. Charles Ferrara will again be matchmaker.



Along the Great Fite Way

EDDIE BORDEN

JACKIE KID BERG maintained his clean slate in New York rings by getting a draw with Sammy Fuller in the closing Madison Square Garden show just before Ringling Bros. Circus took over the amphitheatre. They waged a gruelling contest and what usually happens in bouts of this nature, opinions were divided as to the actual winner. The referee scored his vote for Berg while the two judges decreed an even break which was more popular with the crowd.

I think that Berg came out of the conflict the moral winner. The betting was 13 to 5 that Fuller would win and most of the boys were wagering that Jackie would not last the limit. Berg showed his old time characteristics—aggressiveness, stout-hearted courage and the stamina to fight three minutes of every round at full speed. The gate reached the net figure of $23,000.

Another instance of out-of-towners getting the break here was proven when Joe "Young" Firpo, of Philadelphia, was given the decision over Joey Costa, of Jersey City. Costa outboxed and scored the cleaner punches against the rushing tactics of his opponent and won six clear rounds, but the official verdict went to Firpo. Morrie Sherman outpointed Phil Rafferty in the other ten-round bout. Sherman seems to be improving in his work and is deserving of consideration when good welterweights are being looked over.

Lew Raymond has tied up with Apples Meyers for the summer season and will promote shows at the Meyers Bowl, of Braddock, Pa., every Monday evening during the summer months. This is one of the best outdoor spots in the country and if Raymond can show his true ability as a matchmaker in that spot, then Pittsburgh is in for some mighty fine entertainment this summer. Tony Canzoneri is expected to show his wares on the opening show against Battling Gizzy.

Paulino Uzcudun stopped Jack Gagnon in seven rounds at the St. Nicholas Rink for the benefit of some Spanish fund—Paulino entered the ring in poor physical condition but went through for the sake of charity and even donated his services without compensation—Jimmy Slavin announced his entry into the lightweight ranks by winning the 135 pound championship of the National Guard from Joe La Fauci—Philly Stark, East Side youngster, is showing signs of improvement with each bout and has put some joy into the existence of Ray Arcel—Al Minnehan, light-heavyweight, from Brockton, Mass., who was getting his preliminary schooling around New York, has returned home and will be handled by Bobby Goldman around the New England States—Memories of other days were revived with the appearance of Joe Walcott and Sam Langford, two of the greatest fighters of all time, in a vaudeville and boxing skit which is being well received wherever they appear. Both are anxious to be booked. Letters addressed to THE RING, will reach them. Their show is a good one.

A new menace comes from Elizabeth, N. J., in the person of Billy (Buck) Boyle, who weighs 150 pounds, and is drawing capacity houses with each appearance in his home town and vicinity—He has engaged in 53 contests, scoring 25 knockouts, getting two draws and winning the balance. This is quite a feat—Buck is being handled by Giddy Geltzeiler, of Newark—Speaking of Jersey reminds one that Frankie Petrolle, brother of the immortal Billy, is making good there on his own account—Frankie hails from Schenectady and started off in New York by giving Billy Townsend a stubborn battle—On the strength of that fight he got a match with Jackie Shupack, whom he kayoed and in his second Jersey appearance, flattened Mickey Biss, another local pride—Petrolle is a pleasing type and packs plenty of dynamite in his mitts—It would be appropriate for Sammy Goldman, manager of Tony Canzoneri, to send to Grand Rapids for a youngster called Sammy Goldman, who is doing great work around that way—Sammy, the fighter, is being handled by Harry Gordon, the ex-fighter—Red Garrett, Port Arthur, Texas, lightweight, is doing good work in Honolulu.

It was tragic news to read about the passing of Earl Mastro in the manner which befell him—Stopping the fight in the ninth round on his own behalf saying that he could not go on any longer—Earl Mastro, a wonderful piece of fighting machinery, beaten out of the world's featherweight championship by the trickiest pranks of fate, and ending in such a manner is truly disheartening—Varias Milling, a featherweight of ordinary ability, was the boy instrumental in having Mastro surrender in such ignominous fashion—Joe Roth came East with Eddie Murdock, but expects to return very much disillusioned about the fighting abilities of the Eastern boys—Murdock was stacked up against Marty Sampson, who would be a world-beater with a little more courage, and took a licking in ten rounds—Franta Nekolny handed Jay Macedon a lacing in the feature event at the St. Nicks that night and Willie Siegel whipped Eddie Reilly in the opening ten rounder, after a corking scrap—A. C. Truog, located at 39 Caledonia Road, Ashville, N. C., is promoting in an arena seating 5,000 and would like to hear from all managers who have something good to offer.

Benny Leonard continued his series of comeback bouts and added the names of Buster Brown and Mike Sarko to his list of victims—Benny failed to show the dash and fire he exhibited in the Billy McMahon affair, but it is expected that his three week's illness was responsible for his uncertainty—Leonard is deeply sincere about his intentions and wants to finish up with a McLarnin match before the summer is over, but wants to be positive that he will be ready before he steps into the ring with the hard-hitting Jimmy—California Jack Willis is in New York and is indignant at the report that there is another Jack Willis who is carrying his name and manages to get knocked out every now and then—Willis, from California, is a first-class, hard-hitting middleweight, and would like to clash with the other Willis for the lone privilege of using the name—There is an individual from Joplin, Mo., who answers to the name of Chuck Elbert and his manager, Al Beckman, advertises him to the wide world as "Next American Dempsey"—Lee Ramage, latest heavyweight sensation from the Coast, who attained prominence through victories over Steve Hamas and Ace Hudkins, is managed by K. S. (Pop) Hubley.

Harry Bennett has a just kick when he complains about losing the services of Benny Brostoff. Bennett holds a contract good until February, 1933—Brostoff went to Canada to engage in a fight and while there was taken over by someone bearing the name, Jack Rogers—Brostoff is nothing more than a preliminary fighter at best and the Canadian Boxing Commission, which belongs to the National Boxing Association, should take steps to prevent such a miscarriage of justice—Charley Rose is still seeking foreign material to import to this country and anyone knowing Charley will vouch for his hustling activities—Bob Olin's right hand has healed and he is once again ready for the fray—Bobby Goldstein, representing the University of Virginia, won the Intercollegiate lightweight title, and qualified to enter the Olympics at Los Angeles—Bobby has one brother who fought in the ring under the name of Goldie Ahearn and another brother in vaudeville, Sammy Lewis, who is a partner in the team of Pattie Moore and Sammy Lewis.

One of the finest types attracted to the boxing game is Louis Scadron, founder of the Nordacs Club, and one of the most rabid boxing fans ever seen—Scadron is an inveterate ringsider and numbers among his favorites, Jack Kid Berg, Billy Petrolle, Tony Canzoneri and Battling Battalino—Scadron is a lawyer by profession, but his knowledge of the boxing game exceeds that of many profound critics—Frankie Mastro, Chicago correspondent for THE RING, is now writing boxing news for the Chicago Tribune—The new clothing and haberdashery shop opened by Sammy Goldman and Tony Canzoneri is located at 1450 Broadway and will be known as the Kronheim Continental Ltd.—Johnny Dundee has attended every one of Benny Leonard's comeback bouts, but has expressed no opinion about his future intentions—Joey Kaufman has opened a chop house at Brighton Beach, Coney Island—Now that the summer season is upon us, watch the headaches of the outdoor boxing promoters.

The New Long Island Arena, financed by the Madison Square Garden Corporation, will furnish the site for the Schmeling-Sharkey tussle. If this stadium is erected in time, it is presumed that they will stage popular priced shows weekly or semi-monthly, besides the gigantic attractions, and this will in all probability damage the Queensboro Stadium, long considered the ideal spot for open air boxing. This place is under the guidance of Al Weill and if it concerned someone of minor ability, then the place would have been foredoomed before it opened its doors but Weill happens to have plenty of imagination and perspective for a matchmaker and is one of the most capable in the country—Besides the Garden and the Queensboro Club, others to operate are the Dexter Park Stadium, good for popular priced shows, Island Park Arena, being conducted by Harry Bloomfield, who had a successful summer at the Long Beach Stadium, only two minutes walk from the old place—There is nothing really promising to look forward to but time will solve its own solution. Harry Bloomfield is one of the few promoters who has been successful in places where others have failed. He knows how to please his patrons.

The New York Commission is doing nothing to aid the featherweight division to get a new title holder. The National Boxing Association goes about industriously trying to untangle a difficult situation and whether it succeeds or not, its efforts are to be applauded—Scotty Monteith is promoting the show in Detroit and has staged two shows so far—Frankie Wallace surprised the wise ones by trouncing Freddy Miller in the opening round—This elimination tourney should bring out some new faces and anything is welcome in these times—Some of those favored to come through are Fidel La Barba, Petey Sarron and Tommy Paul—Tony Falco, from Philadelphia, flashed great form when he put away two southpaws in succession, Harry Devine and Frank Bojorski—Lew Massey, after many mishaps, has found himself again—He stopped Harry Dublinsky and whipped Johnny Gaito—Izzy Singer, Bronx heavyweight, looks like a good bet to develop within the next year—New York managers are imbued with the foreign bug and most of them have notions of importing European talent—Johnny Keyes is expected back from the Phillipines shortly—Keyes spent almost a year away from New York and did wonders with Midget Wolgast.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

CHARLIE MURRAY'S wrestling shows continue to lead boxing by a wide margin. The Ed Don George—Joe Malcewicz mat bout was a dandy for action and drew a gate of $8,700.

Tommy Timlin has one of the finest young boxers developed in these parts in many years. I refer to Tony Sciolino, Batavia, N. Y., youngster who recently scored a clean cut decision over Tommy Paul, Buffalo featherweight contender. Entering the ring against Paul a 2 to 1 shot to lose, Sciolino won beyond question.

The N. B. A. feather tourney at Detroit includes Tommy Paul, Buffalo boy, who won his first round by licking Bushey Graham. There are some good fighters listed including Fidel La Barba, who twice defeated Tommy in Buffalo rings.

Tommy Moore, hustling Jamestown, N. Y., impresario, expects to open his new club there soon. Moore knows boxing from all angles and the Jamestown public has faith in him and has always supported his shows.

Good boxers with records of all weights who are not tied up with managerial contracts should get in touch with the writer who will be able to use them this spring and summer. Write to Hugh Shannon, 163 Norwalk Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Some short stuff . . . Jack Barry up at Erie has a real prospect in Frankie Bojorski, a lightweight with a hefty punch . . . Tommy Bland, new Canadian lightweight champion, looks great . . . Lou Scozza, now in good shape, is ready for the best at light-heavy . . . Jimmy Slattery, Scozza's bitter rival, is also getting in shape for action . . . Jim has not boxed much this winter . . . Red Carr has a good looking prospect in Johnny Holliday, First Ward Irish kid . . . he might make another Slattery if he gets a break . . . Sam Bruce, beaten twice in a week, needs to perk up a bit. . . . Two good little Filipinos, Frisco Grande and Pedro Linde are living here. . . . They are like all Filipinos. . . . Great club fighters and drawing cards. . . .

FROM MAINE
By CHARLEY MILLER

HAYWOOD STOREY, colored sensation of the Pinette stable of Lewiston, took a six-round decision from Rony Caret at Augusta. What a battle it was! Storey has yet to meet a defeat. He looks like the next middleweight champ of this state. In the semi, Kayo Dennis, of Waterville knocked out Duke Davis, of Portland, in the third round, while Young Jack, of Augusta, put the K. O. on Johnny Cox, of Winthrop. Al Parent, of Augusta, won a six-round decision over Young Gilbert of the same town, and Kid Chocolate, of Waterville, drew with Sammy Baker, of Augusta, in the opening bout. Promoter Jack Bumford has some good boys lined up for his shows here.

Bud Fisher, of Sanford, broke his right hand in the fourth round and told Referee Johnny Carlton that he could not continue so Jackie Ledgie came out a winner in a main bout affair at the Westbrook Arena, Westbrook. Johnny Miltus, of Dover, N. H., defeated Blondy Gayton, of Lewiston. Eddie Butler, of Sanford, scored a technical knockout over Eddie Fitzmaurice, of Gorham, and Cyclone Ordway, of Portland, upset the "dope" and put the pins to Freddy Daniels, of Sanford, in the second stanza. Tiger Brad, of Portland, won a kayo in the third.

A crowd of 1500 cheered Ernie Schaaf in a four-round exhibition go at Bangor, Maine.

The old timers who has showed their wares in the past and are still on mother earth in Maine are: Jimmy Conners, feather and lightweight. He held both titles and today is a first-class conditioner here in Maine. His battle with Kid Goodman, of Boston, will never be forgotten. "Wild Bill" Fleming, who has boxed the best as a middleweight, is now the owner of the finest bowling alleys in Maine. Tommy Bergen, of Lewiston, now blind, was one of the best boxers in the Western part of the state. Frankie DeRice, now a promoter at Portland, was a good feather a few years back, boxing under the name of "Hugo" Kelly. Charley Miller, of Bangor, boxed under the name of Young Jack O'Brien and he will never forget when he heard at the ringside that a few fans remarked that the Irish can't fight. Bill Barry, now a hotel clerk at Bangor, was a popular fighter and also referees the important fights here in Bangor. Ellis Sanborn, of Newport, now a linesman for the New England Tel. & Tel. Co., was the hardest middleweight puncher in this state. His battles with Wild Bill Fleming will sure keep in the minds of those that saw them. Johnny Comer, now a referee in Bangor and Kid Friedman, now a truck driver in Oldtown, were two good featherweights. The writer will continue with other old timers in the following publication of THE RING. Would appreciate hearing from old timers. Address Windsor Hotel, Bangor, Maine.

THE RING Magazine will be sold at all boxing shows in Portland, Augusta, Bangor, Lewiston and Waterville. Training for boxers By Nat Fleischer can be bought at the Ring, 11 West 42nd St., New York. Price $1.00. Every boxer should have a copy of his newly revised, up-to-the-minute edition which has just come off the press.

George Washington Glover, of Lewiston, the heavyweight champion of Maine, is sure finding it tough to get opponents. His fine showings with Schaaf, at Bangor and Portland, improved his rating. He is a great boxer and a great card.

Portland saw a big upset when Manny Davis, colored slugger, of Schenectady, N. Y. scored a four-round K. O. over Joe Zelinsky, of Boston. Eddie Adonis, of Boston, went down to defeat before the aggressive battling of Tommy Cello, of Worcester, in the semi-final. Ginger Beck had an easy time defeating Georgie Sawyer, both of Portland. Johnny Naples, Portland battler, had the edge over Jackie Ledger, of Dover, N. H., in a hard fight, while Johnny Wilson, of Bath, came back from a disastrous first round in which he took a nine count knock-down to win on points from Peter Burke, of Boston. Johnny Walker was the third man and he did a good job.

CENTRAL AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS
By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

FRANCIS WALSH, home-bred flyweight, has astonished amateur boxing officials with his prowess, having gained four titles in as many months. He holds the inter-city championship, Massachusetts State title, New England flyweight crown and his latest efforts found him the ruling junior national champion in his division. He will represent this section in the Nationals. His friends say he is a sure-fire Olympic representative and will be the second man to represent the U. S. as a boxing member from Worcester.

Lou Brouillard administered a sound defeat to Johnny Indrisano of Boston, recent conqueror of Champion Jackie Fields. Brouillard dropped the Bostonian for a nine count in the second round and was about to finish Indrisano when the bell intervened. The last round, with the exception of the knockdown in the second, was Brouillard's biggest moment. He pummelled Johnny hard about the body and straightened him with stiff crosses that proved beyond a doubt that Lou is the greatest welterweight in the business.

Tony Celli, promising middleweight thumper from Leominster, journeyed to Portland where he won a decision from Eddie Adonis of Boston. Celli was hard pressed but jabbed his way to victory. He is undefeated since turning pro, incidentally this is the first bout to go the distance.

Casey Kazanjian, former Southern California hammer thrower, subdued the bulging, barrel-chested Bulgarian, Dan Kolloff in a two out of three fall wrestling encounter here. On the undercard, in thirty-minute time limit matches. Joe Malcewicz drew with Lennert Anderson and Charlie Hansen drew with Allan Eustace. In the other match, Count George Ivan Alexis Serge Zarynoff was named victor in 22 minutes 25 seconds when Charlie Laditzi was counted out while reposing peacefully outside the ring.

Kazanjian returned to the wars against Ed George in a scheduled three fall match. George won when Kazanjian was unable to continue for the last and deciding fall. In the opener, Archie Golembeskie threw Bob Wilkie in 16 minutes 48 seconds after a series of flying tackles. Allan Eustace flopped Bob Lever in 11 minutes 12 seconds. Wong Buck Cheung, more familiarly known as Arthur Wong applied his "King Fu" stopper in 9 minutes 13 seconds.

Gus Sonnenberg was on the scene against Archie Golembeskie in a scheduled three fall melee which only went one fall with Gus the winner. After 49 minutes 58 seconds of heated wrestling, both men met head-on in an attempt to tackle each other. They were both out but Gus recovered first and managed to crawl atop Archie and pin him to be declared the victor. Golembeskie was unable to continue.

In the other feature event of the month, Count Zarynoff and Charlie Hansen participated in a long drawn out affair which was intended for three flops. However, the only fall went to Hansen with a flying mare and body hold after 1 hour 7 minutes and 50 seconds. Jake Patterson dropped Carl Lemle; Buck Weaver drew with Joe Malcewicz and Jim Browning threw Mike Getteson.

The writer may be reached at 20 Madison Street, Worcester, Mass.

AT CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

JIMMY SWINSON, Charlotte's lightweight, trimmed Joe Estrada, Mexican lightweight, in one of the three ten-rounders on the Charlotte Day Nursery card here, April 15. Rufus Miles whipped his old rival, Wilbur Stokes, in the second ten, and Dewey Kimrey won over George Neron in the other.

In the preliminaries, Firpo Hipps, Wake Forest middleweight, kayoed Spike Kelley of Wilmington in the first round. Wade Allison, brother of Bob, won over Mike O'Brien in four. Three boys were junior-lightweights.

Camden, S. C. . . . Buster Newberry, Sumter flash, jabbed out a ten-round decision over Ben Logan, Winnsboro walloper. Jimmy Brailsford, University of South Carolina, won a very close decision over Mike O'Brien, 130 pounds, Rockingham.

Anderson, S. C. . . . Bob Allison, Charlotte welter and Frankie Allen, Atlanta boy, drew in ten rounds.

Park Springs. . . . Baby Stribling, Macon, Ga., and Little Boy Safrit, Kannaolis, N. C., went ten rounds to a draw.

Selma, N. C. . . . Al Massey, Goldsboro gusher, kayoed Joe Bone Wilson, light-heavy in the second heat here.

Warrenville, S. C. . . . Tommy McGovern, Charlotte, 138, stopped Bob Martin, 136, in three frames.

Gastonia, N. C. . . . "Baby" Stribling, Macon welter, whipped Bob Allison, Charlotte, in a ten-rounder.

Augusta, Ga. . . . Bob Swinger, Charlotte lightweight, outpointed Reddy Pitts, Savannah, here.

Selma, N. C. . . . Snake Driver Selma Boy knocked out George Taylor, 146, in three rounds here at the Carolina Theatre.

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

HARRY JONES, boxing promoter at Riverview Park, has enlarged his boxing arena. Mr. Jones will feature some high-class talent here this summer.

Keith Weaver, a newcomer to these parts, showed plenty of steam when he held Johnny Lambert, local middleweight, to a six-round draw. Mutt Bennett and Paddy Garrett drew in 4; Tommy Ryan knocked out Jackie Kerns in 2; Buddy Harris and Bobby Rogers drew in 4; Little Bearcat Wright beat Young Jack Johnson in 4; Battling Ran defeated Little Chocolate in 4; Kid Jackson lost to Micky Slater in 4. The bouts were staged at Don's Gym with Sailor Burke doing the matching.

Dr. A. R. Sofio of Omaha is telling the world about his little battler, Sonny Sofio. The "Doc" says the only way to tell the world about your fighter is through the "RING." Sofio in his last two starts knocked out Johnny Hopkins of Chicago and beat Kid Alcazar.

In a billed 8-rounder at Don's Gym, Al Phal, local lightweight, put the K. O. on Dandy Kid Morris of Omaha in 3; Young Menzidno and Buster Skinner drew in 6; Harry Bigelow drew with Young Bearcat Wright in 4; Mutt Bennett won from Billy Dixon in 4; Tommy Ryan shaded Buddy Harrison in 4.

Fargo, No. Dak.—Louis Liedtke, of San Francisco, Cal. won over Billy Oppegard, of St. Paul, Minn. in a fast sixer.

Grand Forks, No. Dak.—Young Kid Fettig, of Grand Forks, and La Reine Udell, of Aberdeen, So. Dak. fought 10 rounds to a draw. Keith McDaniel of Minneapolis beat Judy Ruddy, Grand Forks in 6.

Looking over the results of boxing bouts mailed in to us from the different Colleges out here, we must say that "Old man boxing is certainly making inroads on Kid Football." Space won't permit the carrying of all the results, but here are a few:

Aberdeen, So. Dak.—The Northern Normal won a narrow victory over the School of Mines in a fast collegiate boxing tourney. Awk Derrick won by a T. K. O. over Charles Bowen, of School of Mines, in 2; both middleweights. Bugs Hanlon, Northern Normal, feather, beat Bill Kuhn, Mines, in 4; Billy Vanosdol, of Northern Normal lost to Freddie Wilson, Mines lightweight, in 4; Albie Eliason, Northern Normal welter, lost to Nole Gaggsetter, Mines, in 4; Leonard Sloan, Northern Normal welter, beat George Fortune, Mines, in 4.

Results of the Trinity College boxing tourney, staged in the local Gym, were as follows. Ray Murphy (100) and Johnny O'Connor (100) drew in 3; Charles Horn (123) won from Joe Grogan, 3; Louis Belson (125) and Don Higgins (128) drew, 3; Johnny Nice (135) won by T. K. O. over Sylvester Uhl (130) in 3; Ray Landry (140) drew with Emmett Barrett (135) 3; Ted Tiedeman (150) beat John Beacon (150) 3; Willard Christy (165) beat Bobby Joynt (165) 3; Sol Braunger (150) beat Joe Noonan (150) 3; Jimmy Shannon (150) beat Al Havercamp (150) 3; Art Kirwin (140) beat Art St. Onge (140) 3; Leo Nash (160) drew with Art Barrett (160) in 3. The third men for the bouts were Tuffy Griffiths, local heavyweight and former student, and Wallie Dreyfoos. Maxie Berman did the announcing.

Worthington, Minn.—In the main event of a wrestling show staged here, Herb Teitenberg beat Topaz the Bulgarian Terror in straight falls.

In a six-round re-match at Don's Gym, Ray Mann and Johnny Lambert fought a red-hot draw. Young Mendizino shaded Buster Skinner in 4; Little Chocolate and Battling Rand fought 4 to a draw. Kenny Thompson beat Young Rogers in their 4; Billy McFadden edged in a draw with Young Ashmoor in 4; Young Morgan beat Don Boyer in 4; Dick Richards held Mutt Bennett to a 4-round draw.

Des Moines, Ia.—Babe Carnera, Des Moines light-heavy, beat Joe Walcott, also of Des Moines, in 8; Jimmy Salvatore, Fort Dodge, beat Sailor O'Connor, Des Moines feather, in 6; Jim Lucas, Fort Dodge, beat Flash Random, Des Moines bantam, in 6; Santos Reyes, Centerville lightweight, beat Johnny Harris, Des Moines, in 6; Tommy Lorie, Des Moines lightweight knocked out Clarence Kilbert, also of Des Moines, in 4.

Mason City, Ia.—Don Hampton, Mason City welter, beat Nach Manriquez, Atlantic, in 6; Al Manriquez, Atlantic lightweight, beat Kid Lehr, Waterloo, in a fast sixer.

Des Moines, Ia.—Louie Mays, Des Moines light-heavy, defeated Leonard Johnson, of Forest City, in eight fast rounds.

Lincoln, Nebr.—Ray Mann, Sioux City welter, beat Lou Ritchie, Lincoln, in six rounds. Tod Morgan, Sioux City, beat Johnny Goracat, of Liberty, Nebr. in 3.

GOING BACK A FEW YEARS FOR SIOUX CITY FANS. . . . The night Connie Curry fought Earl McArthur in the ball park. . . . When "Big" Munn started out as a heavyweight boxer. . . . The way Tom Brislane, local promoter, used to hang up the "Sold out" sign. . . . The way Connie Curry and Newsboy Brown mixed things on the four-round opener, and the fans tossing money into the ring. . . . Ace Hudkins as a lightweight and fighting at the Cudahy A. C. . . . Hudkins was just getting his start, having won the lightweight title of Nebr. by defeating Battling Strayer. . . . Si Sandage doing his stuff with Dick St. Onge. . . . Reddy Adair beating Frankie Frisco. . . . The big night Pal Moore and Earl McArthur clashed. . . . Earl missed everything but the box office. . . . Johnny Schiff who used to manage Connie Curry, and his publicity stunts. . . . When Phantom Roscoe was doing big things. . . . When Paul Leidy of Omaha was third man at the Cudahy A. C. . . . The night we all watched Earl McArthur put Joe Lynch, then World's bantamweight champion, on the floor for a nine-count at Omaha, Nebr. . . . The old Gym on Nebraska Street with such stars as Mike Gibbons, Jock Malone, Tillie Kid Herman showing their stuff. . . . The old Arena in North Riverside where Earl McArthur knocked Jack Sharkey, the New York bantam, out of the ring, while the snow blew in through the cracks, and the wind shook the building. . . Eddie Anderson fought on the same card. . . . Were those the days? . . . Will give you more next month.

Bobby Paul, former Sioux City boxing manager, writes from Omaha, Nebr. and informs us he will make his headquarters there in the future. At present he is looking after two young prospects.

Boxers and managers with news of INTEREST mail same to 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Iowa, and don't forget not later than the 16th of each month.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS. . . . Jimmy Thompson, local Jr.-lightweight, made a big hit with the fans at Minneapolis, when he beat Eddie Smith of St. Paul in six rounds. . . . Thompson is coming up fast and all he needs is work. . . . A circle of local admirers at Duluth, Minn. presented Billy Petrolle with a silver loving cup. . . . Sailor Burke, that busy bee of the local fight managers, has taken over the management of Ernie Fields, a good welter from Minneapolis. . . . Kid Rippatoe, "Sioux City's black ace" scored a knockout over Bud Johnson of Grand Forks, No. Dak. in five rounds. . . .Ray Mann, Sioux City welter, fought an eight-round draw with Kid Carr of Onawa, Iowa. . . . Johnny Lambert knocked out Jimmy Maddin in three rounds. . . . Red Foster of Madison, So. Dak. beat Bat Slater, of Sioux City, in six rounds.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

ARKANSAS CITY, KANS. . . . Les Showers, prominent Amateur Boxing Promoter, just concluded a successful three day tournament in this city. The winners: Heavyweight—Gus Froeming, Oxford, Kans.; Light-heavyweight—Leonard Noel, Winfield, Kans.; Middleweight—Junior Munsell, Chilocco, Okla.; Welterweight—Bobbie Calhoun, Okla.; Aggies, Lightweight; Marshall Haley, Arkansas City, Kans., Flyweight; Fred Merrick, Chilocco, Okla.; Senior Flyweight, Bobby McIntosh, Chilocco, Okla.; Junior Flyweight—Tommy Benbrook, Ponca City, Okla.

Kansas City, Mo. . . . Missouri Valley A. A. U. Pre-Olympics boxing results at the International Arena. The winners of these championships leave for New York soon, to compete in the National A. A. U. The winners: Heavyweight—Jack Daniels, K. C., Mo.; Light-heavyweight—Bill (Kid) Ramey, K. C., Mo.; Middleweight—Junior Munsell, Chilocco, Okla.; Welterweight—Ted Charno, K. C., Mo.; Lightweight—Pat Kissinger, K. C., Mo.; Featherweight—Joey Alcanter, K. C., Mo.; Bantamweight—Lloyd Weems, K. C., M. O.; Flyweight—Benjamin McIntosh, Chilocco, Okla.

Babe Hunt's contract has been purchased by several business men of Wichita. The Babe says he will turn in some classy wins in the next few months if promoters can get him some touch opposition.

Okla City, Okla. . . . Wilson Dunn defeated Earl Mason in ten rounds. Kid Granite outpointed Babe Barnes in ten. Jack O'Day defeated Andy Pear in six. Bob Williams knocked out Emmet Rush in three. Gyp Zarro and Johnny Wallace fought six rounds to a draw.

Kansas City, Mo. . . . K. C. Amateur team defeats St. Louis team, at the International Arena. Tom McHugh matchmaker. Jerry Jenkins knocked out Pee Wee Pinkston, of St. Louis, in one. Lloyd Weems beat Tommy Bowles, of St. Louis. Ray Lang, of St. Louis, beat Joey Alcanter. Pat Kissinger knocked out Walter Wilbert, of St. Louis, in two. Dick Meirs knocked out Jerry Brennan, of St. Louis, in one. Ted Charno beat Joey Parks, of St. Louis. Bud Schildknecht beat Babe Davis, of St. Louis. Les Schultz beat Houston Ash, of K. C

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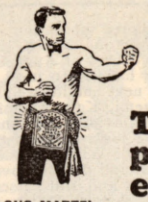

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Neodesha, Kans. . . . American Legion Arena, amateur boxing results. Bat Green beat Kid Davis. Steve O'Dell beat Everett Ogle. Melvin Bell beat Loren Todd. Oliver Bird beat Howard Williams. Johnny Hemphill beat View Sigler. Earl Chancey beat Tip Tipton. Ken Page beat Pat Gravel. Max Taylor knocked out Billy Drybread in one. Max Knolles beat Andy Sourbeer. Ira Krueger is matchmaker and promoter.

Warrensburg, Mo. . . . Wally Graham, of Kansas City knocked out Kid Champlain of Chicago in the second round of a scheduled ten rounder.

Okla City, Okla. . . . Wilson Dunn defeated Art Dula in ten fast rounds. Woody Windham beat Jack O'Day in six. Max Brown knocked out Red Matlock in three. Neal Johnson knocked out John Casey in three. Kid Granite beat Young Tommy Ryan in four rounds.

Joplin, Mo. . . . Joe Trabon outpointed Kenny Hill in twelve sensational rounds that had the fans cheering from start to finish. Steve Ketchell defeated Steve Salina in six entertaining rounds. Chuck Elbert knocked out Jack Caywood in three. Al Stanley knocked out Jack Frost in six. OlBray beat Frankie Smirl in six rounds.

Kansas City, Mo. . . . Amateur boxing results at the International Arena. Fred Schantz beat Tony Manners. Dick Meirs beat Bus Sawyer. Bruce Jaffray knocked out Joe (Red) Haas in three. Les Smith knocked out Victor Crescincia in three. Harry Knecht beat George Miller. Harry Tresler beat Sam Berry. Johnny Dayton beat Slim Ritz. Herb Knecht beat Gabe Torres. Jim Wesley knocked out Victor Ryan in one.

Hutchinson, Kans. . . . Divisional Amateur three-day boxing tournament. The winners: Heavyweight—Gus Froeming, Oxford, Kans; Light-heavyweight—Benny Allen, Hutchinson, Kans; Middleweight—Sid Robinson, Hays, Kans; Welterweight—Francis Sayers, Hutchinson, Kans.; Lightweight—Mel Wrad, Hutchinson, Kans.; Featherweight—Vincel Demier, Emporia, Kans.; Flyweight—Frank Keefover, Emporia, Kans.

Picher, Okla. . . . Fred Reese beat Chuck Elberts in ten bitterly contested rounds. Sandy Robinson and George Windam fought eight rounds to a draw. Reddy Daniels beat Roddy Arnold in six. Alvin Stanley and Al Collins drew in six. Truman Crowell and Andy Bishop drew in six. Tough Boy Cruzan and Harry Sal fought four slow rounds. Billy Newton promoter.

Stillwater, Okla. . . . In an Amateur boxing contest between the A. & M. College at Stillwater and the Chilocco Indian school, the A. &. M. College defeated the Indians nineteen to seven bouts. Red Crip, of A. & M., scored a one-round knockout over Lowry, of the Indians.

Kansas City, Mo. . . . Amateur boxing bouts at the International Arena. Pat Kissinger knocked out Connie Comstock in two. Bus Breese beat Johnny Franks. Tony Manners beat Freddie Welch. Herb Knecht beat Frank Rose. Lloyd Weems beat Les Smith. Gene Driscoll beat Herschel McMillian. Ed Kras beat Gabe Torres. Sid Waterman beat Ed Scottover. Jackie Law beat Gene Lee.

Okla City, Okla . . . Wilson Dunn won from Earl Mason in the first round on a foul. Kid Granite beat Joey Rich in ten. Andy Pear beat Gyp Zarro in six. Jack Donohue knocked out Johnny Wallace in two. Chief Paris knocked out Joe Perkins in three rounds.

Frank Gilleece, executive secretary of the Kansas State Boxing Commission, attended the Pre-Olympic Amateur boxing matches held at Kansas City, and was highly pleased with the manner in which the tournament was conducted.

GRAND RAPIDS AND VICINITY

By MICKY McINTYRE

AT Lansing, Petit Ferrarer, of Lansing, the former light-heavy and heavyweight champion, of Michigan, stopped Chuck Wiggins, the Indianapolis veteran, in the sixth round. Wiggins was suspended after the fight. The moguls declared he was no longer fit to fight good men.

Ace Martin, Lansing light-heavyweight, knocked out Charley Fibbinger, of Detroit, in the third round.

At Muskegon, Orrie Mosher, Muskegon sensation, handed Herman Perlick, the Kalamazoo veteran, a lacing in ten rounds. Perlick was bothered by Mosher's southpaw style. Perlick weighed 140, Mosher 136. In the semi-final of six rounds, Stanley Wellise, Muskegon's best light-heavyweight, defeated Bob O'Signac, the blond Benton Harbor battler. In the main preliminary of six rounds, Ruben Edman and Pudgy Pete Petrosky, Western Michigan's two best welterweights, clashed with Edman having the better of the go. Johnny Sikkenga, Muskegon, put the crusher on Patsy Logan, of Chicago, in the first round in the opening mill.

Sammy Goldman, Grand Rapids, 114 pounder, is about as good a prospect as you will find. Goldman has been winning consistently of late and numbers his victims the two best bantams in Eastern Michigan, Franklin Young, and Frankie Donnelly.

At the Armory, the first round of the lightweight elimination tournament was held. The show drew only $500 but those that were there, got their money's worth.

About the best fight we have seen in a long time, was the first ten rounder between Eddie Lord, the Cleveland battler, and Jimmy Dean, Negro from Erie, Pa. This was crammed with action. Lord getting the duke.

Eddie Koppy, Detroiter, won a close decision from Eddie Black, another Detroiter, in a good ten rounder.

Harry Robertson, Port Huron Negro, decisively defeated Mickey Genaro, of Birmingham, Ala., in ten rounds.

Eddie Felton, Detroit colored fighter, won a close decision from Glen Camp, of Chicago, in another ten rounder. It was a good fight but I thought Camp was at least entitled to a draw.

In the opener, Sammy Goldman, Grand Rapids, defeated Franklin Young, dusky Detroit Negro, in six rounds.

Grand Rapids boys came out on top on the Dempsey card at Detroit. Martin Levandowski knocked out Buster Trenkle, of Ypsilanti and Wesley Ramey defeated Battling Gizzy, the Donora Windmill.

Stanley Wellise, Muskegon, and Leon Jasinski, Grand Rapids, went at it hammer and tongs with Wellise winning by a knockout in the sixth round. Jasinski put up a game fight.

Sammy Goldman received a rather questionable decision over Frankie Donnelly in the semi-windup of six rounds. Sammy was on top at the finish but in my opinion Donnelly had had the better of the milling in the first four rounds. Donnelly scored a knockdown in the third round.

Charley Finger got the decision in a six-round bout with Lyle Blain, of Grand Rapids, which I think was undeserved. The worst Blain should have had was a draw.

Jack O'Neal, South Bend, kayoed Johnny Nardonie, of Detroit, in the second round; Harry Schimid, of Muskegon, beat Johnny Sikkenga and Buck Kammen, of Grand Rapids, beat Charles Oldt, of Muskegon, in the preliminaries.

Anybody desiring information about the boxing game in Grand Rapids and vicinity should write Mickey McIntyre, Star Route, Harbor Springs, Mich.

My ratings for Grand Rapids and vicinity are as follows: Heavies—None; light-heavies, Martin Lavandowski, Petit Ferrarer, and Stanley Wellise; middles—Leon Jasinski, Bob O'Signac, and Lyle Blain; Welters—Ruben Edman, Pete Petrosky, and Howard McLain; junior-welters—Herman Perlick, and Henry Perlick; lights—Wesley Ramey, Orrie Mosher, Benny Duke; Feathers—None; bantams—Sammy Goldman, and flys—None.

Boxers, managers, and promoters send in your stuff before the fifteenth of each month and it will be out in THE RING. If you expect an answer, enclose stamped envelope.

ST. LOUIS DISTRICT

By BOB RILEY

OUTDOOR boxing shows have never drawn as well as indoor shows in the past, but a number of the pugilistic fraternity are predicting that this order will be resersed and that the summer productions of 1932 will be successful financially.

The boxing-minded fans were the only ones to profit from the cards shown during the past six months and in every instance they received more than their money's worth in action as well as seeing some of the nationally known names of ringdom. The promoters and contestants worked at a monetary loss in almost every instance and had to take their satisfaction in knowing that they gave 100% of effort and that those fans who did turn out departed well pleased.

The local talent who turned in consistently creditable performances number among them Dave Barry, 122 pounds; Peewee Kaiser, 126 pounds; Howard Scott, 130 pounds; Joe Ghnouly, 130 pounds; Lou Terry, 135 pounds; Jack Horner, 147 pounds. These youngsters are all in line for good shots this summer.

Roy Mitchell, Centralia, Ill., welterweight crowd pleaser, gave Duke Tramell, Texas 150-pounder, a great tussle but lost a ten-round bout to the cowpuncher. Mitchell had turned in a number of good fights and victories over tough opponents both in St. Louis and Lake Worth, Fla., and seemed destined to climb rapidly as a gate attraction here.

Dave Barry and Howard Scott made a wise move when they decided to lay off from active competition for six weeks and secured the services of Dan O'Keefe, veteran trainer, to polish up their ring technique. These two youngsters, neither of whom is over 21 years old, have hung up remarkable records in the short time they have been boxing. Barry has had thirty-eight fights in the two years and Scott has hurdled forty-one opponents. Both are natural punchers and have the proper "noodle" for ring warfare.

"Peewee" Kaiser is to be congratulated on his splendid showings. Entering his 15th year as a glove tosser, "Peewee" knows all the tricks of the veteran fighter. If he wished, he could coast in every match, earning his purses in the easiest manner possible, but not for Kaiser; he rips and tears, stands toe to toe, throwing punches.

Allen Whitlow, Johnny Hoekstra, Jackie Purvis, Hershie Wilson, and Tracy Cox are out of town biffers who will be seen in action again here this summer. They are all welcome additions to any fight program being of the breed who fight all the time they are in there.

Fighters and managers wishing to show here, get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium, St. Louis, Mo.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRIBUTES

By CLIFF SCHIEBERL

THE professional game is flourishing again, with some mighty good cards in the offing and all managers ready to talk fight and actually ready to sign their fighter at reasonable terms. It wont be long now until the fight game will be back to its own and holding the spotlight, with a few chiselers going to cover.

Ottumwa, Ia.—Staging their first pro show of the season with three sixes and three four-round bouts, the promoter scored a financial success and will follow with other good cards. . . . Gus Anderson, Moline, Ill., shaded Eddie Ketchell, Ottumwa welterweight, in six. Henry Falègano, Des Moines Filipino, had Frankie Vivian, Ottumwa 135-pounder all but out in six. Arty Martin, Indianola welter, and Harvey Carothers, of Moline, fought six even rounds. Art Short, Ottumwa, Kid Larue, Chariton, drew. Battling Winston, Ottumwa, beat Don Julian, Sioux City, in four heats, and Buzz Green, Moline heavyweight, beat Gene Nelson, Batavia, in four.

Davenport, Ia.—Red Heneghan, the Davenport fight impresario, staged another card and drew a fair crowd. . . . Henry Firpo and Roy Williams went ten rounds in an uninteresting fight to a draw. . . . Ray Bittner, Burlington, 160 pounds, shaded Lawrence Anderson, Rock Island, in six. . . . Young Terry, Davenport lightweight put the sleeper on Tommy Young, Burlington, in the third. . . . Bill Connell, Galesburg middleweight, K. O.'ed Jimmy Morelli, Chicago, in the second. . . . Young Powell Rock Island, won the duke over Steve Rosina, of Kewanee, in six. . . . Vic Smith shaded Warren Parker in four.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Johnny Fryrear, who runs athletic shows in this city, had a full house at his wrestling bouts. Jack Reynolds, middleweight, threw Earnie Arthur, two out of three falls. In boxing, Joe Rivers, Iowa junior-welter, outpunched Johnny Moran in six. . . . Snubs Gannaway, Iowa heavy champ, and Ray Calvert, of Waterloo, went six even. . . . Young Stratton, Lone Tree welter, and Bat Sherlock, Williamsburg, battled six to draw. . . . Tex Pancho shaded Kid Hargraces in four. . . . Alex Fidler refereed all fights in his very efficient manner.

Flashes—Farmer Vernon Miller, of Rock Island went right into New York from our territory and grabbed the New York title for the Chicago *Tribune*. Remember New York, I warned you. . . . Johnny Hippert, of Rock Island, just went to Detroit, he said he was going to scout around for fighters. Some of the boys around here are hoping he will bring back something besides fighters. . . .

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Timely Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

DONALD McCORKINDALE will go down in the annals of the glove game here in Great Britain as one of the gamest men ever seen in big boxing. After taking the lead in the first eight rounds against Larry Gains, Don ran into a smashing right and sank to the floor. Momentarily he forgot all about South Africa and the Gold Standard, but he heard the referee say "Five" and began to arise.

At the count of eight he arose and then was floored again for the same number. His left eye was completely closed but that did not prevent him from still fighting. He took a terrible licking in the closing rounds but was game to the finish and at the conclusion of hostilities received a tremendous ovation from the crowd.

Don again gave a wonderful display when he clashed with the gigantic Primo Carnera a few weeks later. The second round was a bad one for him but he survived and finished the fight stronger than the super-heavyweight, although Don lost the official verdict.

Carnera added George Cook to his string of kayo victims when he put him away in four rounds. The match between Carnera and Larry Gains will be one of the most important staged in Great Britain.

Joe Morris is anxious to keep the lads in his stable busy and to that end he issues challenges to anyone in the country at their respective poundages. Jack Hyams, 160 pounds; Harry Brooks, 135 pounds; Benny Caplan, 126 pounds. Of the bunch, Caplan seems to have the most future promise.

On the Cook-Carnera card Big Boy Murphy, 6 feet 8½ inches, Jack Pettifer, 6 feet 7½ inches, Augus McDonald, 6 feet 7 inches, Donald Shortland, 6 feet 6 inches, and last and smallest, but not least in merit, Walter Neusel, the new German heavyweight sensation, were introduced.

I am going to prophesy now that this boy Neusel will cause the world's fight writers to wear out their fountain pens in the next year or so.

What a boy! He is handsome, a real, regular good fellow, and the best prospect I have ever seen. "World's Champion" is sure to be tacked on to him inside of two years, or I shall be a surprised and disappointed man.

Jack Peterson, the best British product seen in years, turned in a brilliant win over Charlie Smith by a kayo in the 15th and last round in Cardiff. Peterson's victory will act as a much-needed stimulus in the little country which produced three such outstanding champions as Jim Driscoll, Jimmy Wilde and Freddy Welsh.

Another outstanding performance of the month was the remarkable win of Nel Tarleton, the British featherweight champion, over the lightweight champion, Al Foreman. Tarleton, in knickers and undervest, was 129 pounds. He is a logical contender for a world's title match. America's best can be assured of a good purse and a hearty welcome from British sportsmen if they care to come over and give battle to Tarleton in this tight little isle.

Dom Volante started his come-back after losing on points to Johnny Cuthbert in an eliminating lightweight championship bout of 15 rounds. Dom took Alby Kestrell in 12 and then went and kayoed Young Josephs in seven. Dom may go to Australia shortly.

Len Harvey our middleweight champion, had a close call when he met Jack McAvoy in Mac's home town. McAvoy looked all over a winner until the 13th round, when Harvey had the good fortune to put one over that turned the tide.

Jackie Brown, the flyweight champion, took his car up to Newcastle to have what he thought was a work-out, but he returned a sadder, if not a wiser, man after dropping the duke to Micky McGuire in a 15 two-minute-round contest.

McGuire is a busy bee over short courses, but when he went over to Paris and met Angelman, the crack French flyweight, he retired very tired after eight "threes."

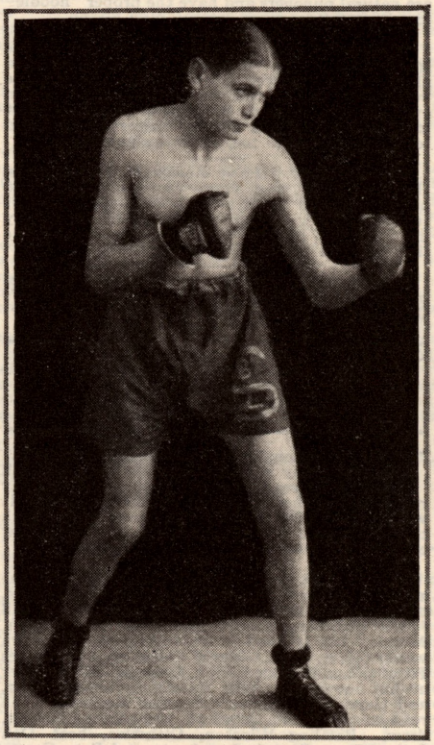
Johnny King, Manchester, after losing to Dick Corbett for the bantamweight championship, made up his mind to re-qualify for a crack at Corbett's crown, and turned in five straight wins. He outclassed Dick Burke in his last contest, but overzeal caused him to strain his heart muscles and he has been advised to pack his cards for a few months.

Len Beynon, the Swansea (Wales) flyweight, is creating plenty of controversy in British boxing circles. He weighed in last month at 112 pounds, and held Perez, the world's champion, to a close decision; and recently had four contests in ten days. He beat Billy Jones at Swansea and Terence Morgan in London; lost on points to Eugene Huat in Paris after a smashing fight; and then went to Manchester and beat the Scottish bantam champion, Willy Vint.

Phineas John, featherweight, another smashing Welsh boy, in company with Stan Waller, middleweight, are now in Johannesburg on my recommendation. They will please South African fight fans.

Del Fontaine, Canadian middleweight, is here in London with Angus McDonald.

Laurie Raiteri, the tough London Italian, reminds one of Micky Walker, the toy bulldog. He scored two impressive victories, George Smith, the Welsh heavyweight, was put down in every round of their contest that took place in Merthyr, Wales, before he was counted out in the tenth round of a 15-round contest. Raiteri followed this victory by knocking out Seaman Willoughby in the third at Rochester, Kent.



Benny Lee, English bantam, 17 years of age

Harry Corbett, the ex-featherweight champion of England, has had his last contest in the ring. He was discharged from the hospital after an unsuccessful operation to his eyes. He will now turn his attention to looking after his younger brother, Dick, the bantam champion of England.

Jack Hood went over to Paris to box Marcel Thil, the French middleweight champion, at the Palais De Sports which drew a crowd of 14,000 paid admissions. The aggressiveness of the Frenchman was too much for the clever Hood, who retired at the gong after the seventh round with his left eye completely closed.

On the same card as Thil-Hood contest, Tommy Hyams, the London featherweight, was defeated by Maurice Holtzer, of Paris, in a ten-round contest. Lew Burston's Negro cruiserweight, Jimmy Tarante, toyed with Alf Newbiggin, of England, before he put the K.O. over in the third round.

Eddie Phillips, the Mile End cruiserweight, defeated Bob Carvill, of Bridlington, at the Stadium Club, London.

Jack Middleton, young Scottish bantamweight, received a setback when he met Jimmy Vaughan, the Becontree lad, who is under the care of Johnny Sharpe. Middleton, who is sponsored by Jack Bloomfield, was lucky to last out the ten rounds.

A lad who keeps fighting regularly, is Boy Edge, of Birmingham.

George Rose, the Bristol 147-pounder, defeated Harry Mason, of Leeds, at the Colston Hall, Bristol, in a 15-round contest. This is the third time that they have met, each winning one and the other being a draw.

"Boxing," weekly boxing publication, has improved in both makeup and writing since changing ownership. There are thousands of loyal boxing fans in the British Empire who love their boxing chatter and both "Boxing" and "THE RING" are always in demand.

Tom Darrington made a great comeback to get a draw with Ernie Dunsford in their 12-round bout at Paddington. Joe Newman whipped Joe Rogers in another 12-rounder on the same bill, while Jack Wright scored over Ginger Pearce in the concluding 12-round tussle.

Young Stanley made a comeback attempt a successful one when he won handily over Billy Jewiss in 12 rounds. Stanley's left hand was in evidence most of the time which earned for him the verdict. Jerry Brunt scored over Billy Kelly in a closely waged bout of 12-round duration. Young Johnny Brown stopped Boy Walley when the latter retired due to a badly injured eye in the sixth round.

In another Blackfriar Ring boxing show, Johnny Peters disposed of Arly Hollingsworth in the 11th round. It was a corking fight but Peters showed his class most of the way. Tommy Hyams scored a knockout over Tommy Rose in three rounds on the same show.

At the Ammanford Arena, Glen Moody, younger brother of Frank, captured the Welsh title from Jerry Daley in a gruelling encounter. Moody showed the better class and ring generalship throughout the fight and was returned a clear winner.

Jim Cameron scored over Kid Roberts in a corking 12-round bout at Dundee, Scotland, held at the Premierland Stadium. G. McKenzil won from Frank Parkes in the semi-windup. J. Cooney whipped W. Fisher while Downie stopped Ferguson in four sessions.

Benny Sharkey whipped Teddy Brown in a corking 12-round battle at Newcastle-On-Tyne, but Brown fought a commendable battle and was handicapped by having his left eye cut in the fifth round but he gamely went on to lose the verdict. George Turnbull and Billy Clark fought a slambang eight-round bout with the decision going to Turnbull. Jimmy Bird stopped Roy Mills in eight sessions; Con Lewis beat Teddy Abbott, while Jim Ray stopped Jimmy White in the seventh.

Miles Connelly surprised the "wise ones" when he put a quick one over over Alf Poalozzi in the first round. The fact that Miles was a southpaw and his awkward style may have been responsible for his startling upset. This bout took place at West Stanley. Jack Rodgers kayoed Young Carr in the second round, while Kid Parnell won over Young Wood.

At the Tees-side Stadium at Stockton-on-Tees, Harold Kid Lewis scored an unpopular decision over Stan Davies in ten rounds. The crowd did not take kindly to this verdict and booed the decision. Bert Swaddle stopped Jack Southern in nine rounds when the latter was hopelessly outclassed. Young Ike Pratt disposed of Young Lunn in the seventh round after flooring his man four times which halted the contest. Kid Davies won over Young Welsh in six rounds, and Young Collins stopped Buck Carr in the fifth.

A capacity crowd attended the efforts of the Brunswick Stadium, Leeds, when Little Minor scored a technical knockout over Les Burns when the latter retired in the seventh round. Nipper Hampson scored his eighth straight kayo victory when he put Jackie Davis away in the ninth session. Mark Coleman won over Kid Holmes in an eight-round scrap. Bas Rawton put Darky Jenkins away in the eighth and concluding round of their battle. Young Amsboro scored over Young Dainty in the opening eight-rounder.

Primo Carnera showed his drawing power when he attracted over 5,000 spectators to watch him go through an exhibition affair against four sparring partners, boxing one round each. Ex-Guardsman Gater won a 15-round decision over Jack Marshall. Kid Kelso and Jock McFarlane went ten rounds with honors even. Sam Barnes won over Young Bolton in eight rounds; while Peter Taylor drew with George Gerrity in the opening six-rounder.

"ALL FOR $1.00. SEE PAGE 52 AND READ ABOUT GUS MARTEL, THE K. O. RECORD HOLDER OF THE WORLD AND DEVELOPER OF CHAMPIONS"

Gossip from European Rings

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

EUGENE HUAT the little Frenchman who is now fighting in the bantamweight class after a fine fought ten rounds against Len Beynon, the champion of Wales, won by a big margin. The bout, which was fought in the Salle Wagram arena, attracted a capacity attendance. In the third round Huat sent the Welshman down for a count of six. He was knocked down several other times, but the Welsh boy was game to the core. Later Huat clashed with Kid Francis at the Palais des Sports and Francis won a ten-round decision.

Valentin Angelmann, who gave Frankie Genaro one hard fifteen-round battle last year, furnished the supporting bout for the Huat-Beynon contest with Mickey McGuire, of England. Angelmann was the master. The Britisher held up his right hand after receiving a hard wallop to the jaw in the eighth and resigned.

Marcel Thil, middleweight champion of France, who gave Vince Dundee a bad beating last fall in Paris, met Jack Hood, of England, in a bout at the Palais des Sports and at no time did Hood have a chance against Thil who is now fighting like a real champion. Hood is now a middleweight.

Jimmy Tarante, the American Negro light-heavyweight, met Alf Newbiggen, of England, on the same card. The Texan's body attacking was fierce and he had the Englishman in a bad way. The referee stopped the bout during the third round to prevent the Englishman from receiving further punishment. He was clearly outclassed. The entertainment attracted close to 18,000 paid admissions to Jeff Dickson's new Palais.

Jeff Dickson was injured when his plane, flying from Naples to Paris, dropped into the bay with his party. Jeff was stunned and was out of commission for several days.

Lew Burston's Negro, Tarante, received a bad beating from the hands of a Scandinavian named Andersen. The bout was the feature of Burston's first promoted entertainment in Paris which was held in the presence of a fairly good attendance. In the first round the Negro was sent to the canvas four times. Tarante was as clearly defeated by the Swede as he was by Marcel Thil in a previous bout.

Andersen is a really good scrapper and he will get lots of work over here. The defeats by Thil and the Swede removes Tarante for the time being, at least, from being a headliner in any of the big entertainment in Paris.

Schaeffer, one of the best of the German flyweights, was knocked out in the second round in one of the preliminary bouts by Huguenin. The German was down three times then his second tossed in the towel. At the same entertainment, Kid Nitram, the middleweight, knocked out Marin in the fifth, and Holtzer defeated Niesman on points in a very interesting contest.

Walter Neusel, the German heavyweight who has been knocking them out in lively fashion in Paris and London, appears to have a bright ring future. He now weighs close to 200 pounds and stands 6 feet 5 inches in his stocking feet. He is but 22 years of age and when he adds on a few more pounds, he will be a dangerous battler for any heavyweight. One year ago he defeated Griselle in a ten-round contest. It was Griselle who defeated Don McCorkindale, of South Africa, who almost defeated Carnera recently, so Neusel has not had opponents picked for him.

In his first year he had nine fights, winning eight and drawing in another. Last year he had the same number of fights winning eight and drawing in one. So far this year he has had five contests, winning all by knockouts. Jeff Dickson has him signed up for everal fights during this year.

Jeff Dickson will shortly start promoting in Berlin at the Sports Palace. For twelve months past there have been demands made for the young American to take hold of boxing in the German capital. His first promotion there may be between Neusel and Primo Carnera. The new outdoor stadium where Dickson's outdoor fights will be given is situated close to the Paris Auteuil race course, which can be reached direct from the opera district of Paris in less than eighteen minutes by subway. The place seats 60,000.

Primo Carnera is matched to meet the German heavyweight Muller at Brussels on May 21.

Grizzo, the Italian heavyweight, won on a foul over the Argentine heavyweight, Islas, in ten rounds at the Central Sporting Club of Paris.

Domgoergen, the lightweight, is a brother to the middleweight who has shown some good work in the ring. The lightweight fighter, however, has more class than his elder.

Ivan Laffineur, who a few years ago was considered one of the best welterweights in France, was forced to quit against Besneau, a rising young French welterweight. Age told on the once "terrible Ivan" as Laffineur was called some years ago.

At Cologne, German boxers did well. Lightweight H. Domgoergen defeating Steyaert; Metzner defeated Degand, and Hein Mueller, the heavyweight, knocked out Carvill in nine rounds.

Young Perez, the champion who defeated Frankie Genaro, in a ten-round contest at Algiers, defeated the German, Metzner, on points. Perez may make a trip to the United States during next fall or winter.

The bantamweight champion of Europe, Domencio Bernasconi, was defeated on points by the Italian, Tamagnini, in a bout held in Milan.

Welterweights Lepage and Constant had a ten-round draw (no decision) at the Salle Wagram. It was a great fight.

Rolando, the Italian middleweight, received a point decision over Fulea, the champion of Romania, at the Paris Ring. The decision did not quite suit the customers who were under the impression that Fulea was entitled to at least six out of the ten rounds.

The middleweight championship of Europe will probably be fought for during May by Ignacio Ara, of Spain, and the German, Karl Neubauer.

Barboteu, a young French welterweight, won a point decision over the former French champion Louis Kessler, in a ten-round bout fought in the Paris Ring. At the same entertainment, featherweight Zaccharian, outpointed Lelievre in a sizzling six-rounder.

Locatelli, the clever Italian lightweight, is still keeping up his fine ring work. He expects to be matched against Van Klaveren, of Holland, for the European title.

Arilla, the Spanish flyweight champion who showed so well at Jeff Dickson's entertainments, has gone back somewhat. He is now boxing in the small clubs of Paris where the cash returns are small.

Holtzer, of France, defeated Hyams, of England, in a featherweight bout at the Palais des Sports, Paris. It was a rattling encounter.

Riethdorf, German bantamweight, defeated the clever French boxer, Poillion, in an exceedingly fast fight. Riethdorf, who has only had eight professional fights, will bear watching. He is a clever, hard hitting youngster.

Arthur Vermaut, the former light-heavyweight, of France, was knocked out by Harry Crossley, British light-heavyweight champion, in the eighth. Vermaut was down in the seventh round for a nine count, then for a three count when the gong saved him from a long count.

Arilla, defeated the Filipino scrapper, Joe Mendiola, in a ten-round contest in the Paris Ring. The little Spaniard who defeated Frankie Genaro, and the clever French flyweight Angelmann, did not show the brilliant work he did against Genaro and Angelmann.

In the supporting bout to the above, the Italian heavyweight, Dorando Rivara, was disqualified for butting his French opponent, Lepage. Dorando evidently thought he was a bull the way he kept using his head.

In a bout held in Milan, Italy, the former highly touted European flyweight champion of Europe, Lucien Popesco, was knocked out in the third round by the Italian "fly," Bernasconi.

BOXING IN SOUTH AFRICA

By "GLOVES"

THE wrestling season closed here recently with Bob "Bullet" Myers, of San Antonio, Texas, defeating Billy Riley, of England, after a hard struggle in which Myers crashed his wild opponent head first out of the ring, rendering Riley hors de combat.

Cecil "Kid" Como, formerly of Lake Charles, La., U. S. A., after spending one year in South Africa, has decided to make this country his home. He is now residing in Benoni, Transvaal, where he has opened a boxing school for gold miners and youngsters and he is making a grand success with his Elite Gymnasium at the Imperial Hotel.

Cecil "Kid" Como journeyed to Lourenco Marques in Portuguese East Africa, where he defeated Jaimeo Paixoe, Portuguese featherweight after a hard ten-round fight.

Cecil has signed for fights in Durban with Vic Upton, a lightweight, also George "Panther" Purchase, in Cape Town. He is the busiest fighter in the country. The Kid takes them on at all weights, and keeps right on winning.

George Purchase returned to South Africa again after a successful invasion in England where he met the best lightweights, losing only one fight, that to Harry Corbett.

Willie Smith is expected back in the country next month after spending the past few months in Australia.

The career of Don McCorkindale, South Africa's best bet in the heavyweight class, is being closely watched here.

BOXING IN MEXICO

By CARLOS VERA

THE fighting game in this city is going good. Matchmaker Jimmy Fitten, is promoting fights in the Arena Nacional. In the first show in his Arena, Bert Colima lost a twelve-round decision to Francisco Segura, light-heavyweight champion of Mexico.

In the semi-final, Louis Arizona, hard-hitting welterweight, stopped Carlos Pavon in the fourth round. Kid Pancho, former bantamweight champion, scored over Jorge Rendon. Rodolfo Casanova, young promising flyweight, scored a T. K. O. in the fourth round over Pancho Villa. Jose Rivera kayoed Martin Echandi in the first round.

Arena Degollado—Carlos Pavon stopped Vernardo Pena in eight rounds. Guillermo Valdez, of Touluca kayoed The Cuban Kid Joe in the fourth. Juan Charrascas was stopped by Julian Villegas in two rounds. "Cat" Perez scored a T. K. O. over Eufomio Madin in four. Pancho Villa won on foul in the fourth round over Jesus Murillo.

Kid Pancho outpointed Ricardo Manzanillo in a hard ten-round bout. Borrego Torres won a close decision over Gonzalo Rubio. Carlos Pavon easily defeated Luia Portela of Spain in ten. Joe Colima took the decision over Jesus Flores in six. Julian Villegas whipped Santiago Perez in four.

Leobardo Gonzalez, in his professional debut, easily outpointed Pablo Alejandro of Tampico. Zurdo Murillo scored a T. K. O. over Juan Robles in the second. Carlos Manzano drew with Delfino Cavazos. Kid Pancho stopped Diego Acuna in the eighth round.

Monterrey—Alf Ros defeated Angel Kid Sanchez, middleweight champion of Cuba, in ten rounds. Battling Cubanito was whipped by Kid Presa. Rana Hernandez was beaten by S. Rodriguez. Kid Camel defeated F. Ortiz in eight rounds. Battling Celestino won over Kid Chicho in six. Don Borracho outpointed Chato Lopez in ten. Kid Camel scored a T. K. O. over Battling Ancira. Johnny Flores was kayoed by Chic Miller in six rounds. Carlos Garcia whipped easily J. Marquez.

Alf Ros stopped "K. O." Crow in nine rounds. Chato Lopez won on a foul in the fifth over J. Marquez. Kid Camel drew with Kid Franco. Pete Gutierrez was kayoed by Kid Chicho in three rounds.

In Tampico, Amador Carballido, Spanish light-heavyweight, easily defeated Angel Kid Sanchez, of Cuba.

Fighters seeking bouts in Mexico should get in touch with the writer at Cuauhtemotzin 257. Mexico, D. F.

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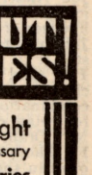

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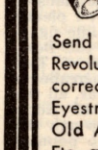

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

DAYTON drew the spotlight of the month in the fist activities in this section of the country. Jackie Fields, world's welterweight champion, knocked out Pee Wee Jarrell, Ft. Wayne, Ind., and big favorite in the Gem City in the fourth round of their scheduled ten round non-title battle at Memorial Hall. Jarrell started strong in the first three sessions and was leading up to the time of the knockout. In the eight round semi-final, Maxie Koshover of Cincinnati defended his Southern Ohio junior welterweight title by winning easily from Henry Beatty, Dayton's Negro star.

The Davis-Tavern sports arena in Cincinnati is rapidly coming forward as one of the best small clubs in the state. Prices of 25 and 35 cents have brought large crowds in to the Queen City arena and matchmaker Danny Davis is pleasing the fans each Thursday night with thirty great rounds of boxing, outlined in ten three-round scraps.

In the best bout of the Tavern show the past month, Lee Cox, the curly-headed Aurora, Ind., lightweight beat Jimmy Kid Kent of Ashland, Ky. Cox was going like a house afire, a few days later knocked out the tough Rocky Dolan of Miamisburg, O., in eight rounds. Mutt Morsch beat Bobby Chick; Larry Payton defeated Art Bergman; Sammy Sweet scored over Franky Zinn; Russ Milton drew with Mick Mitchell; Jacky Actom kayoed Young Ross; Cricket Helson beat Pee Wee Wighorn; Bobby Brafford drew with Young Palmo; Joe Sparks trounced Hack Cole and Al Hamilton won the nod over Jack Ward.

At Mansfield, Ohio, an old Mansfield favorite came back strong. Ray Newtown, one of the foremost lightweights around here two years ago, scored a knockout win over Johnny Conley of Toledo, O., in the third round.

There seems to be no stopping Jack Stanley, the sensational Cincinnati junior welterweight. Stanley, the idol of fans all through the southern Ohio territory, came through again with colors flying when he met the rugged veteran Babe Dare of Dayton in the latter's back yard. Although the judges called the contest even, Stanley won enough points all through the eight rounds they traveled. In the main go of the card, Tony Petruzzi, Columbus welter, won a decision in ten rounds over Larry Kid Kaufman of Louisville, Ky. The bouts were staged at the Eagles arena on south Main St., with the direction of Jim Dowling. Young Held knocked out Rocky Ridge in 1; Bob Larrimore knocked out Patsy Clark in 3 and Battling Shaner kayoed Cactus Kid in 4.

At the Central Arena in Middletown, O., Young Garrett, Middletown welter, drew with Earl Hill of Meadlown in the main bout of six rounds. Garrett, hampered by a three year layoff, did not look his usual self, but two weeks later held Cliff Cassidy even at Lebanon, O., in six rounds. Kid Bowley knocked out Kid Farley in two; Ham Carter 'stretched' Young Neal in a pair of sessions; Tidley Williams drew with Freddie Cramer and Art Rathman grabbed the duke over Ray Terris.

Frankie Bauman, Paterson, N. J. bantamweight who holds a record of fights with Midget Wolgast, Earl Mastro, Pancho Dencio, Willie La Morte, Lew Feldman and others; Iowa Joe Rivers, Cedar Rapids, Ia., junior welter who has fought Tommy Grogan, Joe Azzerrella, Spug Meyers, Billy Petrolle and Hershie Wilson and kayoed Crom, the Texas middleweight champion are three of the stars who are ready for fights in this city under the direction of the Ideal Club. Promoters around here who would like to show these top-notch stars on their program should get in touch with the Ideal Club at 1909 Elm St. in Cincinnati, O., Indianapolis, Dayton, Cleveland and Pittsburgh take note.

Around Fountain Square with the punchers and their pilots . . . what some of the former local stars are doing. . . . K. O. Mars, nothing much. . . . Jimmy Sanzone, pool room operator. . . . Gene La Rue, managing Paul Thob. . . . Jimmy Harris, metal worker. . . . Chick Rose, boxing coach. . . . Joe Anderson, promoter. . . . Larry Marringer, ice salesman . . . did you ever notice the close likeness of Bobby Chic the Cincinnati boxer with Johnny Stote, the Schenectady, N. Y., wrestling star. . . . Charley O'Neill, the reporter of the *Post* and the late Tex Rickard, even to the cigar. . . . Cliff McWhirter's style like Berg-Greb combination? . . . the rumor of the opening of the following clubs this summer. . . . Chester Park, Mt. Orab, Cleves outdoor arena, Tacoma Bowl, Ft. Thomas arena and the new club Anderson will open in the outdoors not speaking of the plans of Herman Katz to shoot at the ball park . . . plenty of clubs, means plenty of work for the idle fighters . . . the wonderful editorial which the Boss, Nat Fleischer wrote in the April issue of THE RING is drawing more comment hereabouts than any other in moons . . . true it was, all the way. . . . Lou Bauman as referee and Eddy Gerhardt in the role of announcer is worth the price of admission whereever these two popular arbiters work . . . a great combination. . . . Willie Davis and Irish O'Connor rank on even par as Gerhardt's rivals for the 'Introducing in this corner' act. . . . Charley Maxwell, the genial manager of the Havlin Hotel and one of the most natty boxing fans in the country, has broke into the boxing game . . . Maxwell has an interest in Cliff McWhirter, the little French Canadian bantamweight who incidentally is fighting under the Havlin A. C. colors . . . an injury has forced the classy McWhirter on the sidelines but will probably be back in the running ere the next issue comes off the press. . . . Jess McMurtry back from Florida looking great after a successful southern campaign . . . did you know that Bobby and Eddie Ammann, Cincinnati boxers, are no relation to this writer . . . that Cliff Millward and Ralph Peck, writers on the *Post*, are two of the youngest sports writers in the country and that Sol Straus of the *Enquirer* is rated one of the best wrestling scribes, believe it or not, on the latter . . . and for Rip, with S. O. J. (Southern Ohio Jabs) signing off at exactly the sixth issue of the year . . . THE RING Sports Monthly of New York City.

Fighters with good records and no managers who would like to secure the right connections in this territory can do so by writing the scribe at 2810 Sidney Avenue., Cincinnati, O. Enclose self stamped envelope for a reply.

Dover, O.—Bobby Chic, Cincinnati, 147 knocked out Eddie Deiano, Dover, O., 148 in four rounds. Harley Crostner, Cincinnati Negro, 160 beat Baby Kid Bailey, Pittsburgh. Both were ten round scheduled bouth and both Cincinnati boys are under the wing of Danny Davis.

In the two best eight round main bouts staged at the Blue Grass arena in Covington, Billy Rose, Cincinnati welterweight won from Bobby Green of Nashville, Tenn., while Art Schultz, Covington's featherweight ace defeated Jackie Stewart of Louisville, Ky. Results of the prelim bouts were: Jack Gibbons knocked out Spoke McMadden in 3; Ever Hanlon beat Carl Neal in 4; Young Helms decisioned Earl Baker in 6; Paul Thobe knocked out Steve Chandler; Red Rufus drew with Dick Fehler; Jack Gibbons knocked out Billy Stribling in 3; Jimmy Klump-Bernie Smith, draw 6; Si Nebloski knocked out Cecil Dunnigan in 2; George Hughes slapped Jack Klegal to sleep in 3; Max Wander lost to Buzz Martin and Billy McCoy drew with Sammy Harris in three rounders. Both shows were promoted by Joe Anderson.

The ten best in this section are: heavyweight—Joe Sekyra, Dayton; Light-heavyweight—Frankie Palmo, Cincinnati; Middleweight—Paul Eviston, Cincinnati; Welterweight—Jack Stanley, Cincinnati; Jr. welterweight—Maxie Koshover, Cincinnati; Lightweight—Lee Cox, Milford; Jr. lightweight—Young Helms, Covington; Featherweight—Freddie Miller, Cincinnati; Bantamweight—Cricket Helson, Fairfax; Flyweight—Young Hebe, Cincinnati.

Charley Arthurs, veteran New Jersey light heavyweight, had the better of Hugo Kimball, Cincinnati heavyweight star in one of the headline bouts at the Davis-Tavern arena, while in the other two feature matches of the month, Al Hamilton drew with Dudley Ring only to lose a close decision to Danny O'Keefe, Norwood lightweight in the other main go. The prelims from those shows and one at Milford are Mutt Morsch beat Jimmy Klump; Franky Zinn beat Jacky Parker (2); Bobby Brafford and Billy Brafford, draw; Sammy Sweet beat Jimmy Fox; Russ Milton kayoed Mickey Mitchell; Al Hamilton beat Tiger Lyons; Young Palmo beat Mutt Harrison; Charley White drew with Dudley Ring; Mutt Morsch beat Jug McGuire; Bill Sacas drew with Cyclone Thompson; Jess McMurtry beat Elmer Anderson; Harley Washburn trounced Wild Bill Hayes; Young Palmo beat Johnny Rickers; Wild Bill Hayes defeated Paul Speeg; Bobby Chick won over Art Bergman; Russ Milton trimmed Johnny Brinker; Sammy Sweet lost to Cricket Helson; Jimmy Brown beat Harley Crostner; Larry Kid Kaufman knocked out Red Halloway in 1; Ohnie Gahimer won over Bat Leno in 6; Young Tiger Flowers decisioned Ray Smith and Cowboy Guery beat Woody Davis in 3.

Elmer Havlin and Larry Payton, the latter a former middleweight boxer of this city, are doing a great job as third men in the ring at the Davis-Tavern club. Havlin handles the five feature bouts while Payton comes in for his share of labor in the five opening tussles. Eddy Gerhardt, the silver toned announcer does his stuff in the introducing.

Milford Johnny Mack, Cincinnati boxer knocked out Chuck Harris, the Covington, Ky., wrestler in the third round of their scheduled ten round mixed match at the Legion arena on March 14. Harris was leading up to the third but a terrific right hook sent the Negro matman into oblivion at the opening of the third. The match proved exciting from start to finish. In the six round semi-final, Jack Stanley the Cincinnati welter won the decision over the rugged Joe Moore of Indianapolis. Moore, a pretzel type of fighter proved a puzzle to Stanley at the start but once the latter got his bearings, Moore turned into a real catcher for the lithe Cincinnatian.

Danny Davis has some real aces in his stable of Cincinnati fighters. Heading the list is Danny O'Keefe the sensational Norwood High School lightweight who has only dropped one decision in 35 starts. O'Keefe knocked out Joe Pettelly in 2 and Jackie Reynolds in 3 in his last two times out. Mutt Morsch, a slugging middleweight is making a great comeback after fifteen idle months. Jess McMurtry has returned to his former manager Danny Davis and now going through rigid training. Georgei Annarino has an O. K. on his broken hand and is now in the midst of a campaign which he hopes will lead to a title shot for the Ohio speedster. Jimmy Brown, Cincinnati's Ace of Spades, a colored welter knocked out Tony Lombardi in one round in a recent start, while Jess Freeman a classy mittman from Bethel, Kans., is showing great form and should be listed soon among the leaders of the 133 pound division.

Danny keeps his boys plenty busy from Tennessee to Michigan and one or the other of the list is always showing in some show every night.

BOXING IN GEORGIA
By JACK AKIN

CHARLIE "KID" SHARPE, peppy bantam, has returned to Savannah after a short visit to his home in Texas. He sure looked good in his fights since his return. He was held to a draw by Ray Boree, of Florida, in one of his most recent bouts. This Boree has the goods, he won the Florida State Amateur Championship before turning pro.

Carl Knowles, light-heavy, won the nod over Jake Denning at Savannah, but in a return match, Jake easily walked off with the honors.

Knowles went over to Charleston, S. C., and beat Leroy Brown in ten heats.

Haven't heard from Pat Boynton and his welter prospect, Sammy Crowsby. Drop us a line Pat!

Joe Knight, Cairo, Ga., light-heavy, has a deadly punch, is a southpaw and seems to be feared by the leading boys in his class. He has been a consistent winner down in Florida. He recently beat Maxie Rosenbloom at Daytona Beach.

Jake Denning returned to Savannah to win by a kayo over Sam Turner, of Quitman, Ga.

Augusta, Ga., has been putting on first rate weekly shows in the new up-to-date arena. Pinky May is matchmaker there and urges good club fighters to get in touch with him.

Sid Carter, Georgia fly, has signed to go north. He should make good in meeting first rate flyweights.

Boxing is picking up again down this way and should be at its peak in a short while.

All you fight managers, matchmakers and promoters can get your news in this column by addressing the writer at Brunswick, Georgia.

Decorate Your Den

Through the purchase of the Police Gazette Library The Ring Photo Shop has acquired all of the lithographs that were on sale at the Gazette office, and to help RING readers to decorate their dens, we are offering, while these last, lithographs of the following fighters at the low price of 8 for $1.00.

The pictures, printed on glossy paper that can be mounted, can be had for 20 cents each if purchased singly. The pictures on sale, size 12 by 17 inches, have the name of the fighter and a description of him printed at the bottom.

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CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

TWO Cleveland boxers, turned down by local promoters around here because they are not "members of this club," scored big hits away from home, and both will be welcomed back by the "big shot" promoters when they return to Cleveland.

Joey Goodman, who is now a welterweight, fighting his first fight at Los Angeles, Cal., beat Billy Townsend. He knocked Billy down twice for counts of seven and nine, respectively, and received a great ovation. All the Los Angeles papers spoke well of Goodman.

Frankie Wallace was the other Cleveland boy who battled his way to the big top, by soundly thrashing Freddy Miller. Wallace won the duke over in Detroit. Johnny DeTirro, Wallace's manager, is certain that Frankie will eventually win the featherweight tourney.

Tony Mitchell won over Jimmy Vaughan, at Detroit, Mich., a few weeks ago.

Bruna Sala, Donora light-heavyweight, giving away 22 pounds to Joe Roske, surprised the Firestone fans by winning easily over the giant.

Paul Cheeks, director of boxing at the Firestone plant, brought Bruna Sala back with Johnny Freeman, and Bruna again carried off the honors. It was a good fight all the way.

Johnny Bonus, flashy young bantamweight amateur, is going along fine. In him Johnny Papke has another good prospect to hit the big time. Bonus has been winning two and three fights a week. He looks like a finished boxer right now.

Little Babe Triscaro is another who has been winning all his fights as a pro.

Eddie Lord, former Waterbury junior lightweight champion, of New England, since moving to Cleveland has defeated Tracey Cox, Jimmy Deane, Eddie Koppy, Charley Baxter, and lost a very unpopular verdict to Battling Gizzy.

Eddie Simms, Cleveland slugger, won the duke over Frankie Wine, at the Equestrium, in the feature bout. Eddie Latko won a popular decision over Johnny Rich; Marty Toukounan, Lakewood, won over Billy Hoag; Steve Mulnar, middleweight, defeated Joe Dunn, and Eddie Bojack stopped Jack O'Bittman in the fifth.

The Equestrium is still drawing well with their wrestling matches.

Johnny Risko is once again ready to show the fans that he is far from finished. He has had several months' vacation and expects to clash with Mickey Walker shortly.

Phil Goldstein and Tommy O'Neill have taken over the West Side A. C., formerly held by Johnny Papke.

Joey Wilson, Carl Tremaine's little flyweight, won a great fight over Mike Abrams at the Knights of Columbus show.

Luis DiSantis, managed by Joe Tuma and Larry Keough, is being kept busy. Joe Tuma will promote outdoor shows at the Harvard bowl this season, with Parson Tom McGinty as matchmaker.

Suey Welsh has another good colored boxer in Sammy O'Dell. He has knocked out Ray VanHook, and beaten Frankie Chatterton and Marty McHale.

Eddie Simms got the duke over Kayo Christner, in a slow fight. Christner knew too much for Eddie, and the decision was not popular with the crowd.

Harry Cohen is promoting at the Arena, Hough Ave. and Ansel Rd. Babe Triscaro scored a win over Marty Gold, Phila., on one of his shows.

Larry Madge got the decision over Marty McHale, but it was a very close fight.

The Cleveland Boxing Commission have dispensed with all complimentary tickets with the exception of working Press and employee tickets. The promoter is now allowed to hand out as many passes as he wishes, which he could not do previously.

Freddie Edwards won over Tommy Jones at Harry Cohen's Arena in the feature sixer. Larry Madge defeated Ernie Wright. Matty Mathison won over Mickey Farr; Frankie Brazzio stopped Henry Scarpozzy; Mickey Dugan decisioned Guy Schreiber.

Gorilla Jones knocked out Chuck Burns, at Akron, in the third round. Marty McHale and Sammy O'Dell appeared in the semi-final and put up a great fight. It was a no-decision bout.

Jimmy Vaughn scored a knockout at Zanesville, but was beaten by Patsy Severo at the Equestrium.

Ross Fields defeated Willie Davies, who seems to be on the decline, in the feature six at the Equestrium. Patsy Severo won over Press Johnson, of Akron, and Jimmy Vaughn decisioned Jimmy Talamantez; Joe Semon outgalloped Joe Dunn and Roger Brooks won over Frankie Bauer.

Walter Taylor has put in circus seats and enlarged the Equestrium to seat 8500 people for the Max Schmeling exhibition tour.

Eddie Mead and Joe Lewis have branched out as wrestling promoters and are lined up with Jack Curley's circuit. They will also promote boxing shows.

Mose Donley has put Johnny Datto back in winning form, as he scored a sensational knockout at Minneapolis in the third round over Paul Wangley.

Phil Zwick is hot on the trail of Eddie Lord and Frankie Wallace.

Bud Taylor is now a manager. He has a good colored middleweight, Sammy Slaughter, who just beat Dave Shade in Milwaukee.

Frankie Wallace now lays claim to the featherweight championship by his victory over Freddy Miller, which means little until he can lick some of the other top-notchers.

Jimmy Vaughn knocked out Homer Ronan in 33 seconds.

Eddie Mead has opened a new gymnasium across from the Public Auditorium.

Jimmy Avon has taken Larry Madge again under his wing and Larry is fighting every week.

Dave Harris, the Zanesville promoter, is anxious to get his whirlwind lightweight, Tiger Walker, in Cleveland.

Mansfield is still drawing good crowds, and Ray Newton, their star lightweight, has been going very good.

Al Zill is thinking of opening at Youngstown again.

Jimmy Dime has an option on the Jolly bowl at Newcastle, and will start promoting fights down there very soon.

Johnny Papke has his amateurs and professionals working out at the Tuma A. C., 722 Superior Ave., Cleveland.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

GEORGE PANKA, the Homestead Hammerer, found Emmett Rocco, burly hairy-chested heavyweight from Ellwood City, a mere shadow of his former self. The pair fought it out at the Moose Temple Auditorium and Panka was declared the winner.

I. D. "Apples" Meyers, now connected as matchmaker for Eddie Kapphan at the Arena, rounded out one of the best of the weekly cards ever staged at the new Addison Street club. In two scheduled ten-round bouts Joey LaGrey, stocky New York middleweight gained the nod over Guy Salerno, while Angel Cliville, of Porto Rico, technically stopped Indian Tiger West in the fifth session.

In the opinion of the scribe, here is how the Pittsburgh district boys rank as this goes to print: Heavyweights—George Panka, Homestead; Emmett Rocco, Ellwood City; Al Fay, Charleroi. Light-heavyweights—Bruno Sala, Donora; Sunny Jim McVey, Braddock; Walter Ketchel, Swissvale. Middleweights—Lee Sala, Donora; Buck McTiernan, Swissvale; Tiger Joe West, Brookline. Welterweights—Teddy Yarosz, Monaca; Jimmy Belmont, Braddock; Tiger Joe Randall, Elizabeth. Juniorwelters—Eddie Brannon, Hill Dist.; Jimmy Reilly, McKeesport; Angelo Vergione, Swissvale. Lightweights—Battling Gizzy, Donora; Charley Baxter, Northside; Marty Gornick, Whitaker. Juniorlights—Johnny Cataline; Johnny Hazel; Johnny Montebano. Featherweights—Mose Butch, Oakland; Jackie Rodgers, Northside; Fritz Zivic, Lawrenceville. Bantams—Jackie Wilson; Jimmy Thomas; Willie Davies. Note: Guy Salerno, being an importation, we omit his name as middleweight leader.

Jules D. Beck ranks as one of the foremost matchmakers in the country. His affiliations with Motor Square Garden being so successful, he and General Manager Joe Mazer took over the Moose Temple Auditorium, and are operating weekly fistic shows at both arenas.

Willie Davies, the Charleroi mite, is nearing the end of a brilliant career in fisticuffs. Undoubtedly the greatest of the little fellows ever turned out of the Pittsburgh district Davies was a flashy performer in his time and for many years rated as the uncrowned flyweight king. Jim Buchanan, manager of Davies, says Willie has salted away most of the money he earned in the ring and plans to build a gasoline station after his ring days are over.

By the way . . . plenty of "big-time" boxing is planned for the Smoky City this summer . . . Ross Fields seeks to wipe out that defeat Pittsburgh Jackie Wilson has against him . . . Bruno Sala beat Joey Roske at Akron . . . Champion Jim Londos packed 'em in at Motor Square . . . Sports critics are not the least big backward in proclaiming Battling Gizzy a combination of Harry Greb and Battling Nelson . . . Sammy Asto, a tough bantam, is a member of Jack London's string . . . Joe Todd and Pete Polachek keep their stable of amateurs busy . . . A younger brother of Battling Gizzy belongs to the club . . . Davey Grove is resting right now . . . Teddy Yarosz is being groomed for a welterweight championship bout . . . Sammy Chernoff, New York lightweight, who boxed Lou Severo at Motor Square, won a decision over Al Singer in 1928 . . .

Contrary to his usual form, Teddy Yarosz, unbeaten Monaca welterweight, defeated Vincent Hambright, the Filipino flash, at Motor Square Garden. On the same ticket, Mose Butch, flashy Pittsburgh bantam, technically kayoed Lew Franklin, of Philadelphia, in the third session, while Meadville Lou Severo won over Sammy Chernoff on a technical kayo. Chernoff suffered a cut eye.

Billy Holt, young colored welterweight, who won a disputed decision over Tiger Joe Randall, decisioned Billy Rose, of Cincinnati, in ten rounds at the Arena. Harry Harris defeated Dick Evans, a cagey veteran, in the six-round semi-windup. Carl Montebano, of Braddock, outpointed Patsy Wallace, dusky New York middleweight, and Russ Powers, Youngstown, O. middleweight, was knocked cold by Anson Green, Homestead, Pa., Negro, in the third frame of the opening bout.

Charley Baxter, local lightweight, failed to provide any stiff opposition in a ten-round main event at Motor Square Garden against Eddie Lord. The eight-round semi-final between Lee Sala and Young Rudy took the play from the main-bout principals.

Hooks and Jabs—Jackie Wilson ranked ninth in Eddie Borden's ratings of the bantamweights . . . The Londos mat card, staged one day after the Teddy Yarosz-Vincent Hambright fight show, drew five grand at Motor Square . . . Buck McTiernan is out to regain the high standing he once held in local pugilistic circles . . . Angel Cliville, who combines hard-hitting with cleverness, is a tough nut to crack as Tiger West will testify . . . Mose Butch trains with sparring partners a mile high . . . Davies and Marino turned 'em away at McKeesport . . . Charley Baxter kept hurling challenges at Battling Gizzy until he faced Eddie Lord . . . An entire show at the Arena was canceled when Gizzy took sick on the spur of the moment . . . Gizzy and Jackie Cohen were in the windup . . . Johnny Cataline won over Little Pal, of Chicago, on the George Panka-Emmett Rocco card . . . Danny Dundee is a comer . . . Jack Wilson, rugged Pittsburgh middleweight, is back from New York.

Pittsburgh fighters and their styles: Mose Butch—southpaw; Lee Sala—buzzsaw, boring-in type like Johnny Risko; Jimmy Belmont—slugger; Battling Gizzy—windmill type; George Panka—ring general; Teddy Yarosz—clever a la Tommy Loughran; Buck McTiernan—classy, ringwise.

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News and Gossip from Boston

By DOC ALMY

LEADING off with the big fistic event of the month in Boston, Lou Brouillard, of Worcester, former world's welter champion and present holder of N. E. honors in the class, has come back and, like Finnegan, is going again. Before a big mob of fans at the Boston Garden, Lou grabbed the "number" of Johnny Indrisano, of East Boston, and was awarded the decision at the end of ten very hot rounds. The result was a big surprise. Not only did the Worcester boy carry the fighting for fully two-thirds of the route, but he also whacked Indrisano on the chin in the second round and dropped him for a count of eight. This occurrence was a bolt from a clear sky. There is a chance that this worthy pair may meet again in a Boston ring with more than a possibility that Brouillard's New England title will be at stake. If so, thongh Indrisano has been in the active ring since his start in 1922, it will mark his initial "shot" at any sort of a welter title.

The national junior championships, the big event of the year in New England amateur boxing circles, came to a showdown the nights of April 4-5, at the Boston Arena. There were thirty-three bouts in the trial rounds, and twenty-four on the second night when the semi-finals and finals were boxed. The best fighting was in the 147 pound class. The final in this division were won by Nat Bor, of Fall River, a fine performer being piloted by Dave Lumiansky, manager of Al Brown and others. In the heavyweight final, John M. Kilcullen, Jr., of New York, one of Yale's star big men, eliminated Joe Uzdavinis, of Haverhill, the latter N. E. champion. Those receiving the junior championship crowns, follow: 112 pounds, Francis E. J. Walsh, Worcester, (N. E. champion); 118, Henry L. Brown, Arlington (N. E. champion); 126, Sedgwick Harvey, New York; 135, Nat Bor, Fall River; 147, Charles Crovatto, Pittsburg; 160, Ray McCullum, Detroit; 175, Al Zappala, Lawrence, Mass., (N. E. champion); heavyweight, John M Kilcullen, Jr., New York.

Lou Brouillard's win over Indrisano in a Boston ring, as set forth, was not his first achievement since the loss of his title to Fields in Chicago. He was in poor shape for several weeks after that affair, due to low blows recevied in a previous bout in Cleveland. After a rest and medical treatment, he did his first comeback, defeating George "Wop" Manolian, of Boston, one time New England middleweight champion, or claimant of the title. The result gave him the confidence in himself to tackle Indrisano in Boston.

At the Mechanics Building, Boston, Leo Larrivee, of Waterbury, Conn., who has become quite a regular in Hub rings, put over another win on Sam Bruce, of Buffalo, a colored middleweight, who is far from being a soft shot. Bruce has plenty of stuff—is a sharpshooter with the left and can hit. He is weak amidships, however. It was Larrivee's second victory over Bruce. He defeated the dusky warrior at Braves Field last summer. In the semi-final, Rudy Marshall, of Cos Cob, Conn., had little trouble mussing up Snowflakes Wight, of Buffalo. It was stopped at the end of the third.

William "Gorilla" Jones, the N. B. A. middleweight champion, has drawn a suspension insofar as this state is concerned from the Mass. Boxing Commission because of his indifferent work in his bout with Frankie O'Brien, of Hartford, at the Valley Arena, Holyoke, a few weeks ago. The fact does not seem to be bothering the N. B. A. champion very much as he is working fairly steadily though not in Massachusetts.

Eddie Ran, of New York, the Polish welter, who met Hy Diamond, of Boston, in the semi-final to the Brouillard-Indrisano fight, failed to live up to all the flag-waving which had greeted his arrival in this city. The affair was an eight-rounder, and at its conclusion, the award went to Diamond by a wide margin.

We had a rather ridiculous ring affair at the Boston Garden the night of April 1, a fitting event for the day. For the occasion Billy Ames, the matchmaker, had got together a rather fine card which was to have been headed by Maxie Rosenbloom and Adolf Heuser, the German light-heavy threat in the Buckley-Sharkey stable. In a gym workout, Heuser received an injured ear which pulled him out of the contest and has sent him back to Germany for treatment and a month's layoff. Rather than lose the entire show, Ames succeeded in securing Jackie Fields, the champion, and Leslie Baker, of Watertown, who had been clamoring for a big shot. As was expected, Fields outclassed the youngster in all departments. It was stopped by the referee in the first minute of the fifth round. In a redhot semi-final of eight rounds, Buster Price, of Lynn, who traces his lineage back to Edmund Enoch Price, the old-time Boston ringster frequently mentioned in our "Cradles of Boxing" series in THE RING, defeated Joe Zelinsky, formerly of Binghampton, N. Y., now of Winthrop, Mass.

Henry Firpo, of Louisville, Ky., known as the "Bald Eagle," who has met with considerable success in his Boston ring appearances, added another win to his string when he defeated "Dutch" Leonard of Waltham, a tough, hard-hitting slugger, in a ten-rounder, fought at the Boston Arena.

Attendance figures at Boston sporting events, during the week of April 3, world indicate that the present business depression is more a matter of mind than an actuality. Such, however, is not the case as many are suffering from the effects of the depression. However, here are the figures: April 6 wrestling at Boston Garden, 15,000; same night, wrestling at Mechanics Building, 5,500; April 7, wrestling Boston Arena, 14,000, and 6,000 turned away; same night, ice hockey, Boston Garden, 12,000; April 8, Brouillard-Indrisano bout, Boston Garden, 8,500. Thus it will be seen that in one week and in a period of close to forty-eight actual hours, 55,000 fans turned out to see their particular sport. These figures point to the fact that, despite the depression, the public will pay its money to see what it really desires to look at.

Norman Conrad, of Wilton, N. H., a middleweight who has been given frequent mention, polished off Manny Davis, of Schnectady, N. Y. in the eight rounds semi-final. This Conrad, while as yet hardly a great, has been doing some remarkable work inside ropes during the year. All told he has had about thirty-eight contests, losing but two, and, as concerns these upsets, has come back and whipped the chaps who had whipped him.

On the same card Eino Nyholm, of Maynard, Mass., a middleweight, defeated Chris DeRosa, of East Boston. Nyholm, a tow-headed Nordic, not so long ago was winning all kinds of honors as an amateur.

Sam Price, hitherto promoting the Casino A. C., of Fall River, and Battling Silva, promoter, of the Salem A. C. of that city, recently have swapped clubs. Price, a Bostonian, has shifted his affairs to Salem, while Silva, an old-time welter fighter of local merit, has taken the helm in Fall River. To date the trade has been mutually satisfactory.

Emile "Spider" Pladner, of France, announced as the claimant of the European bantam title, made his bow in Boston against Georgie Ostrow, of Revere, claimant of the N. E. fly and bantam titles, in the ten-round feature of the Argonne A. A. tourney and Pladner won. From what he showed here, his best offering is infighting. A long-range, sharpshooter can make him plenty of trouble. Freddie Lattenzio, of France, Pladner's sparring partner, a 115 pounder, beat Earl Duquette, of Cambridge, in the eight rounds semi-final.

The boys were handled by Louis De Ponthieu, of France, the old-time feather and lightweight, who back in 1911 and 1912 fought a number of battles in this country. Matty Baldwin, the N. E. lightweight champion, of that day, also Battling Nelson were among his American opponents. De Ponthieu served in the French armies during the World War, and is now minus his left arm. With Pladner and Lattenzio he plans to remain in this country until July.

The French boys received some jar, also did some of the rest of us, when they applied for licenses to box in this state. Each was assessed $25, their manager another $25, and a second's license of $10 also was clapped on. In the case of Lattenzio, this was particularly tough, as he was fighting for very small money. "When we get through with paying license fees, hotel and gym bills, we will split about 15 cents," declared his manager. "Massachusetts does not offer much encouragement to outside boxers to visit the state."

As readers of THE RING may recall, we have made a fight for years on this issue. A while back when the Mass. Boxing Commission announced that license fees could be paid on the instalment plan—$10 for the first fight, $10 for the second, and $5 for the third, it seemed as though we had made some progress. However, it now appears that this merely applies to native sons who have graduated from the amateur ranks. Outsiders pay just the same as ever. Thus, if a New York prelim or semi-final boy comes to Boston to show his wares, and is booked for $75 for his inital appearance, it will cost him $25 to box, $25 for his manager, and $10 for his second, leaving him $15 with which to buy a new auto. Out of this $15 comes his living expenses while here. Of course, these fees cover the space of a year, that is, until the next January, but if the boy loses his first fight his chances of coming here again are not good. Under the circumstances, as there are forty-seven other states in the Union, the Bay State promoters are up against it in securing talent.

Leo Salvas, a middleweight hailing from Berlin, N. H., is romping along toward the front. Early in the month at Keene, N. H., he knocked out Billy Sims, holder of the state title, in nine rounds. As Salvas now holds the title in Maine and Vermont as well as in his native state, he is not many jumps away from making a formidable bid for the New England crown.

After several false starts, meaning ring defeats, Manny Davis, the colored middleweight, from Schenectady, has finally got going. No wonder Leo Bradley, his manager, is feeling more cheerful. At Portland, Me., Davis tackled the husky Joe Zelinsky, of Winthrop, so spoiling him in the fourth round that the bout was stopped. Going back to Portland, Davis again came to the front. He was pitted against Billy Kohut, of New York, and in 58 seconds it was all over with Davis the winner. Some speed in a bout slated for 12 rounds.

Canada Lee, the New York welter, who has done considerable boxing in and about New England, came to grief with the Bay State Commission a few days ago. Following an investigation of his bout with Bert Tubbs in a Pittsfield ring, the Commission decided that Lee was an actor. It has awarded him an indefinite vacation insofar as Massachusetts rings are concerned.

Pancho Villa, of New Bedford, who a couple of months ago gave the Boston fistic world a jar when he defeated Sammy Fuller, added another to his list of wins at Bangor, Me., by beating Kid Drew, of Biddeford, a Pine Tree State star.

Charley Parker, of Boston, a welter, managed by Eddie Devine, the latter a former very good local performer, upset the "dope" at Salem, Mass. recently when he outfought Eddie "Kid" Sullivan of Walpole, in the ten-round feature bout. It was one of the best fights of the year in Salem.

Marlboro, Mass., with its Pastime A. C., came back onto the Bay State boxing map early in the month, staging Victor Lotti, of that city, against Pete Herman, of Boston, in the ten round feature. Lotti, a protege of the Johnny Buckley outfit, gave Herman such a tough pummelling that the affair was stopped in the eighth round.

After twice meeting Billy Gonyea, of Worcester, and failing to garner anything but two defeats, Buster Prince, of Lynn, mentioned elsewhere in the column, made a third attempt at Salem. This time he had better luck as he was returned the winner of a ten-round slugfest.

Harry Allen, the Brockton, Mass. light-heavy, met with a defeat at Taunton, a couple of weeks ago. In a revival of the sport in that city, Allen encountered Jimmy Mendes, of New Bedford, former N. E. light-heavy champion, and was dropped twice for counts of nine. In the semi-final, Al Veradt, of Taunton, a big feather, now under the wing of Freddie Yelle, the oldtime New England star, defeated Midget Dundee, of Brockton.

Patsy Santo, of Revere, a husky southpaw, who has been on the tail of Andy Callahan, the N. E. champion lightweight, for some time, ran into a tough subject in Baby Jack Renault, of Cambridge, at Salem. Santo injured his left hand in the third round and received quite a mauling in the remaining seven stanzas. Renault was the victor.

After a layoff of several weeks, Tony Shucco, of Boston, N. E. light-heavy champion, got a "break" at Holyoke, and beat Jimmy Britt, of Phillipsburg, N. J.

Paul Bowser, the local wrestling promoter, recently handed to Mayor Curley, of Boston, $5000 to go to the city's Unemployment Fund, the same coming from off the top from a Champion Henri DeGlane vs. Ed Don George melee, waged early in the month at the Boston Arena. The affair attracted about 14,000 spectators, and was won by the champion. Bowser has turned in a grand total of about $32,000, all this within a year.

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DOWN IN ARKANSAS
By MINOR STUART

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.: Orie Shmit, California welterweight, beat Dwight Fryer of Little Rock, Arkansas, in ten rounds. Kid Shimmy and the Panama Kid, Negro battlers, drew in the semi-windup; Jack Griffin, Eldorado, Arkansas, 126-pounder who has just returned from a tour of the Pacific Coast, beat Adam Wallach, 122 pounds, of North Little Rock in six.

Stuttgart, Ark.: "Tarzan" Leggett, 155 pounds, from Jackson, Tenn., won the judges' decision over Joe Patterson of Memphis; John Moore and Henry Jones drew in four rounds; "Herbert" Hoover, Negro of Dewitt, Arkansas, scored over Dwight Blackwood, Negro in four rounds; Al Denman and Bobbie Roberts, both of Stuttgart, boxed a four-round draw. "Skinny" Woodall refereed all bouts.

Fort Worth, Texas: Duke Trammel, veteran Texas middleweight, beat Kid Kober, also of the Lone Star State, in one of the first bouts held in Texas in some time.

Marianna, Ark.: Scrip D'Olive of New Orleans kayoed Heine Wolfe, of Memphis, in the third of an eight-round; Battling Ike Williams, of Holly Grove, and K. O. Kyce boxed eight rounds to a draw; Fredy Hyde and Sugarlump Brown drew in four rounds; Dynamite Stanley kayoed Shifty Travis in three rounds.

Fort Worth, Texas: Tony Herrera, third ranking junior-welterweight, had Jimmy Owens, Fort Worth welter, on the mat several times to win an easy decision; Jackie O'Day, Hartford, Conn., featherweight, decisioned Freddie Munico of Dallas in six rounds; Danny Griffin of Mineral Wells outpointed Bill Miller of Fort Worth; J. D. Kitchens, of Fort Worth, drew with Johnny Owens of Roanoke.

Joe Red, of Little Rock, Ark., who won the welterweight championship of the A. A. U., recently held in Little Rock, will train for the Olympic Games under the direction of Stinger Steele, Arkansas, lightweight champion.

Hot Springs, Ark.: Jack King of Little Rock kayoed "Whitey" Joe Mellinor of Miami, in the first round of a scheduled ten-rounder; Panama Kid kayoed Battling Siki in the fifth round; Chick McMinn won a close decision over Elmer Crowley.

Marianna, Ark.: Tommy Huffman of Helena, Ark. kayoed Tommy Ball of Waxahachie, Texas; Dynamite Stanley of Marianna kayoed Louis Murphy of Waxahachie; Ernest Travis kayoed Asper Stewart; Gill and Poore of Memphis boxed a four-round draw.

Hot Springs, Ark.: In the most sensational fight card seen here this season, Woodrow Williams of St. Louis, upset the dope and handed Leroy "Kid" Dugan of Blytheville, Ark., a handsome pasting. Pete White, St. Louis, beat Jack Griffin, of Eldorado, in the semi-final; Joe Brown easily beat Mitch Bennett.

Marianna, Ark.: Leroy Dugan, the Blytheville bantam added another victim to his string by finishing Jimmy Hyde of Marianna in round one. Tommy Hoffman scored a kayo over A. C. Neal in the third round; Norman Odlie kayoed Roy Hall in two frames.

Marianna, Ark.: Scrip D'Olive kayoed Kid Collier of Batesville, Miss., in nine rounds; Billy Hyde, of Marianna, kayoed Jack Hoffman of Muskogee, Okla., in the fifth; Earl Allen stopped Dynamite Stanley in three rounds; Leon Holloway and Truman Hyde boxed four rounds to a draw.

Promoters and fans cooperate with this scribe at 1923 Locust Street, Texarkana, Arkansas by sending in your news before the fifth of each month.

MONONGAHELA VALLEY, PA., DOPE
By MICKEY TODD

LEE SALA, Donora Buzzsaw, is one of the busiest ringmen in this section. During the month he defeated Billy Brent, Young Rudy and Jimmy Moore. Recently Jack Perry, ex-movie actor and now manager of Guy Salerno, offered Sala a trip to the Pacific Coast, but Lee refused to accept. "I'm getting all the work I can handle right at home. Why should I leave?" replied the local mauler.

Willie Davies, Charleroi bantam, defeated Tony Marino in a ten-round windup at the Palisades Rink in McKeesport. It was a close fight. Young Joe Walcott, tough Washington tar-baby, got the decision over Joe Bazzone, of McKeesport, in a slam-bang six-rounder.

In the April issue of THE RING, I stated that Frank Klaus had a tough colored middleweight in Billy Flannigan. It was a slight error. Klaus informs me that Billy is an Irishman.

The writer seeks the co-operation of the promoters, boxers and managers in making this column a worthy one. Send your dope before the 15th of each month.

At last it looks like Buck McTiernan has awakened. Here is a boy who has been terribly mismanaged in the past.

Jessie Duke, of Clearfield, seeks action with the leading junior-lightweights in this region. He has participated in twenty bouts. He has fought such boys as Jimmy Reed, Frankie Porto, Tony Brown, Kid Bucky and Tiny Trinkle. He is a kayo artist and fans who have seen him fight expect a busy summer for the local lad.

In the final card of the season at McKeesport, a double-windup, Matty Oldach, of Erie, defeated Marty Gornick in a close ten-rounder. Jimmy Dean also of Erie, outpointed Eddie Hebner in the other ten-rounder.

Jimmy Belmont, Frank Klaus' fine welterweight, says he will sell his car and get back into shape again for another fight with Teddy Yarosz. Jimmy was a spectator at the Yarosz-Hambright bout. Belmont has an idea he can lick Teddy. "If I can't beat Yarosz when I get in shape, I'll give my purse to charity," said Belmont.

Billy Flannigan, the Braddock Bruiser, drew with I. T. Battles at Erie, Penna.

Battling Gizzy, the Donora Windmill, lost his first fight in fifty-six starts when he fought Wesley Ramey at Michigan.

Mail photos and all news for THE RING to the writer at the Todd A. C., 232 Gastner Ave., Donora, Penna.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

THE world's junior-lightweight title was at stake when Kid Chocolate, the champion, and Davey Abad, as challenger, met at Polar Stadium. The fans witnessed fifteen rounds of fighting with little interest due to Abad's desire to make the Candy Kid miss, and whatever punching was done was accomplished by the Keed who earned the judges' decision. Both men appeared to be in good condition, and were both breathing normally at the end of the contest.

Santiago Viamonte, clever hard-punching featherweight from Palma Soriano, easily beat Kid Caballero, of El Cristo, in ten steaming rounds.

Manuel Vazquez, local welterweight, easily whipped Julian Mirave in six rounds, scoring two knockdowns. Higinio Ruiz, of Spain, outpointed Marzo Fernandez in a hot encounter of four rounds, and Celedonio Vazquez drew with Joaquin Jorge in another four.

Fillo Echevarria, sturdy little son of Spain, redeemed himself by a slashing eight-round victory over Divino Rueda, his only rival on Cuban soil. After losing the first round, Fillo started hostilities in the second canto and swarmed all over Rueda, who never had a look in thereafter.

Pedro Pronenza came back to life with a good victory over Antonio Hevia in eight rounds, and then scored a seven-round knockout over Martin Perez for the light-heavyweight title of Cuba. Young Uzcudun drew in four with Jimmy Valentine. Santiago Saenz got the decision over Guillermo Canseco.

Gilbert Castillo, Cuban flash, who just returned from the south, stopped Joe Temes in four rounds. Jesus Lopez beat Young Manilo, and Mario Jimenez scored a three-round knockout over Wee Wee Barton, while Valentin Pedroso beat Orlando Linares in six rounds. Humbert Casal drew in six with Gilbert Rojas and Genaro Gonzalez was kayoed by Orestes Menendez.

Panchon Martinez looked like a champion when he drew in six rounds with Divino Rueda, Cuba's iron man. Panchon tired a little towards the end, and let Divino take the play away from him. Young Gallard scored a four-round kayo over Benny Yagloicjan, of Jerusalem. Mateo Gomez beat Joe Gandon in six rounds.

Tommy Barredo, Cuba's little Harry Greb, drew in six rounds with Isidro Delgado, of Cerro. Barredo's windmill style baffled Delgado who evened things up with heavy body punching. Prudencio Arce and Julio Recio had it out in six, with Recio carrying off the honors. Jack Santiago earned a six-round duke over Carlos Rios, known as the harmonica kid. Juan Perez and Black Bill Holginuero drew in six rounds. Joe Coego scored a two-round knockout over Vicente Yince.

Henry Santos lost a close decision to Joaquin Torres, known as Baby Chocolate. The Baby can surely punch, and his manager Hilario Martinez is receiving lucrative offers for his ace, who will probably leave soon for Panama. Santos, known as Baturrito, is yelling for a return bout, and he will probably get his wish.

Luis Parga, Cuba's great promoter, who was the string-puller in the Kid Chocolate-Davey Abad title bout, is now planning big things for the future and before long a huge stadium will be constructed where he will be the big shot. Parga is a popular man and he knows lots about the glove game.

Antonio Santana, Cuba's little southpaw bantamweight, who hits like a lightweight, is getting ready for his trip to Panama. His manager, Hilario Martinez has several good offers.

Rafael Valdes, little Cuban who is destined to take Black Bill's place in the boxing world, is losing time here for lack of rivals. This kid would go great in New York—fast, colorful, and a sterling flyweight if there ever was one. He looked great when he knocked out Kid Charolito in four rounds.

Frank Knapp, Brooklyn lightweight, will probably show his wares in Havana soon. Knapp will meet Joaquin Torres very shortly.

Antonio Horas, Spanish middleweight, makes his initial appearance in Miramar Gardens next month. He looks like a mighty fine performer.

Kid Calixto earned a six-round decision over Luis Aguiar. Aguiar's weaving baffled Calixto, but aggressiveness and hard punching earned for him the judges' vote.

Felo Rodriguez is promoting fights at Miramar Gardens. Cuco Sanchez, a good referee, worked on the Chocolate-Abad card. Fernando Rios refereed the main bout.

Joe Coego drew in six with Kid Calixto, the Oriente flash. Kid Monos outpunched Olayo Nebot, and Felix Enriquez beat Jimmy Valentino in four rounds. Prudencio Arce, the toughest flyweight in town, scored a one-round knockout over Enrique.

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THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

ONE of the most unusual boxing shows in history, saw Harry Dublinsky, of Chicago, lose to Lew Massey, of South Philadelphia, in the fourth round and Frank Bojorski, of Erie, bow to Tony Falco, Phillie, in the sixth round at the Arena. Both fights were stopped by Referee Bryan Hayes when Dublinsky and Bojorski had badly damaged eyes. For Dublinsky, who was never stopped before, it was a bitter experience. Bojorski, a left hander with a record of fifty straight victories up to last December, was knocked down twice by Falco before the bout came to its sudden termination. The Erie lad is credited with being the Pennsylvania State lightweight champion.

Jackie Willis, a tall and skinny colored lad from Gray's Ferry, punched out a victory over Pete Gulotta, of New Orleans, in six rounds at the Arena. Emil Rossi, of New York, encountered the veteran Jack McCarthy, of Los Angeles, in one of the six rounders at the Arena, and won as he pleased.

Al Ettore, West Philadelphia light-heavyweight, unleashed a powerful attack to knock out Rattle Kitchline, of Phillipsburg, N. J., in the sixth round, at Phillipsburg. Ettore had Kitchline down twice before the referee counted him out.

Earl Mooney, of Phillie, was awarded a technical knockout over Jean Moret in the fourth round at Wilmington. On the same bill Joe Smallwood defeated Tommy Rios in the eight-round windup.

After being on the sidelines for about a year Al Little is getting in shape for a comeback.

Patsy Wallace has recovered from an injured hand and returned to the ring by meeting Lew Raymond in Portsmouth, Va.

Charley Daggert who used to box as a lightweight about fifteen years ago has organized the Daggert Athletic Association in Frankford, which has an enrollment of fifty-four boxers and forty wrestlers (all amateurs).

Gussie Lewis, clever Philadelphia bantamweight of pre-war days, is in business in North Philadelphia. He is a younger brother of Harry Lewis, claimant to the welterweight championship a quarter of a century ago.

Al White, former boxer and now fight handler, has taken a life manager of his own. He was married recently to Miss Veronica O'Higgins, of Camden. The Duca brothers, Johnny, Joe and Mickey, of Paulsboro, are under White's wing.

According to rumors, Max (Boo Boo) Hoff, who now conducts a big gymnasium and handles a few fighters, is to turn outdoor promoter this summer and conduct bouts at the Phillies Ball Park.

Seven new champions were crowned in the Middle Atlantic A. A. U. boxing title meet which required four nights to complete at the Arena. Mickey Grandinette, of the Germantown Bosy Club, who won the lightweight championship a year ago, was the only boxer to repeat, although he moved into the 147-pound division this time. Ray Jeffries, a student at West Philadelphia High School, made a big hit with the crowd when he won the 175 pound title, beating Bishop Hart, of Sigma Theta. Hart gave him a terrific battle and many were of the opinion he had beaten the High School lad but the decision went to Ray. Jack Moran, a lunch wagon chef, who boxes from the Arena A. A., gained the heavyweight title when he stopped George Walters, 215 pound student from St. Thomas College, Scranton.

Johnny Demarco, 142 pound Philadelphian made a trip to Jacksonville, Fla., and fought a six-round draw with Malcolm Morgan, of Jacksonville. On the same bill Tony Gullotta, billed as a Quaker City entrant, beat Harry Kersey.

Tommy Loughran, South Philadelphia fistic idol, was an honored guest at the banquet of the South Philadelphia Business Men's Association. Mayor J. Hampton Moore and William S. Vare, Republican organization leader, were among the speakers but Loughran merely took a bow.

Billy Jones, contender for the light-heavyweight crown, gained a technical knockout over Wally Sears, of Minersville, in the sixth round, at the Broadway. It was the tenth victory for Jones, over a heavyweight opponent. Sailor Pulaski, of the U. S. S. *Dobbin*, outpointed Joe Smallwood, of Wilmington, in six rounds at the Broadway.

Once again Benny Bass put his K. O. punch on exhibition when he knocked out Mickey Doyle, of Pittston, in the second round, at Wilmington.

After snapping Han Hassett's winning streak of twenty bouts, Billy Metchell, walloping Millville "farmer boy" found another victim in Danny Russell, of Salisbury, Md. He stopped the Eastern Shore middleweight in fifty seconds of the opening round. The bout was held at the Cambria, in Kensington. Al Diamond, Paterson, N. J. middleweight, defeated Johnny Dixon, of Frankford, in eight rounds.

ERIE AND VICINITY
By LEW KROHN

ORRIE MOSHER, southpaw lightweight, surprised the natives by copping a decision from Maxie Strub. Two weeks later, however, Strub avenged this defeat by knocking out Mosher in seven rounds.

Billy Jones, Philadelphia light-heavyweight, stopped Frankie Wine in the seventh round, and looked like a real champion.

Chet Smallwood, Akron lightweight, won the rubber match from Ray Collins. The first match won by Smallwood was six rounds, fought in Cleveland. The second, won by Collins in Erie, in six rounds, and the last won by Smallwood at Erie, in ten rounds.

The hottest natural for Erie is the bout between Maxie Strub and Frankie Bojorski. This will set a record for attendance if the bout can ever be made.

Joe Trippe, Buffalo welterweight, appeared again in Erie after an absence of over a year, and gave Charlie Chapness, of Cleveland, a boxing lesson.

Eddie Pinczewski, known to all Erie fans as "Pint of Whiskey," after two years in the amateurs, has turned pro, and has won both his professional fights. He defeated Siki Lewis in his debut, and two weeks later defeated Mike Antolik. Eddie is being trained by Red Duffy, and shows a lot of promise.

Tony Gamble, A. M. A. flyweight champion, will represent this section of the country at New York for the Olympic try-outs. It is this writer's prediction that Gamble will wade through all opposition and come out victorious.

Maxie Strub, Erie lightweight, rated tenth best by Eddie Borden in the May issue of THE RING, would like to meet any of the lightweights rated above him, and bars none.

Boxers and managers desiring to get their fight results in THE RING, send your notes to the writer whose address is 907 Chestnut Street, Erie, Pa.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA
By TED GRESS

ALTHOUGH boxing has experienced a quiet indoor season in this section promises are bright for considerable outdoor activities, with Lancaster leading the way.

Maple Grove Park, Inc., Lancaster, with the genial Ralph W. Coho at the helm, is erecting an all-year sports arena that ranks with any in the country outside of the metropolitan districts.

Memorial Day will find this massive structure of steel, concrete and brick ready for its dedication and plans call for some really big stuff this summer and next winter as well.

The arena will seat nearly 5000 persons and is being constructed at an estimated cost of $100,000. Watch for Lancaster date lines over some top notch fights this summer.

York and Harrisburg also may run out of doors this summer.

Joe Kline gave Ashland fans some first-rate fights and the S. R. O. sign was displayed for the first time in some months in the lower anthracite regions.

Matt Rice, of Gilberton's ace middleweight, who shapes up as a possible title contender, was featured in the windup. Matt paired off with Babe Marshall, of Newark, and after a tough battle finished out in front.

The rest of the card resulted as follows:—Al Swilp, Tamaqua heavyweight, outpointed Mike Lucas, Branchdale, six; Jimmy McLarnin, Lost Creek, shaded Joe Casari, Kulpmont, six; Giffie Kenvin, Mahanoy City, was nosed out in four by Al. Miller, Shamokin; Joe Kane, Shenandoah, scored a technical kayo in two over Dan Fresko, also of Shenandoah.

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

BOBBY BRADY fought his first battle under the management of long Sam Cohen and scored one of the most impressive wins of his career. Brady knocked out Beeny Brostoff in the first round at the Hollywood. In the semi-final, Nick Williams won over Mickey Thomas; Mickey Macher won from Lawrence Fagano; Willie Gerber won from Johnny Clark and Danny Martin dropped the opener to Joe Lononga.

Ralph Lenny, of Union City, got the nod from Jay Macadon, of South Orange, in the ten-round semi-final to the Bat. Battalino Billy Petrolle fiasco.

Al Ridgeway dropped a six-round decision to Joie Ferrando on the same bill.

Paulie Nieman defeated Ramond Ramos in White Plains.

Results of the new talent show presented to the patrons of the Oakland A. A. in Jersey City follow: Mickey Borelli stopped Mike Paul in three; Freddie Grasso, fighting his first six-round bout, outpointed Johnny Fitzpatrick; Nick Cuspito won from Young Paulino; Frank Savage knocked out Larry Williams in two; Silvery Hearn stopped Joe Lacy in two, and George Hogan won from Willie Gerber.

The K. C. of West New York staged another great amateur show featuring some of the best medal chasers in the A. A. U.

Young Zazzarino battled to a ten-round draw with Irish Johnny Toye at the Hollywood. Lon Lombardi drew with Allie Tedesco in another ten; Joie Tagg knocked out Howard Frank in one; Harry Burrone stopped Babe Carpenter in four; Sammy Rello won from Nick Rugiano in six, and Sam Panico lost to Johnny Fitzpatrick by a technical knock out in the fourth round.

Fight fans witnessed one of the shortest fight cards ever staged around these parts when all of the bouts ended by knockouts at the Oakland A. A.—ten rounds all told. Al Kenny knocked out Johnny Curtin in the second round of the opening four. The three teams ended as follows: Bertie Tubbs was flattened in the fifth by Paddy Creedon; Dom Riggo, hard-hitting welter, from Bayonne, put the crusher on Billy Hood in the second, and Bobby Brady finished Lightning McManus in the first round of the feature contest.

Dumb Dan Morgan and Jeff Smith, the old globe trotter, of Bayonne, are going to run a boxing school and gymnasium together at the indoor Oakland, beginning in May.

Jimmy Thurer has two good prospects in Freddie Grasso and Benny Reggo.

Jimmy Wilson, the Indian Chief, is still laid up from an operation.

Harry Carlton decisively beat Herman Follins in the opening bout of the lightweight tournament staged at the Oakland A. A. by Jack Jennings; George Kornfeld won from Willie Gerber and Joie Martin lost to Lou Roberts; Maxie Pink knocked out Frank Savage in the second; Joe Kaminsky won from Walter Lavan and Mickey Borelli drew with Freddie Lewis.

The following week Frankie Carlton whipped Frankie Marchese in the second round of the tournament.

All those wishing their news in this column, send it to the writer at 205 41st Street, Union City, N. J. Fighters and managers should get all books on boxing issued by the Ring Book Shop. They'll help considerably.

NEWS AND VIEWS FROM COLORADO
By T. W. McNIEL

AT Gallup—Eddie Mack, Alamosa, kayoed Buck Fielding, Chicago, in the fifth round.

At Las Vegas—Bob McCracken, Pueblo, scored a two-round kayo over "Babe" Colima, of Las Vegas. They are lightweights.

Frank Lande, Young Denver heavy, now fighting under the name of "Cowboy" Edgren, is having quite a bit of success in the Sunny South.

Eddie Mack, Stellar Mountain champion, is contemplating a tour of Mexico. And "Ham" Jenkins, colored middleweight is threatening to quit the glove game and join the "Rasslin" Brigade in an effort to be able to eat regularly.

Holyoke—Up in the North-eastern part of the State is staging regular shows.

The "Rasslers" have captured the spotlight in Denver at the present time.

Our notes for last month were not received by THE RING in time for publication in the May issue.

Say, listen. Send your notes and photos for publication in THE RING to—T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 81, Basalt, Colo., not later than the 15th of each month.

At Casper—Billy Vaughn, Torrington, stopped Ted Perrine, Casper in the seventh round. They were fighting for the Wyoming lightweight championship. Alton Black, Glenrock, kayoed Bert Moore, Casper, in five rounds, on the same card.

Mickey McFarland, of Pueblo, won a ten-round decision over Buck Easterling, of Colorado Springs, at the steel-town metropolis. They are light-heavyweights.

In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MAESTRO

THE return to the public prints of Jess Willard had the boys along the Chicago fight rialto chattering incessantly last month. Most of the talk was that the former heavyweight champion of the world is too old at 47 years to make a successful comeback, if the comeback becomes a reality. While the chattering was going on, Kid Howard was sitting in his offices at his Arcade gymnasium in a reminiscent mood.

It seems that before Willard knocked out Jack Johnson to become champion, Marty Cutler had some kind of a hold on him and he wanted to turn Jess over to Howard. The Kid refused the offer but he did get Willard a match with Frank Bowers of St. Charles, Ill., at Fort Wayne, Ind. Howard obtained $1,000 for the bout to give to Willard, the first thousand dollars Jess had received up to that time.

The promoter of the show, George Beimer, paid the Kid with $1 bills and, of course, he paid off the former champion the same way. On their return from Fort Wayne to Chicago, Howard saw Jess intently counting the $1,000 and he got an idea. Every few seconds he would send somebody over to shake Willard's hand and tell him he was glad to see him make good. When the train finally puffed into the Chicago terminal, Willard still was trying to count those one thousand $1 bills.

At the same sitting the Arcade gymnasium proprietor recalled the time Jack Dempsey came into town before Dempsey knocked out Willard to gain the heavyweight title. Jack Kearns came into the loop with Dempsey, Billy Murray and Red Watson. They made their headquarters at Howard's gymnasium, when it was on Clark Street. According to the Kid, there was nothing that could stop Jack from reaching the pugilistic heights.

Dempsey was an ambitious, studious youngster and arrived at the gymnasium early in the morning and had to be literally thrown out at closing time. Jack was a student of boxing and could box as well as slug. He watched good fighters work out and practised what he saw.

Do you know that—Paul Lowry, fight writer on the Los Angeles *Times*, picked Lee Ramage to whip Steve Hamas before Ramage did that very thing? Pete Sereda, local featherweight, is back in training after an absence from the ring for a year? The Marquis of Queensbury rules were adopted in 1867? American rings are from 18 to 20 feet square inside the ropes while England has rings as small as 12 feet square? Avery Brundage, president of the National A. A. U. drinks milk instead of coffee?

Gen. John V. Clinnin, president of the National Boxing Association, closes his eyes when dictating letters? Eddie Borden is assisting Sammy Goldman with Goldman's stable of boxers, which includes Tony Canzoneri? Jack Sanders said Willie Oster weighed 166 pounds and Maxie Rosenbloom 181 when they met at Miami, Fla.? Walter Winchell stated that Teddy Hayes and Lina Basquette were on the verge of making a preacher $2 richer three months after Hayes and Miss Basquette did that very thing? Last month's Illinois Athletic Commission phone bill was $52.73? Bill Carey turned down the offer of the Brooklyn ball park heads when they asked for a guarantee of $50,000 and not $75,000 for rental of their grounds for boxing this summer?

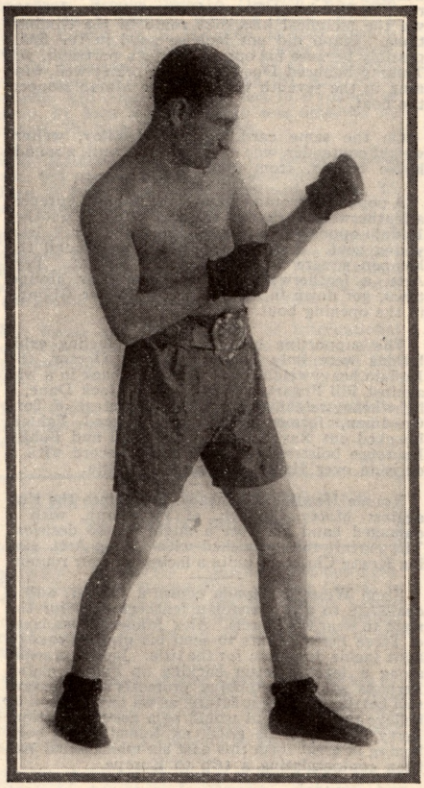
Jimmy Finley was to fight Jackie Fields at Louisville June 30? Mrs. Lena Levy was to buy Bud Saltis' contract? A mixture of Trom Plastime and adrenalin is the best medicant to close and heal cuts during a bout? Steve Ketchell, who is a prominent business man on the southwest side, was a topnotch lightweight 20 years ago?

Nate Lewis, hustling matchmaker of the Chicago Stadium, is a busy fellow these days. Nate is lining up some good cards for the spring and summer. Despite the depression, Nate figures that putting on the finest of talent at tops of $5.00, will enable the Stadium to make a profit on all shows this year. To date Nate has lined up four good shows.

The millionaire playboys of the west side—Bert Levine, Ben Kramer and Phil Mann—didn't accompany Jackie Fields to Boston where the welterweight champion knocked out Leslie Baker. It was the first time in four years that the playboys didn't go to the scene of an out-of-town Fields' fight. However, they did pile into an automobile with Ray Alvis to motor to Dayton, O., to watch Jackie knock out Peewee Jarrell there. The trip was spoiled somewhat when Barney Furey, Fields' trainer, underwent a serious operation while at Dayton. He was reported out of danger seven days after the operation.

Some of this and a little of that—Miss Helen Hayes, Mrs. Tuffy Griffith now, went to a convent and almost became a nun. Mrs. Lena Levy, sister-manager of King Levinsky, is a licensed manager in all N. B. A. territory. A contract between her and the King was signed immediately after he became 21 years old last summer. Haakon Hansen accepted the Jack Kilbourne contest in order to earn fare to his home in Oslo, Norway. He still was suffering from ulcers of the stomach and was to leave for Oslo to vacation for a year.

Tony Herrera owns a large chicken ranch on the outskirts of El Paso, Texas. W. L. Morrisey is secretary of the Colorado state boxing commission. Louis Marcus, mayor of Salt Lake City, Utah, is chairman of the Salt Lake Athletic Commission. Fraser Dunlap, Louisville banker, was to replace Karl Malone as chairman of the Kentucky boxing commission. Jackie Williams' other name is Bob Hurst. Davey Miller, Illinois athletic commission referee, has been appointed manager of Lindy's restaurant at 75 West Randolph street. The popular referee has acquired a financial interest in Lindy's and from now on will conduct the eating place in person.



Dave Perry, Western Canada featherweight

Nick Scialaba, winner of eight amateur titles, has stated that his dad is tremendously interested in the outcome of his combats. Scialaba's father is 70 years of age and had the misfortune of losing his eyesight 12 years ago. Scialaba expects to have Sammy Goldman manage him when he turns professional.

Jackie Fields' right name is Jackie Fields and not Jake Finklestein! The welterweight champion has announced that he was born Jacob Finklestein but in 1925 the name was changed legally by the Superior Court of Los Angeles at the request of his parents.

Jack Kilbourne's home town is Enid, Okla., and his parents live there. His wife was at Phoenix, Ariz., but expected to leave and join him in Chicago. She was to reach the loop with their two girls, who are 6 and 4 years old. Kilbourne is 24 years old and his right name is Herman Bundren. He says he won the middleweight title of Australia from Ambrose Palmer. He fought Palmer three times, losing the first and winning the others.

O Mr. Manager! Panama Joe Gans, former middleweight boxer, suggests that all managers of fighters should box with their proteges. Recently he took up his suggestion by sparring three rounds with Angel Cliville. But the information he may have conveyed to Cliville while sparring didn't work as Dave Shade gave the Porto Rican a sound thrashing.

Bill Mulligan and other oldtime fight fans and fighters have asked what certain former boxers are doing and after checking up on some of them I learned:

Packy McFarland, lightweight star 25 years ago, is a banker in Joliet and rated a millionaire. Mark Cresap, who fought 30 years ago, is one of the heads of the clothing firm of Hart, Schaffner & Marx. John Hertz, ex-boxer and fight manager, is a multimillionaire and is on the directorate of the Yellow Cab Co. and other large firms.

Jack Root, former light-heavyweight champion, owns a string of theaters in California. William A. Cunnea, a middleweight from 1893 to 1896, is one of Chicago's leading lawyers. Harry Harris, who fought Pedlar Palmer in Europe, made thousands of dollars in the theatrical business and now is a successful broker.

Jack Rayan, not the Teaberry Sports Reporter but a good battler in 1900, is an executive of the New Orleans Cold Storage Co. Those men are only a few former boxers who are remembered by numerous oldtimers and a few of the present day fans.

Many fight fans remember when Harry Krakow turned professional he used the name of Battling Levinsky, and all of a sudden he changed it to King Levinsky.

But few know the reason Levinsky changed his given name to King. Well, there lies a story and I got it. And as far as I know I'm the first one to make use of it. When Eddie Siegal managed Krakow he named him Battling Levinsky after the former light-heavyweight champion, who was then easing out of the pugilistic picture.

The real Levinsky heard about the adoption of his name by a clown preliminary fighter and he wrote a letter to the Illinois commission vigorously protesting it. He threatened to take the matter into court and the board requested Siegal to change the first name if not the last. While talking to Chairman Paul Prehn at the commission's offices, Siegal spied King Tut and he told Prehn: "I've got it. His name will be King Levinsky!" Now the real Levinsky is reported to have urged King to use the monicker, Battling Levinsky, again.

Lee Ramage, San Diego, Cal. light-heavyweight, is far from being a novice and west coast fans were not surprised when he whipped Ace Hudkins and Steve Hamas. Ramage turned pro after he won the Southern California amateur light-heavyweight title in 1927. Since then he has had 29 bouts, winning 24. He has a good left hand and is clever. And for your information, girls. He is handsome.

The Ring Book Shop has a new book which is a fine addition to an athletic library! "How to Increase Your Height." Here's your chance, you smaller fellows. Only 50 cents a copy.

Barney Abel, veteran Chicago fisticuffing man, was to depart for New York en route to Buenos Aires, Argentine, for several matches he contracted for Larry Johnson and Roy Williams, heavyweight and light-heavyweight, respectively. Both Johnson and Williams are standup fighters and should give the South American boxers plenty of trouble. Johnson changed his mind about going under the management of Leo Salkin, manager of the Oriental Theater.

Sam Pian and Art Winch are getting tough breaks from all sides with Earl Mastro and Billy Wallace failing to stand up in crucial spots—Joe Glaser is now managing Hymie Wiseman, Des Moines featherweight—Babe Barron expects Tony Canzoneri to engage in a bout at the Chicago Stadium shortly and is getting his evening clothes ready for stepping out purposes—"Society" Kid Hogan, the Beau Brummel of the Boulevard, reports this thing called Depression is only a rumor—Billy Stevens, Editor of Bang, is engaged in getting a stable together—Stevens received plenty of schooling from Jack Kearns, when the eminent Doctor was in town—Kid Howard's Gym is still getting the big play from the boxers in this locality—Every afternoon the gymnasium is crowded to capacity with fighters, managers, trainers and spectators.

"ALL FOR $1.00. SEE PAGE 52 AND READ ABOUT GUS MARTEL, THE K. O. RECORD HOLDER OF THE WORLD AND DEVELOPER OF CHAMPIONS"

MONTREAL TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

AL FOREMAN, the heavy hitting British Empire lightweight king and wearer of the Lord Lonsdale Belt, is likely to be back in Montreal shortly after this is in print. Armand Vincent, Canada's leading boxing promoter, will likely secure the monopoly of his services as he is the only local matchmaker who can put on big enough shows for fighters of Foreman's calibre. The hustling young promoter plans to stage a match between Foreman and Roger Bernard, at the Forum.

Bobby Leitham, Canadian bantam champ, hopped up several rungs in the fistic ladder when he knocked out Routier Parra, colorful little Chilean battler, in the ninth of the scheduled ten-round feature of Russ Leighton's inaugural show at the Mount Royal Arena. Leitham outclassed Parra in every department of the game but courage and the Chilean's lion heart couldn't be expected to keep him on his feet after the seventh round when Leitham's wallops started to come thick and fast.

Frankie Martin, Leitham's stablemate and former Dominion amateur champ, also made an impression with his clean cut victory over Tommy Palacio, tough New York Filipino, in the eight-round semi-windup. Martin had the edge in every round.

The best battle of the night was the six-rounder between Rene Taillefer and Willie Carey (Carruthers), a hard-punching pair of local lightweight youngsters. The boys went at it hammer and tongs with Taillefer copping the nod. Another good six-rounder was the one in which Frankie Fiore, two-fisted local featherweight, outpunched Joe Eng, Solly Green's Chinese protege.

Eddie Beaurivage, hard-hitting local middleweight, flattened Tony Dragon, Detroit Bohemian, with a series of savage body blows and Ray Thompson, young Wyoming cowboy who stands well over six feet and scales 210, stopped Tony Cappa, New York Italian, in the preliminaries.

Jules Racicot entertained a packed house at the International Sporting Club operated by Tommy Conway, with a number of colorful ring spectacles. The fans seemed to get their biggest kick out of the semi-final in which Elzear Rioux, giant local heavyweight, stopped Frankie Woods, blond Bostonian. after a minute's battling in the fourth round.

Art Giroux, Gene Brosseau's ex-Canadian bantam champ, made a comeback locally when he annexed an unpopular razor-edge decision over Georgie Holmes, Portland, in the hard-fought ten-round main event.

Eddie Beaurivage stopped George Trottier in the fifth round of the latter's debut as a professional fighter. Trottier, as in his amateur fights, had little to offer but blind determination and courage.

Wilf. Carufel, clever local featherweight, outsmarted Young Beaupre, tough Burlington battler, in an interesting six-rounder. Carufel was in great shape and should be kept plenty busy here during the summer.

Phil Lightheart, Dominion amateur heavyweight champion, has turned pro and has signed a contract with Pete Gavuzzi, famous marathon runner who twice won the Peter Dawson 500-mile race, and boxed at the Forum on Armand Vincent's opening card. Lightheart is a good prospect and as his popular manager is a keen handler of athletes, it is likely that he will go a long way in the ring.

The news that Eddie "Red" Tellier, rated as the best snapback in Canadian rugby, was turning pro under Sylvio Mireault's management, caused a real surprise. "Red" had one fight as an amateur, when he lost his first bout in the Novice tournament, and his idea of turning pro sounds incredible. However, his athletic training and fiery nature might be the foundation of a good fighter.

An attempt is being made to have Billy Townsend and Jack Berg battle on the next card in Toronto. Berg showed in Toronto to a $10,000 crowd and made a big impression when he whipped Jackie Phillips. Townsend showed to advantage in several bouts in Toronto, and we think that this attraction would draw exceedingly well.

It's all too bad that the boxing game lacks local color in Toronto. With a palatial arena like the new Maple Leaf Gardens, with accommodation for some seventeen thousand fans, the game would certainly benefit if only a local attraction could be developed.

Lawson Bampton, your humble correspondent wishes to advise his correspondents that his address was changed to 4688 Hutchison Street, Montreal, so kindly oblige by mailing complaints, requests, etc., there in future.

CANADIAN BOXING GOSSIP
By JACK JARVIS

FOR a short, sweet time, it seemed as if the good old boxing game had awakened from the doldrums when the Shamrock Club, of Toronto, featured Jack Dempsey, in a four-round bout against Joe Doctor, promising young heavyweight from Buffalo. 6,000 fans paid $8,000 on possibly the most blustery night of the winter season. The attendance, considering conditions, was a huge surprise and shows how popular Dempsey is. The old champion got a tremendous hand for his sterling performance against the rising Bison city youngster. While the old Manassa Mauler was a pretty tired boy at the end of the fourth round, he showed much of his old time class and had a decided edge as far as points are concerned.

Max Schmeling came, saw, and disappointed 2,500 fans who turned out to witness the exhibitions put on by the heavyweight king, against three opponents. He put on a miserable showing and the fans voiced the opinion in no uncertain manner. What a difference between the present champion and the old Manassa Mauler.

The semi-final on the Dempsey card was the Canadian title bout for the lightweight championship between Tommy Bland, of Toronto, and Levy Duquet, from Quebec. Al Foreman, former champion, was recently deposed by the Canadian Federation and these two boys were selected to battle it out for the supremacy of the Dominion. Bland won by a technical knockout in the seventh round. Bland sent Cosmo Canzano to the cleaners via the technical knockout route in the eliminations. Bland did not look so good in the final, possibly because his opponent was a portsider, yet Tommy bounced Duquet around pretty well, winning in the seventh when Referee Marsh stopped the bout.

On the same card, Ronnie Headley, welterweight contender, won over Jack Delmont, a roundhouse battler, from Buffalo.

A popular Toronto ex-amateur, Bobby Laurence, a featherweight, showed the way home to another Buffalo opponent in Johnny Hannasin, a tall, lean young gent. Laurence popped John around the hempen square to gain an easy verdict. Bert Artt, a featherweight and a newcomer around town, got down in front of rugged Vince Glionna in the opening bout.

The supporting bouts to the Schmeling exhibitions were only lukewarm. Joe Doctor, the Buffalo heavyweight, was welcomed back in a win against Bill Fogarty, of Rochester. Jack Dane, a light-heavyweight prospect, and a protege of Tom Goodman, former well-known colored fighter, knocked out Ray Russel in the third and Bobby Laurence bolstered up his winning record with a decision over Harry Abernathy, of Erie.

Ronnie Headley, of Ottawa, went into the ring against Matty Oldbach, of Pittsburgh, with a damaged hand and lost a mighty close decision. The curtain-raiser finished with Young Artt giving Knute Christner quite a lacing for four rounds.

From Western Canada comes a protest, and a challenge to any Canadian featherweight for the right to wear the laurels. Alex Jamieson, manager of Dave Perry, wants to send his protege east to fight Jackie Johnston for the title. Jamieson sends along a lengthy letter backing up Perry's claim. Perhaps some enterprising promoter will feature this battle in the near future, as we have reason to believe that this bout would be a good attraction. Perry had better be good, as Johnston has been boxing in great form this past six months and has been contemplating a trip to Europe.

"Frenchy" Bellanger, former claimant to the world's flyweight title, is back again in Toronto after spending the winter months on the Trans-Canada highway. Bellanger has been doing real labor in an attempt to get back into shape again and recoup some of his lost fortune. He weighs around 120 pounds.

After spending a winter in the north, he certainly deserves a chance to make good again. According to Playfair Brown, he does not want any "set-ups" in his attempt to regain the pugilistic spotlight. Brown remarked how much he was impressed with Bellanger, not only with his frankness, but his physical condition

In Ontario, Ottawa and Kingston threaten to break into the professional spotlight ere very long. Both places are keen on good, clean competition, and it has been proved in the past when good attractions are offered them, the fans will turn out in goodly numbers.

Johnny Nemis, Eastern Canada welter and middleweight champ, would be a good opponent for Eddie Beaurivage on a local card. Nemis is willing to give away plenty of weight and take on the hard-hitting Beaurivage in order to show the Montreal fans what he can really do. Young Peter Jackson, Babe Denico's ebony flash from New York, is a popular attraction here. His popular manager, Babe Denico, joined the ranks of the benedicts recently.

WESTERN CANADA JABS
By "SPIDER" SPENDER

EMIL "YOUNG" LUST outpointed Cowboy Evans, of Great Falls, Mont. in a ten-round bout at the Empress Theatre, Medicine Hat. Lust thus got revenge for a former encounter with Evans in which the Hatter battled for seven rounds with a broken hand but lost the decision.

There was one technical kayo on the cards when "Young" Lander was so badly beaten by Harvey Jeske in the second round that the referee stopped the fight. Billy Lander, former Canadian lightweight champion, refereed the main bout and Ray McEachern the semi-windup.

There are a few fine specimens of heavyweights in the west, who Steve Trojack could meet in competition, but his manager, Jack Peppin, feels that it is in his interest not to have Trojack play with Al. Conquest or "Young" Thibault. If Winnipeg's Man Mountain feels he is the heavyweight champion of Canada, then here is a chance for him to prove his claim. At least so far as Western Canada is concerned.

Old timers will recall the days when such well known ring performers as Bat Nelson, Jimmy Clabby, Eddie McGoorty, Mike Gibbons, Jack Dillon, Sam Langford, K. O. Brown, Freddie Welsh, and others were featured in Winnipeg under the promotion of John B. McKee, Jack Cancilla and Louie Smith.

It won't be long before the Manitoba Boxing Commission will realize its error, and open its arms to welcome such great sportsmen and promoters as Jack Cancilla and John B. McKee. This despite the fact that members of the commission have hampered the sport instead of putting life into it.

Any one wishing information on bouts here please address the writer, 432 Lansdowne Ave., Winnipeg, Canada.

BOXING IN HAWAII
By EDWARD TIAKAMURA

MIDGET WOLGAST won an unpopular decision from Little Pancho. The fight drew a record gate of $14,000.

In the semi-final Con-Codero T.K.O., Charley Rosa, Kid Baron won a 6 rounder from Tiny Muroda.

In Mani, Pickles Heintz, fleet heavyweight champion, stopped Marine Johnson of Honolulu in the 3rd round.

Johnny Yasni, promising Japanese fighter, won a decision from Little Dempsy, stable mate of Pancho.

Leading fighters in Hawaii are: K. O. Kuratsn; Ray Butler; Johnny Yasni; Battling Bolo; Alezandro Paz-more; Walter-Cho; Tony-Gora and Henry Kudo.

BOXING RESULTS IN PANAMA CITY
By ANTHONY CHARLES

PHIL TOBIAS, of New York, won by a T. K. O. over Battling Ramos, when the latter quit in the second round of a scheduled ten-rounder, claiming a fractured right hand. Cholo Kid Ruiz defeated Tonin Troncoso in six fast rounds. Kid Dinamita defeated Kid Alfaro in four rounds.

Kid Lombardo, welterweight champion of Ecuador, decisively outpointed Eddie Frisco, of New York, in fifteen rounds. Kid Charol II, decisively whipped Kid Barber in six interesting rounds. San Blas Baby and Young Kid Hererra battled four fast rounds to a draw. Hook Dawson and Speedy Mendoza went four rounds to a draw. Kid Al Singer defeated Battling Romero in four rounds.

Kid Slammer, Panama's elongated featherweight champion, defeated Luis Ramos, of Colon, in a fast and furious ten-rounder. Kid David, of Panama, defeated Len Leonard, Colon's hope, in six rounds. San Blas Baby, won on a foul over Mike Gonzalez in the second round of a scheduled four-rounder.

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"HEAD OF THE LAKES" SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN

By JOHNNY ENNIS

LAKE 26, one of a chain of beautiful lakes surrounded by giant pine trees and shores of white sand, located in Burnett county, Wisconsin, will be the site of a big training camp for boxers during the months of August and September. The lake is an ideal fishing spot.

Gordon Harmon, local lightweight, knocked out Freddie Puglisi, Duluth lightweight in less than two rounds. Mickey Stanfield, a light-heavyweight and stablemate of Harmon handed Big Joe Bendis, heavyweight, a wicked beating on the same card.

George Horwitz of Fargo, N. D., substituting for Nick Lahti, ran into a snag when he fought Izzy Levine. Pat McLaughlin, former resident at the Head of the Lakes who is now located in Detroit, is managing the Dubois Athletic Club. He has a real find in Leo (Young) Risko, according to word received. One thing is certain, Leo is in the right hands.

Dynamite Dunn and Billy Petrolle seem to be the only sure bets these days. . . . Gordon Harmon pulled the biggest upset of 1932 when he knocked out Freddie Puglisi. . . . Jack Hurley, pilot of Billy Petrolle and Charley Retzlaff is at the Mayo Brothers clinic in Rochester, Minn. . . . Davey Weiner, star three-letter man from Superior State Teachers College has turned to boxing and looks very promising.

Harry Rankin, fast moving featherweight wants a rematch with Billy O'Brien. This would be a natural. O'Brien is the only one who holds a decision over the little speed boy.

Duluth, Minn.—April 12 was Petrolle day in Duluth. This was a day set aside by sportdom of this city to honor one of its outstanding citizens and one who has advertised the city to the four corners of the earth.

Thousands gathered at the ceremony held in the evening at the Shrine auditorium where Billy Petrolle was presented with a beautiful "victory" trophy which was a gift of the Duluth *News-Tribune* and the citizens of Duluth. The presentation committee was composed of C. A. Williams, city commissioner, J. T. Mahoney, Duluth member of the State Boxing Commission, and Col. W. F. Henry, representative of the *News-Tribune*. Immediately following, a boxing show was held and in the main event Andy Puglisi of Duluth was defeated by Billy Light of St. Paul.

In answer, R. W. Charlie Retzlaff lived and worked in Superior. He received his early training at the Silver Spray gymnasium in Duluth, Minn. He is about 24 years of age.

E. L.—THE RING magazine may be obtained by writing the Opera House Drug Company, 1428 Tower Avenue, Superior, Wis. For yearly subscriptions, write THE RING, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City.

For information regarding boxing at the Head O' the Lakes, write Johnny Ennis, 1713 22nd St., Superior, Wis.

IN PHOENIX ARIZONA

By JACK MASINTER

OF the recent arrivals, Frankie Stetson, "The California Limited," has more than proved he is a great fighter by defeating the following boys: Ramon Torres, in Phoenix, Carlos Pesqueiro in El Paso, Joe Lucero, Arizona State Champion, and Johnny Hall in Tucson.

At the present time there are a number of very good looking prospects appearing at the different clubs in Arizona. One boy in particular, Tommy Hill a junior lightweight, who has not been defeated in 16 starts seems to be the best of the present crop.

The writer was informed some time ago that Syl Daley, a former manager of boxers in San Francisco, was very sick, and on a recent visit to Tucson to see our old friend, Syl, we found him to be in fairly good shape running around like a two-year-old. He also informs me that in the very near future he will start an amateur club promoting bi-monthly shows.

Georgie Mason, a former lightweight, is now refereeing bouts at Tucson.

Jack Pollock of Maryland won by a K. O. in the first round at Tucson.

Eddie Odle, young heavyweight from Phoenix Junior High School, will soon journey to the Coast for stiffer competition.

The V. F. W.'s of Phoenix has been granted a permit to hold boxing shows.

TEXAS FLASHES

By PAUL WEST

FT. WORTH—Jimmy Powers, Ft. Worth, stopped Tommy Scott, Electra, in seventh at the American Legion show; Woody Windham, Anson, won in 4 from Lew Brittle; Red Luther, Ft. Worth, drew with Bill Baxter, Waco, in 6 rounds.

Kid Richardson was K.O.'d in the second by Edwin Dimaway, at Sam Kauffman's show in Goose Creek; Kid Anaya, lost in 8 rounds to Lefty Larrell; Biff Binge won in 8 over Giant Brad.

Dallas: Duke Trammel, Ft. Worth, won over Ray Stevens, Springfield, Mo.; Billy Miller, Ft. Worth, out-pointed Fred Nuncio, Dallas; Kid Ellison, Waco, K.O.'d Kid Dado, Ft. Worth in the second.

Kid Pancho and Mike Kiesel are hard at work at the Aurora Athletic Club in San Antonio for their comeback.

Ft. Worth: Marlin Owens, stopped Casey Jones, Burleson, in the 2nd; Johnny Owens, Roanoke, K.O.'d Billy Moore, Ft. Worth in the fourth; Red Matlock, Ft. Worth, drew with Tex La Velle, Ft. Bliss; Bobby Burns, Memphis, shaded Danny Griffin, Ft. Worth; Bill Miller, Ft. Worth, drew with Woody Windham, Anson; Red Luther, Ft. Worth, defeated Joe Rich, Akron.

K. O. Cram, Brooks, K.O.'d Holden, Texas L. H. Champion in the 3rd at Brooks Field; Kid Richardson, Brooks, lost to Dietrich, Ft. Sam Houston, in 5 rounds; Battling Buck, Brooks, defeated Lowry, Ft. S. Houston, in four rounds; Swede Thomford, Brooks, T. K. O. over Cameron, Ft. Sam Houston in 2 rounds; K. O. Lumpkin, Brooks, won decision over Devin, Ft. Sam H. in 4 rounds; Kid Anaya, Brooks, lost in 4 rounds to Galvan, Ft. Sam H.; Kid Beery was defeated by Rambert, Ft. Sam H. in 4 rounds.

Sam Kauffman, promoter, of Goose Creek, Texas, will open in a larger hall shortly.

Jack O'Brien has been appointed A. A. U. Commissioner for San Antonio.

Fighters and managers wishing to show in Texas and Munice, get in touch with the writer at 130 Avondale, San Antonio, Texas. New Mexico, North Mexico and Arizona get your boxing notes to the author by the tenth of the month.

Mr. Reyes and Mr. Montey, of International Sports Promoters have a big stable working out in San Antonio. Get foreign bookings through this office.

K. O. Cram, 160, knocked out Alf Ross, middleweight champion of Spain in the tenth round at Monterey.

NEBRASKA'S KNOCKDOWNS

By JIMMIE MURPHY

BOBBY HUGHES, Omaha middleweight, knocked out Happy Reed of Fort Crook, in the second round on the So. Omaha Legion show. "Black Jack" Shields, colored middleweight, kayoed Ray Mann, of Sioux City, in the fourth.

Sandy McDowell, of Fort Crook, won the heavyweight title of the Seventh Corps Area from Chuck Middaugh of Fort Leavenworth; Kid Bonde decisioned Jim Hicks in six; Toughy Taylor drew with Al Barrett in five rounds.

Jimmie Johnson, Jr.-welter of Sioux City, is now making headquarters in Omaha. Johnson has fought a draw with Canada Lee, and defeated Frankie Conlon in Omaha last winter.

Fort Crook is lining up some real boxing shows monthly. Lt. Horner, athletic officer, is using some of the leading boxers in and around Omaha for the next card.

Boxers in and around Omaha wishing to get their news in THE RING should send photos and news to the writer at The Olympic Club, 2024½ Farman St., before the 16th of the month.

Local boxers who are now in California, are Tommy Corbett and Baby Tiger Flowers. Tommy Grogan and his manager Gene Holmes, Tiger Jack Payne, Ritchie Mack and "Parson" Ray Jones.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., CHATTER

By ANTHONY PETRONELLA

EDDIE HOLMES, Providence welterweight, gave Sammy Fuller a great fight at the Fall River Casino, losing a close ten-rounder to the Bostonian. Holmes then journeyed to Salem, Mass., and was victim of a poor verdict in his bout there with Eddie "Kid" Sullivan, of Walpole.

Tony Catalano, Providence lightweight, broke even in two fights during the month. In the first, he lost a hair-raiser to Pancho Villa, of New Bedford, at the Fall River Casino and in the second, Catalano gained a one-sided victory over Goldie "Golf Ball" Bernard, of New Bedford, at the Bristol Casino, in New Bedford.

Billy Lynch, Providence junior-welter, lost a ten-round verdict to Young Lefty, of Fall River, at the Fall River Casino. The result was a distinct upset, as Lynch had previously scored a quick knockout over the Portuguese favorite.

Joe Archibald, State amateur flyweight champion who hails from Pawtucket, put in an excellent performance in the Junior A. A. U. championships in Boston.

Charley (Young) McNally, an old-time featherweight who fought the best in the days of Terry McGovern and the rest, has been appointed physical and boxing instructor at Almedia's Gym in Providence.

Paris Apice, the Providence lightweight "Dancing Master," is ready to resume his ring work following a short vacation after his sensational victory over Pancho Villa, of New Bedford, conqueror of Sammy Fuller. Apice is much in demand by New England promoters.

Sam Price has exchanged his matchmaking position at the Fall River Casino to Bat Silva, who held reins at the Salem A. A.

Frankie Travis, manager of Ernie Mandell, star Providence junior-lightweight, who held Sammy Fuller, of Boston, to a draw in his last fight, announced that his charge would join the fistic forces of "Deak" Dodge, Worcester promoter in the near future.

Local fighters who are keeping busy are Al Raggone, feather; Wildman Firpo, lightweight; Manny Burgess, lightweight; Hughey King, lightweight; Eddie Forte, lightweight; Frankie Reilly, junior-welter.

Frankie Reilly, 1932 State lightweight champion in the pure ranks, has turned pro and is boxing as a 140-pounder under the management of Frankie Travis. Reilly scored a big hit in his initial money bout at the Fall River Casino, when he kayoed Johnny Gilbert in a few chapters.

Another good prospect in this section is Eddie Hannan, Providence Amateur featherweight, who is winning first prizes as fast as they come. Hannah is especially liked by Worcester fans as he fought nicely in three straight tourneys there.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE RING, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1932.

County of New York } ss.:
State of New York }

Before me a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Nathaniel S. Fleischer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher and Editor of The Ring, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers, are: Publisher, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City. Editor, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City. Managing Editor, none. Business Manager, none.

2. That the owners are: (If the publication is owned by more than one individual, the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders, owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stocks should be given.) The Ring, Inc., New York City; Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City; Harold S. Fleischer, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City; Daniel M. Daniel, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

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NATHANIEL S. FLEISCHER, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of March, 1932.

(Seal) CLAIRE WILDER

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MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

BOB GODWIN, southern light-heavy title holder, had an easy time with Eric Lawsen of New Port News, Va, stopping Eric in four heats at Portner's Arena in Alexandria, Va. Billy Schwartz of Alexandria made a successful comeback in winning over Joe Finazzo in eight rounds. Patsy Lewis, Baltimore southpaw, belted out Jack Quigley in three heats in the feature preliminary.

Bob Turner and Walter Kirkwood fought an uninteresting eight rounder in a feature bout at Portner's Arena, Alexandria, Va. Both boys had made good impression on the fans in previous bouts but against each other, it was another story. Kirkwood got the nod. Al Martin licked Toney Ross, substituting for Nick Antonelli and Tootsie Bashara knocked Sailor McKenna cold in two rounds. Pete Powell, Newport News flyweight, surprised by winning over Jabe Navos hard hitting Filipino of Alexandria, Va. This bout was the best on the card. Sam Finazzo defeated Sammy Bruanstein in the feature prelim.

Phil Raymond, Baltimore southpaw, flattened Tommy Bashara in four rounds at Portsmouth, Va. On the same card, Joey Raymond lost to Ken Oberlin in eight rounds and Lew Raymond beat Pepper Young in eight rounds. In other words the Raymond family batted .667 for the evening.

Danny Frush, former nationally known featherweight, is now sponsoring a fight club in Baltimore, Md. Danny has "Ike" Rice of Baltimore making the matches and they are featuring local boy, with the shows at popular prices. To date every effort has been a successful one.

Stumpie Jacobs, Hopewell lightweight, who made two good fights at Portner's Arena, took on too much of a proposition when he squared off against Jackie Portney, Baltimore southpaw. Portney was far too good for Jacobs and the bout turned out to be a one-sided affair. Ray Bowen, Washington welterweight, easily defeated Patsy Lewis, Baltimore lightweight, in the six round semi-final. Sam Finazzo beat Henry Irving in six rounds. Jack Quigley made a comeback and scored over Bob Goldsby while Roddy Davis looked like a real comer in defeating George Ersick of Baltimore in the opener.

Reds Barry, Washington's most promising boy, turned the tables on Marty Gallagher of Boston, Mass., formerly of Washington. Gallagher was trained to the minute for this bout and made a gallant try but Barry was entirely too fast for Marty.

Lew Jallos, Cleveland lightweight, made a miserable showing against Jackie Portney of Baltimore at Alexandria, Va. The preliminaries made up for the windup. Ken Oberlin of Norfolk, Va., pasted Toney Dalessandro of New York in eight rounds. Young Van belted out Sailor Potter to make it five in a row. Ray Bowen pasted Tootsie Bashara in eight heats. Harry Groves of Baltimore won over Young Grimes in the opener.

Pickups: Bob Godwin expects a shot in Madison Square Garden shortly. Bob's only showing there to date was a win over Arthur Huttick in one of the new talent shows—Benny Schwartz, Baltimore bantam, is trying to make a comeback. Benny was rated with the best when a flyweight a few years back. He will get his acid test when he goes against Billy Landers shortly at Alexandria, Va. Frankie Mann, matchmaker for the Portner Arena at Alexandria, Va., has had a fairly successfully season considering the hard times and the lack of local talent. Boxers looking for action should get in touch with C. E. Cornell at the Mohawk Club in Washington, D. C. Cornell is the sponsor for the new Mid-City Arena, located halfway between Washington and Baltimore. The Arena has a seating capacity of 6,000 with room for portable seats to make it 10,000 if necessary. Joe Knight, southpaw lightheavy who recently got the nod over Maxie Rosenbloom at Miami, Fla., wants a crack at some of the good ones in the North. Reds Barry, Washington heavyweight who won over Marty Gallagher turned his eighteenth birthday, May 5. Natie Brown, New York heavy under the management of McCarney and Jacobs, is making Washington, D. C. his hometown. He married a girl from the Nation's Capital. "Buzzer" Ryan, a man about town in Washington is now managing Ray Bowen in his successful comeback campaign. Ray Bowen is the last of the many fighting Bowens of the ring. The most noteworthy was Andy, who held his own with the like of Honey Boy Finnegan, Bobby Garcia and Joe Dundee. Eddie Bowen, a feather of a few years back under the management of Jimmy Dunn in Cleveland looked promising for awhile. Several other brothers took a fling at the fight racket but Andy stands out as the best. Andy used to box for Jimmy Dime out of New Castle, Pa. A Vince Dundee-Bob Godwin match will top all attendance records hereabouts.

My ratings for the month are: heavyweight, Natie Brown—Reds Barry; light-heavy, Bob Godwin—Eric Lawsen; middleweight, Vince Dundee—Joe Smallwood; welterweight, K. O. Riley—Joe Smallwood; junior welter, Jackie Porney—Lew Raymond; lightweight, Tootsie Bashara—Patsy Lewis; featherweight, Nick Antonelli—Al Martin; bantam, Billy Landers—Benny Schwartz and flyweight, Al Peters—Jabe Navos.

MIDDLE GAWGA JOLTS

By AL DURDEN

ROY PIRKLE opened the new West Point fight arena with Grumpy Gordy, Benning light-heavy, winning over Jack Taylor. Danny Long drew with Leo Gates in the semi-final.

Walker Cyclone Smith did everything but annihilate Russ Rowsey when they met in a Benning ring. Ching Johnson, Benning heavy, stopped Earl Rocky in the fourth round.

Grumpy Gordy took a close decision over Dynamite Dunn at West Point. A large crowd attended the second show of the season at the Valley City.

Columbus fight shows continue to please the fans. Jack Walden kayoed Young Sewell in four rounds; Boots Antley outpointed Marshall Cardwell and Curly Cunningham stopped Wally Stokes in four rounds.

Cyclone Smith, Benning light-heavy, lost a heart-breaking fight to Frankie Edgren, when he was disqualified in the ninth round on a foul at Jacksonville. Smith was leading from the second round. The foul was purely accidental.

Rip Tetherton and Marshall Cardwell furnished West Point fight fans the greatest fight of the season when they stepped ten furious rounds to a draw at the West Point arena.

Young Sewell took the nod over Jack Walden in the feature bout of the regular weekly show at Columbus.

John "Corn" Griffin, popular Fort Benning light-heavy, who has been out of the game for three months with a fractured jaw, will go back into action within the next six weeks.

Jake Denning stopped Jack Turner in seven rounds at Savannah. Denning is a promising young light-heavy.

Waycross, Ga.—Branch Collins has been elected to promote shows for the Waycross Athletic Club.

Blackshear, Ga.—Zig Zag Zazzerenia, Waycross lightweight, kayoed Johnny Walker, Ft. Screven, in the second.

Alma, Ga.—Shootie Copeland, Baxley, Ga. Light-heavy, won the Decision over Dick Dixon, Jersey City, N. J.

Waycross, Ga.—Jack Fraley, Gainsville, Fla. light-heavy, kayoed Dick Dixon, Jersey City, N. J. in seventh.

Fighters with good records that want to show in Waycross write to Waycross Athletic Club, Waycross, Ga.

ALABAMA BOXING NEWS

By SAM CARPRI

MARSHALL BLACKSTOCK, heavyweight wrestler from Georgia, who was once rated as a boxer of note, down south, wanted to box Jack Dempsey in Birmingham. Promoter Curtiss Sandford wired back O. K. But he must beat Battling Bozo first. The match was accepted by Blackstock and Post N. 1, of the American Legion, staged it at the Auditorium. Bozo was so elusive and so spry for five rounds that the referee stopped the one-sided contest.

In the semi-final, Tom Blanton won a T. K. O. in five rounds over Tom Wolgast, middleweight, from Anniston. Porky Saab, middleweight, outpointed Jim Elam in six. Ivy Johnson drew with Hardboy Henry in four and Tommy Martin stopped Bob Fitzpatrick in two. They are welters.

Our Peter Sarron is now recognized by most of the big promoters as a contender for the featherweight title.

In Birmingham we have a very promising amateur in the southeastern bantamweight champion for this year and the last, Ernest "Kid" Chambliss. Birmingham will pull for him to win the national amateur title.

Sam Siegel, promoter for Post No. 1, in Birmingham, staged his first open air wrestling show at the Legion Field and it drew well considering the weather.

The attendance in most wrestling shows has decreased considerably owing to the depression.